

THE HOME-MAKERS' NUMBER

# *The Quiver*

March  
1926

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> net





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EVERY JAR

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The Quaker

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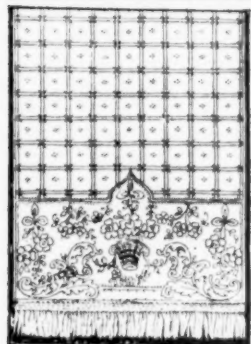
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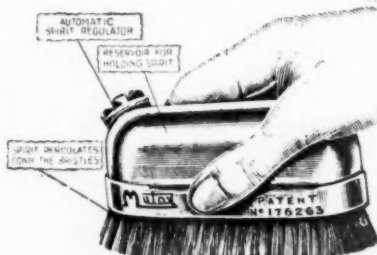
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— defend them with

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# Life-long Beautiful Teeth

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A dainty, solid pink tablet, carefully sealed in a cellophane wrapper, contained in a neat aluminium case. How delightfully different!

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Let the experience of generations guide you in your choice of Gibbs Dentifrice, for yourself, for your children. Use it at least twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year. Any doctor will tell you that upon the teeth depends health—perhaps life itself. Good health is expressed in radiant beauty, in energy, vivacity and the power to enjoy life's good things.

Make a start to-day. In cases, large size, 1-; De Luxe, 1-6; Refills, 11d.; Popular size, 7½d.

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**Gibbs  
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*A further Selection of*

**Gibbs**

*Toilet Products*

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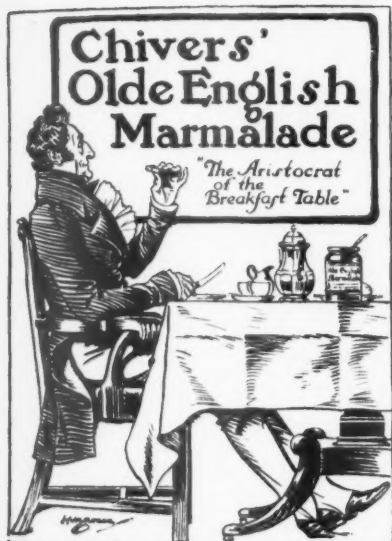
you will find all the qualities of Gibbs Dentifrice, that have won the approval of dentists everywhere, in Gibbs Dental Cream. It is so highly concentrated, that very little need be used at a time.  
6d. and 1/- per tube.

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beautiful women  
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"LUVISCA" wears well, washes well; the ideal material for Ladies' Jumpers, Jumper Blouses, Pyjamas, etc. "LUVISCA" also makes a perfect coat lining—it being so soft, smooth, and serviceable, and easy to slip on and off. All leading drapers sell "LUVISCA" in latest shades and colourings at following prices:—  
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Also "LUVISCA" Blouses and Pyjamas ready-torn in newest shapes and designs. If any difficulty in obtaining, write the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept. 83), 19 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4, for name of nearest dealer and booklet.

## The Editor's Announcement Page

### FELICITY LEAVES HOME

By JERMYN MARCH

It is a great pleasure to me to introduce a new writer to QUIVER readers. Jermyrn March is an author of unusually promising talent, whose work, I think, has not appeared in these pages before. We are to have a new serial by Miss March, and I can promise that "Felicity Leaves Home" will be found of just that calibre and interest that my readers look to in THE QUIVER.

Felicity is a young girl brought up in the country—a typical country mouse with few pleasures, but with the desire, natural under the circumstances, to see the great world. A friend—a sophisticated town girl from a wealthy home—offers to exchange places with her for a couple of months or so. So Felicity leaves home, and the adventures of the two girls, each in her new environment, provide food for thought—and fuel for love.

There will be a long instalment of this new serial in my April issue.

*The Editor*

## ECONOMICAL FURNISHING



*There are scores of patterns and colours of which your furnishing house can show you samples.*

WHERE economy in furnishing must be practised there need be no sacrifice in appearance. "Rexine" Leathercloth is a most inexpensive upholstery material: looks exactly like leather: will wear remarkably well and will never collect dust or show stains. It makes housework easier and always looks bright and clean.

**"Rexine"**  
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**THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN**  
BACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.8,  
which deals with larger numbers of children than any other Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications for admission and  
**URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE**  
Chairman: COL. LORD WM. CREIL, C.V.O. T. GLENTON-KERR, Sec.

## "SOL" PERAMS.

BEST LONDON STYLES.

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Convex sides. All latest improvements.



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## WHY REMAIN GREY?

### FREE TREATISE

HOW Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

The book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

### THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."

"There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, and so on; but it is in its wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

Space forbids further extracts, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full independent and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from this and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "Facktative" Co. (Suite 88), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, England, for a free treatise which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

### THE FOLLY OF DYES

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to recreate, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivory covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

### IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff. It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness. Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

### BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write to-day to the "Facktative" Co. (Suite 88), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, England, for a free copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.



A Free Booklet, "Lights of Other Days," giving the story of "Nell Gwynn" Candles, will be sent on request.

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TWO PRODUCTS OF  
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## "NELL GWYNN"

### Antique CANDLES



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Produced by the highly skilled experience of the oldest candle house in the world. "Nell Gwynn" Candles, in 28 art colours, add the finishing touch to any scheme of decoration. They burn with a steady light—without smoke, without odour.

#### 28 ART COLOURS

1. Light Pearl Grey, 2. Dark Pearl Grey, 3. Electric Blue, 4. Sky Blue, 5. Light Blue, 6. Dark Blue, 7. Jade Green, 8. Peacock Green, 9. Apple Green, 10. Sulphur Green, 11. Sulphur Yellow, 12. Maize Yellow, 13. Old Gold, 14. Blush Pink, 15. Pink, 16. Old Rose, 17. Rose, 18. Red, 19. Dragon's Blood, 20. Assyrian Red, 21. Royal Purple, 22. Orange, 23. Black, 24. White, 25. Heliotrope, 26. Lavender, 27. Veronese, 28. Cedar.

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A complexion cream and perfume in one: a soap that makes a luxury of the simplest toilet. Its rich foam refreshes, and leaves a clinging fragrance which appeals to women of charm, whilst its absolute purity makes it eminently suitable for the most delicate skins.

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The "Nell Gwynn" Candles and "Our Nell" Soap are sold by most high-class stores. If any difficulty in obtaining we will send boxes, postage paid, on receipt of prices stated. Stamps not accepted. Foreign and Colonial orders must be accompanied by extra postage.

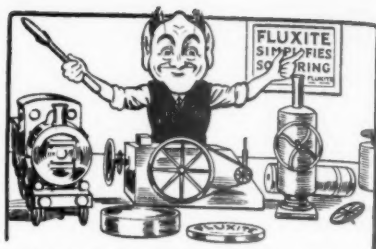
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The hole in the boiler is mended anew.  
The train that was broken put right.  
For he knew well enough that glue would not do—  
He used solder, hot iron and FLUXITE.

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ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

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# *The Quiver*

## HOME-MAKERS' NUMBER

### Home-Making

Month by month, year by year we should strive to make home more beautiful, more efficient, more "ease-ful." Home is so important that it is worth all the time, trouble, thought, expense involved in its worthy upkeep.

But beyond labour-saving devices, beautiful furnishings and ingenious devices, it is the spirit of home-making that counts. Nothing can make up for the genuine love and good-fellowship that is the only basis of true home-making. And love and good-fellowship — they are not mere abstractions that grow of their own accord. They flourish as they are nurtured by kindly words, unselfish deeds, consideration, self-restraint.

Make home inviting — both in the furnishing of its walls and in the atmosphere of souls.



"There, seated on the steps of a temple, his elbow on his knee, his head on his hand, sat her friend of the camera"—p. 438

Drawn by  
Conrad Leigh

# Money Matters

by  
MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

IT was simply marvellous to Rachel to be up there on the Palatine, overhanging Rome, alone, in the blue-golden morning. Never, never had she expected such a thing in the humdrum life before Miss Bristowe's wonderful offer to "take her to Italy."

And then the offer hadn't quite panned out.

Miss Bristowe was strong, but she had caught a fearful chill, and Rachel, so far, had had a good deal of the inside of the delightful but quiet hotel in the Via Fontane. All Rome, seething, alluring, *calling* outside, and she at poor Miss Bristowe's pillow, or in her arm-chair, or, at best, on the tall step below the window peering out over Rome. . . .

"You must go out, dear," Miss Bristowe would raise her aching head to say. But *how* could Rachel go out and leave the poor lady, whose bread she was eating, to the loneliness of sickness in an hotel? She went sometimes, swiftly—came back almost at once. Agonizing, tantalizing glimpses of what she so pined to see. . . .

And now there had arrived quite unexpectedly one of the many friends Miss Bristowe's kind heart and jolly, queer ways had accumulated in life. Rosa Huxton had alighted yesterday at the hotel, had seen her friend's name on the list in the hall, had gone up and practically turned Rachel into the streets.

"Yes, *do* go," said Miss Bristowe. "You've been a nurse, not a traveller, since we left Paris."

Rachel went. She flew.

That is, she cast prudence to the winds of the Seven Hills and took a taxi straight off the piazza to the Forum.

"Ooh!" Rachel had breathed as she descended into the gold and green, the sunlit spaces, the grey uprising columns, the quite indescribable beauty of the enchanted spot.

But she could only speed on breathless. Another time she could pause perhaps and brood, but to-day she must just grasp *all* she could of wonder and delight.

So she reached the Palatine, ignoring the massed purple of the irises, the springing crab-blossom, the mist of green on temples and in every crevice—just got on somehow till she reached the top of the world, the great terrace above the Palace of the Cæsars.

"Oh! Heavens. . . ." Rachel was perhaps too sensitive to beauty. This . . . well, this fairly made her ill . . . the stretching scene, the sunlight, the deep, deep black of cypresses, their exquisite jagged outline against the translucent sapphire sky. . . .

She walked to the far end to recover herself, took out the pocket-camera she had carried in her bag since Dover "in case." She would take a snapshot instead of rhapsodizing.

As she made ready someone came out from behind some masonry—a young man in a grey suit and a loose tie, a rather battered felt hat and with papers under an arm.

He stopped, looked at Rachel and then away at what she was trying to take. He himself was in the way.

Rachel readjusted her view-finder and, when she raised her eyes, the young man was looking at *her* and seemed to have no intention of moving. She clicked the camera.

He came towards her.

"Did you take me?" he asked with interest.

"I think I did." This golden air . . . this divine day. . . . Rachel smiled. She couldn't help it. "Did you *want* to be taken?"

"I didn't actually do it on purpose," he laughed. "I was really coming to see if I could help you: I mean whether you'd like me to snap you, if you're a stranger. It's

## THE QUIVER

more interesting if one can be in one's snapshots, if you know what I mean."

They both laughed at that.

"Thank you." Rachel gave him the little camera; he used two films, handed it back to her.

"It *will* be much more interesting for me." She thanked him again. "Do you live in Rome?" she could not help adding. He had spoken of her being a stranger; did the gods love this young man so much that they let him *live* familiarly here among them?

"Well, I've been here six months; I'm a sculptor—or think I am."

"How heavenly . . ." Rachel breathed from her heart. "Oh! how lovely for you." As she could find nothing to meet so happy a case but with what sounded like gush, she stopped abruptly.

"Well, yes." He frowned a little. "Only I must make good."

"I see." There was a pause. Rachel looked away out to the distant Campagna. He was a nice-looking young man—*no*, interesting-looking was the word—with that living fluid quality which is attraction. She grew suddenly shy. What was she now to do? She couldn't very well wander about the Palatine all the morning with him.

"I expect you have work to do, so I mustn't keep you." She turned back to him.

"Oh, yes! Of course." He had winced, raised his hat, *gone*, in a second, and Rachel felt a pang of dismay. He had looked hurt! And she had been so tactless. And, oh, horror! as he went she saw he rather dragged one foot—a slight women know too well of late. It turned Rachel's self-reproach almost to a temporary despair.

"Oh! how could I?" she asked herself. "And he was so kind and cheery." . . . Because she was shy, too! She the modern girl! And everyone knew the modern girl was *never* shy, never anything but cocksure, pert and hard as nails. So people say, anyway.

Her pleasure was damped. For the time being. But presently she managed to put the episode aside to wander, with a little more leisure than before, among the cypresses and the lovely ruins of 2,000 years.

She went down at last into the Via Sacra, from which she must go home.

And there, seated on the steps of a temple, his elbow on his knee, his head on his hand, sat her friend of the camera.

Rachel went forward, trampling on her shyness.

"So you're not working after all?" She affected surprise.

He looked up, got up.

"No. I—I was thinking." He had risen rather wearily she thought and his tone was cold.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she persevered conversationally. "But I've got to go." On an impulse she added, "Got to take a taxi"—she consulted her wrist-watch—"it is late and this is so far from everything. Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"Oh! please don't trouble—" he began.

"I go by Via Fontane—is that your direction?"

"Well, yes, it is," he admitted. "But I'd rather—"

"Then come along, please." Rachel was imperious at times. She *was* going to show she wasn't a prig or a beast.

In silence he followed her, with his slightly limping walk. Rachel talked on brightly and they both got into a taxi at the gates.

"If you like," said she as their taxi tore, in the manner of Roman taxis, into the seething Via Nazionale and the noise and confusion covered any confusion she might have felt at her insistent friendliness, "I'll send you a snap—the one of you—on the Palatine."

"That's awfully kind of you." He thawed slightly, smiled for the first time since her dismissal of him.

"So—may I have your address?" she still persevered.

He produced a letter-case and a card.

"One has to go about with relays in Italy; they use them at every turn, don't they?"

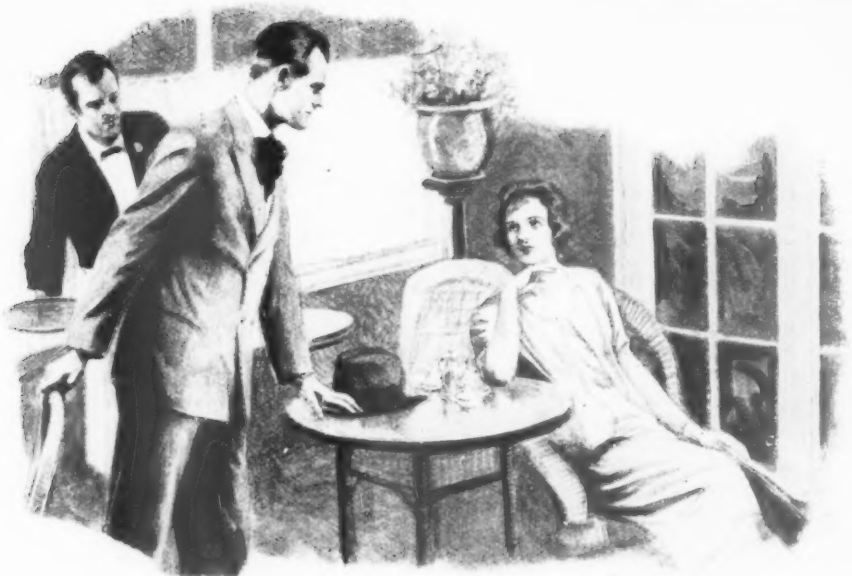
"Do they? I'm afraid I don't know—yet." She examined his card. "John Cardew," she murmured, "23A—"

"Here it is—my street, I mean. If you'll be so kind, I'll get out here." He hadn't quite thawed. Evidently he was proud; he wasn't going to risk anything further. He alighted, concealing his lameness, raised his hat, and her taxi went on—her second one that day, and she wasn't rich.

She sent him the snapshot, with no name attached—for she remembered he hadn't asked for hers—and considered the incident closed.

Miss Bristowe's chill had turned to low fever and Rosa Huxton nursed her, established herself, so to speak, in the only arm-





"'I had to come round.' He drew a chair to her table. 'Something to tell you'"—p. 442

Drawn by  
Conrad Leigh

chair. Rachel felt rather uncomfortable about it, but Miss Bristowe was firm.

"It is Heaven's own providence sent Rosa here. She lives in Rome—only her flat has been let—knows Rome by heart, and you don't begin to. So for goodness' sake go out. Only, take care of yourself—but, of course, all you girls can do *that* nowadays." Miss Bristowe sank back upon her pillow, closed her eyes—Rachel couldn't argue. Besides, Miss Huxton was a much older friend than she, and it might be tactless to insist.

So she was free. And, at first, freedom was enchanting in that place of enchantment; one didn't know where to begin or where to go on to. . . . The preposterous winding streets down which omnibuses, if you please, tore and ploughed their way, flattening foot passengers against the dark eternal walls on either side; the countless churches, dim, incense haunted, with their worshippers at any hour; the yellow Tiber; the bridges; oh, who could begin to tell all the ordinary everyday sights, Rachel asked herself, which were here, each entrancing? And without so much as mentioning the more obvious claims of Rome?

It was *all* divine! But after a time she

began to feel just the least little bit lonely. Ridiculous to feel lonely amidst such beauty! But she did, and her loneliness grew.

She had gone one morning of golden sunshine to the Vatican, had wandered through the unending galleries lined with their old shining fresco maps of all parts of the earth, and gone down the ridiculous back-staircase to the Sistine Chapel.

Rachel stopped short in the doorway. A flood of sunshine came in through the high windows, lighting up the marvel of the world, Michael Angelo's ceiling. Tears came to her eyes. . . . Must be the sun! One didn't *cry* because a thing was so heart-searchingly beautiful; at least, no one but an *idiot* did. Rachel dashed her small blue handkerchief angrily at her eyes.

"Oh, good morning," said someone. "Is there anything—can I do anything?"

The Palatine young man, a portfolio under an arm, stood before her; quite anxious he looked, frowning, too.

"Don't you feel—well?" he went on as Rachel said nothing, struggled apparently with something.

"I'm *quite* well," she said, forcing herself to meet his eyes with a quite defiant

## THE QUIVER

stare; you can always stop a tendency to—to tears if you do that, she knew.

"I see," said he, and frowned still more. Obviously he was in the way again—oughtn't to have spoken at all. "Well—"

"I couldn't help it!" Rachel burst out. There are some things one *can't* prevaricate about. "It took me by surprise—took my breath away."

"It? What?" He looked round, startled.

"Why, the roof," cried Rachel. "And you a sculptor!"

"D'you mean that you—" His face was suddenly alive, vivid, grave. "Are you an artist?" he asked then with quick, detached freemasonry as of one artist to another.

"No." She shook her head.

"Well, I'm blessed." He seemed to stand back to look at her. He nodded as if to himself, said nothing more. This girl was *different* then (and he had known hundreds of girls in England)—actually *knew* about things.

It seemed quite natural to both of them then to stare together and indefinitely at the stupendous ceiling.

"I *was* going to the sculpture," he said presently. "Of course, you wouldn't care—"

"Wouldn't I!" said Rachel. "I'd adore to see it with a real sculptor." He laughed now, quite appeased, and they walked off.

When they parted, at the tram, outside the great piazza, he knew about Miss Bristowe and her chill, gathered about Rachel's being lonely.

"If you'd care for a guide any old time?" he began tentatively if guardedly.

"But have you time?" she inquired quite eagerly. It was too wonderful all he was able to tell her so easily and so unobtrusively.

"Oh! I've time," she said dryly.

So they met that afternoon at the Pantheon, wandered across to the Ghetto, perfectly happy, perfectly free, in this town where she knew no one and where every step was an adventure. By five o'clock they might have known each other since the dawn of time, Rachel felt.

He had taken out his watch.

"I've got to go to San Silvestro—to the post office, that is. Are you tired, or would you care to go back that way?"

She went. Tired? Of course she was. Dropping with tiredness! But she couldn't give in and go back to the hotel and shut

herself away from the life, the gaiety, the melancholy—the wonder in short—of the Mistress of the World.

She waited for him in the courtyard of the old palace, now the post office.

"I'm afraid I've been ages." He came out when she began to wonder if he were ever coming or had gone away and forgotten her. He looked worried, absent-minded.

"Not a bit," she said politely. "I suppose business in Italy takes long. The two ideas don't go together, do they?" She laughed joyously; she was feeling joyous. There was Rome, and then there was companionship to account for it—companionship of any sort would have been welcome—and his—John Cardew's—was ripping. Because he knew so much about everything, Rachel told herself.

"Oh, business!" he answered, and she thought he had grown suddenly very distant. "I was expecting a—well, a registered letter—have been for days."

"And it hasn't come?" She spoke sympathetically but with a slight clouding of her joyousness (why on earth, she wondered? What could his letters, registered or otherwise, matter to her?) "How annoying for you." Somehow a cloud had descended on them. "I *am* rather tired now. I think I'll have a cab; they are cheaper than taxis." She laughed a little.

"Right-o!" He hailed one for her, and if she had thought of again giving him a lift—though she had this afternoon rather forgotten his lameness, she was afraid—he gave her no chance of doing so. He saw her into the little victoria, was raising his hat and turning away, but came back to her side. "What about to-morrow?" He had a lean, rather browned face, deep eyes—grey, she fancied from a fleeting glance as he leant near her—some intangible attraction that made her draw rather shyly away.

"Well, I'm free—I can't pretend I shan't be. But are you *sure*—haven't you other things you want to do?"

"I haven't," he said calmly. "What about the Coliseum?"

After that they quite frankly spent most mornings and afternoons together. Rachel, to save her conscience of a lurking sense of disloyalty, of doing more than Miss Bristowe might approve—and she laid up and ill—had mentioned him to her friend.

"I met a sculptor—an English sculptor—on the Palatine," she got out, aware of some difficulty in mentioning the not extra-

## MONEY MATTERS

ordinary fact. "He—he's been rather kind, showing me round."

"There're dozens of them hanging about those sort of places—archæologists and that sort of thing. Shown you round, has he? Is he nice? D'you know anything about him?" Miss Bristowe, in her arm-chair for the first time, rather weakly questioned.

"Quite nice," said Rachel. "And he knows my cousins, the Allendales."

"How jolly," said Miss Bristowe. "Quite lucky, isn't it?" So both hostess and guest felt they had done their duty.

And Rosa Huxton stayed on, and Miss Bristowe sent Rachel out, and there it was.

One thing rather puzzled Rachel. She and John Cardew saw Rome, but they saw only the places where there was nothing to pay. Quite extraordinary it began to seem. As a sculptor he had only to produce a card, and he was admitted anywhere—free—but Rachel wasn't, of course.

But if she proposed a gallery he postponed it till a non-paying day. If she tentatively suggested how nice it would be to drive a little way—"a very little way," when she saw his face—out on to the Campagna, he positively turned pale, or could it be her imagination? And they simply never had tea. He had never once suggested it, and Rachel had a feeling against doing it, so she had to go without.

Yet she couldn't believe him mean . . . the very idea was unthinkable, so proud, so grand-seigneur indeed, was his manner. And, of course, Rachel would have paid for herself, she reflected, flushing; she would take his time—as he insisted—but certainly nothing else!

His clothes were not shabby exactly, rather those of an artist, a sculptor, she supposed. Anyway, he had a lovely flat—he had told her about it; they had passed it once—in an old beautiful palazzo near the Porta Pia. It was all rather mysterious.

A fortnight went by, and then one day he met her looking ill, really quite ill.

"Aren't you well?" She peered up at him, faltering.

"Perfectly well." He looked, she thought, quite defiantly down at her. "Why?"

"You look, well, thin—and pale." She too grew defiant. "I believe you work at night or something!"

"And you think that would make me pale?" He laughed. "Nonsense," he said roughly.

Rachel was hurt.

"It's no affair of mine, of course," she

said stiffly. "But look here"—she wouldn't be petty: he *was* seedy, his eyes looked quite sunken, his lean cheek quite drawn—"I tell you what we'll do: I am going to take a car and go for a drive—"

"Are you?" He looked over her head. "That will be nice, for you."

"Aren't you—won't you come?"

"Certainly not," he said promptly.

"Oh—oh! I beg your pardon. Of course, I don't know why I assumed you would."

"Let you pay for it, do you mean? Shouldn't dream of it. And I couldn't pay myself."

Rachel met his frowning declaration with a recoil.

"Oh! but why should you?" she asked weakly. This was terrible.

"It's usual, isn't it?" He almost scowled. "Look here, it's no good my keeping this up. I'm down and under. My supplies have been cut off; I'm practically penniless, if you care to know."

"If she cared to know." And they such friends! Rachel felt her troublesome tears not far off. But she set her teeth; no glint of moisture showed in her eyes.

"I'm—frightfully sorry," she murmured instead.

"I've been expecting supplies; you remember we went to the post office. But they never came, and won't come now."

"Have you called again—at the post office?"

"No good. I know the governor. He hates my being here, hated my chucking my job after the war. I had enough of my own for six months here, but they're over."

"What a shame!" Rachel paled with indignation. "Then what will you *do*?" she queried.

"Stick it."

"But you cannot starve!" she cried.

"Can't I!" he laughed grimly.

Starving! That was what he was doing. Rachel went home to luncheon in a brown-study. No use to *offer* help; he wasn't *that* kind.

When luncheon was over she had thought of something. The hotel book-keeper to whom she paid Miss Bristowe's weekly account was rather a friend of hers. She went to his office and asked if she might have the use of his typewriter for about five minutes. Then, into an envelope she addressed in type, she put a plain sheet of paper with "Sorry for delay," also in type, on it and the ten pounds in English notes

## THE QUIVER

which was all she possessed in the world. On the envelope she stuck English stamps and posted the whole thing to John Cardew at his address. It was the best she could do. The Roman post office *might* not notice the English stamp, and if they did it would only mean the porter at John Cardew's palazzo paying double postage, and John wasn't the sort to inquire into trifles.

Anyhow, she did it before giving herself time to think, and then for the rest of the afternoon felt rather like an undetected criminal.

Still, one couldn't let a fellow-creature *starve*, could one, now?

That evening when Miss Bristowe was tucked in for the night and Rosa Huxton had gone out to bridge somewhere, Rachel sat and read in the little inner lounge of the hotel on the ground floor.

"A gentleman has called for the signorina."

Rachel looked up dazed. Her heart sank—fathoms deep, it seemed.

"Show him in here, please," she murmured. She pulled herself together and assumed a waiting, inquiring look.

"You?" A slight surprise was all that sounded in her tone when John Cardew was shown in.

"I had to come round." He drew a chair to her table, where her coffee still stood. "Something to tell you."

"Waiter, another cup, please." She turned back to John Cardew. "Really?"

"Most extraordinary coincidence. That money I told you about came this evening."

Rachel's second "Really?" sounded to her extraordinarily inane.

"Yes. Ten pounds in English notes by the last post."

"Oh, I am so glad," was all she could murmur.

"I thought you would be."

Rachel looked up quickly. But he was smiling, gaily, guilelessly, and her heart sprang back to its normal place. It was all right! (She was penniless now but for the change in her purse, but what of it?)

"But the extraordinary thing is"—the waiter was returning with the coffee-cup—"the extraordinary thing is that, acting on your suggestion of this morning, I had just been down to the post office, and my money

was there, too—had been there since the day after you and I called for it. . . ."

"How—how extraordinary." Rachel was pouring out the coffee; her hand shook so that she had to give it up.

He leant across the little table.

"I suppose you don't know anything about it?"

"I? How should I?" Rachel, up against it, grew calm, almost haughty.

"Quite sure?" Her eyes fell, and she knew that his never moved from her down-cast face.

"Perfectly certain," said Rachel distinctly, and she raised her head and met his glance with cool composure. After all, he could never *prove* anything, and she would rather die than own up—and especially after this frantic anti climax.

"I respect a *good* liar!" His eyes were laughing, gay, attractive—Rachel could have killed him. Then they turned to a sudden tenderness: "You were very clever, besides being the kindest thing alive, but you forgot one thing—that the hotel stamps its name on every envelope posted in their letter-box."

Rachel could only stare at him, and slowly, very slowly, the childish, intolerable tears rose to her eyes. She rose, too.

"I was an idiot; but you'd been kind—and I couldn't bear—" She broke off. "I'm going up. She's expecting me—Miss Bristowe, I mean."

"No, you don't!" He, too, had got up and in that masterful way Rachel knew. "You don't get out of it so easily—I mean your frightful, angelic kindness to a lame dog. Look here, Rachel"—he got between her and the door to which she tried to get—"I did my governor an injustice. He's going to give me a thundering good allowance. Will you share it with me?"

He was still masterful—nothing of the humble suppliant about *him*. Rachel tried imitation, tried to keep her end up. She failed.



Time passed.

"You really mustn't," said Rachel then. "Do remember those doors give on to the hall."

"I don't care if they give on to the General Post Office!" said John Cardew.



# Dining with Dickens

by

## HELEN HOPKINS

AS a child I used to read Dickens on those unfortunate occasions when parental wisdom decreed that I should be deprived of my supper and sent to bed, getting a sort of vicarious nourishment out of the meals which he so feelingly described. He was surely the landlord of the literary guild. No one has ever written as he did of food; with so much gusto and hospitality that you could not but feel that a genial host had that moment proposed your health in a bumper of the rare old Madeira which ripened in Sol Gills' cellar awaiting the happy time when Florence and her Walter should return from the sea.

"Dombey and Son," however, was never the favourite volume of my supperless hours, for the sadness of the story overshadowed its eating and drinking even as they, themselves, were shadowed by it. The dinner after the christening of poor little Paul is characteristic of this; that dinner of cold fowl, cold ham, patties, salad, and a lobster in which "there was a toothache in every thing," even the wine

being so cold that it forced a little scream from Miss Tox.

Whenever there is a break in the gloomy story, Dickens turns joyfully to the homely, pleasant society of Cap'n Cuttle, snugly ensconced in Sol Gills' room behind the



Mr. Whiffers also among them

instrument shop. It is there that Florence, flying from her unnatural father, takes refuge, and there that the worthy Captain does himself proud in the preparation of her supper. "The Cap'n had spread a cloth with great care, and was making egg sauce in a little saucepan. Having propped Florence up with pillows, he pursued his cookery with extraordinary skill, making hot gravy in a second little saucepan, boiling a handful of potatoes in a third, never forgetting the egg sauce in the first, and making an impartial round of basting and stirring with the most useful use of spoons. Besides these cares, the Captain had to keep his eye on the most diminutive of frying pans, where some sausages were hissing in the most musical manner." There—"musical manner"; would anybody but Dickens ever have said that? And doesn't it give you the cosiest feeling?

In "Bleak House" we may be sure that whenever Chadband is on the scene there is food of the most prodigious description



The Greengrocer of the Pickwickians

## THE QUIVER

at hand. On that Sunday night whereon Guster, much harassed by Mrs. Snagsby, prepares the little drawing-room for tea, it is to consist of "dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, German sausages, delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley, not to mention new laid eggs, to be brought up warm in a napkin, and buttered toast."

One of the most amusing of Dickens's dinners is the least successful. It is served on that occasion, annually celebrated, when Mr. Bagnet, wishing fitly to mark Mrs. Bagnet's birthday, insists that she shall put on her best gown and be installed in the chimney corner in state, while he and the young Bagnets prepare the "pair of fowls" which is his invariable inspiration for the menu. The degree to which Mrs. Bagnet suffers as she watches Mr. Bagnet perform this yearly and hence unaccustomed task is only equalled by her determination to show nothing of her feelings. Her equanimity at dinner is remarkable, as it is "a little endangered by the dry humour of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the gravy, when made, being of no flavour and turning out to be of a flaxen complexion."

The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired and extremely scaly, and "every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess is developed, in these specimens, in the singular form of guitar strings."



"Ding! but I'm reeght glad ('Nicholas Nickleby') to see thee!"



Mrs. Bardell and party at the Spaniard Tea Gardens ("Pickwick Papers")

Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart upon Mrs. Bagnet's eating a most severe quantity of the dainties set before her, which she heroically does, "impairing her digestion fearfully." She is also distracted by anxiously wondering how young Woolwich Bagnet cleans his drumstick "without being of ostrich descent."

"Old Curiosity Shop" is a story dry of food, save for sad and cold repasts, some of which are consumed by Dick Swiveller whenever he can persuade a new cookshop to trust him. This is also true of "Oliver Twist," in which we sit at the board constantly with low and furtive characters; but with Pickwick, a man after Dickens's own heart, there come a long trail of Dickensian repasts. From the place, in the early part of the book, when Mr. Alfred Jingle says to Mr. Pickwick, in reply to a tentative invitation to dine: "Great pleasure—not presume to dictate—but broiled fowl and mushrooms—excellent thing—what time?"—until the dissolution of the club, we are conscious of being in the most hospitable of society.

"Capon and tongue and pigeon pie and veal and ham and salad and wine—gallons of it—roast fowl, bacon, ale, and etceteras"—these are to be found on every page or so. Then there was that famous picnic lunch of which Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick were the consumers. "'Weal pie,' said Mr. Weller, as he arranged the catables on the grass, 'wery good thing is weal pie,



## DINING WITH DICKENS

when you know the lady as made it and is sure it ain't kittens. . . . Tongue . . . well, that's a wery good thing when it ain't a woman's. Bread, knuckle o' ham, reg'lar picture—cold beef in slices—wery good, sir." When the ingenious Mr. Weller discovers that two stone jars, hung around the neck of the attendant boy, contained beer in one and punch in the other, he expresses the thought that, take it altogether, "a wery good notion of a lunch it is."

Nothing, nothing is too serious or too amusing to prevent Pickwick from careful attention to food, and the consequence is that I know this book almost by heart, due to the fact that I repeatedly read it, what time I was in durance vile.

"The Uncommercial Traveller" is not amusing, but there is one part of it that is, and that is the place where the Traveller regales six poor Travellers at an inn. We have the story in the form of a layout for the proces-



Mr. Pickwick's alfresco feast

### THE TURKEY

Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.

### THE BEEF

Volunteer hostler from Hotel

Grimming

And Rendering      No Assistance."

When the Uncommercial Traveller discusses Welsh inns he is most impressed with the harpers (though he suspects them of being humbugs got up for the benefit of travellers only), but in Highland inns he tells of "dinner of oatmeal bannocks, honey, venison steaks, trout from the brook." He has little to say of French and Italian and Swiss inns, but pauses to wonder at German inns "where all the eatables are sodden down to the same flavour, and the mind is disturbed by the apparition of hot puddings and boiled cherries, sweet and slab, at awfully unexpected periods of the repast." Of the hotels of America he carries away the staggering impression of "four hundred beds apiece and eight or nine hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every night." Heaven only knows what he would say to one of their modern hotels, in which the population of a good-sized village can be found dining every night.



Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed a chair and Mr. Pickwick presided

sion which went from the cookshop to the poor house of refreshment where the dinner was to be eaten.

"Myself, with the Pitcher

Ben, with Beer

Inattentive boy with plates,

Inattentive boy with hot plates

## THE QUIVER

Early in the book "Little Dorrit" there is the description of the window of a cook-shop. "Glimpses were to be caught of hot meats, vegetables and puddings, roast leg of pork, bursting into tears of sage and onion in a metal reservoir full of gravy, of an unctuous piece of roast beef and blisterous Yorkshire pudding bubbling hot in a similar receptacle, of a shallow tank of baked potatoes glued together by their own richness, of a stuffed fillet of veal, of ham in a perspiration, of a truss or two of boiled greens and other such delicacies. . . ."

There is Dickens at his best about food; a lover of food, a hearty eater, but an idealist. He had a sense of humour about food, too, which no one but a housekeeper can appreciate. Who but a woman who has cooked can chuckle with Dickens over Mrs. Todgers' special worry, with its background of truth. "Presiding over an establishment like this makes sad havoc with the features, my dears," that worthy woman told the two Misses Pecksniff. "The gravy, alone, is enough to add ten years to one's age. The anxiety of that one item keeps the mind continually on the stretch. There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy. . . . It's nothing

to say that a joint won't yield—a whole animal wouldn't yield—the amount of gravy that is expected each day at dinner."

The American dinner which Martin ate in company with Jefferson Brick and others is quite a curiosity now, in these days of high cost of living. It makes one's palate weep. "A turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, two fowls in the middle, oysters stewed and pickled, sharp pickles, cucumbers. . . ." Then there is the little snack, as Dickens calls it, which Mr. Pecksniff and the dutiful Jonas have while old Jonas lies dead upstairs. "Sweet-breads, stewed kidneys, oysters, and other light viands." Light viands! One thing we can be sure of, and that is that in Dickens's day they had capacity, sir—capacity.

And when all was well, what jollier supper could there be than that which dear Mrs. Lupin of the Dragon gave Martin and Mark Tapley. "The kitchen fire burned clear and red, the table was spread out, the kettle boiled, and the slippers and bootjack were there. Sheets of ham were there, cooking on a gridiron; half a dozen eggs were there, poaching in the frying pan; a plethoric cherry brandy bottle was there, dangling from the rafters, as if you had only to open your mouth to have something good drop into it." There was a delicately symbolic dinner which came off when gentle Ruth and John Westlock were at last united: "Salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling, and a tart."

Poor little Pip of "Great Expectations" used to be regaled with "those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had least reason to be proud," and Mr. Squeers, taking his unfortunate bevy to Dotheboys Hall, squints down the milk jug and so liberally waters it that the astonished waiter tells him the milk "will be drowned."

One could never forget Mrs. Vincent Crummles, in her character of tragedienne, ringing the bell and proclaiming: "Let the mutton and onions appear!" Nor honest John Browdie, accustomed to Yorkshire food, coming up to London for his wedding breakfast, and being much disconcerted by the fare of that famous town. "Ca' oop anither



A light repast by Sairey Camp

## DINING WITH DICKENS

pigeon pie, will ee?" said John. "Dang the chap, does he ca' this a pie? Three young pigeons and a throifin' matther o' steak and a crust so loight that ye doan't know when it's in your mouth and when it's gane!" There is the sort of a breakfast that John approves of when they return to Yorkshire:

"Vast mounds of toast, new laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantials..." A whole roast pig might meet the case, or something equally trifling!

"Our Mutual Friend" has a good many dinners in it, but they are more or less repetitions of others in other books. Dickens had certain dinners which he liked, I am sure, for they are his standbys: but "Barnaby Rudge" is an inspiration to the author to indulge in gustatory orgies. No wonder that Mrs. Varden found herself unable to maintain her critical attitude to the Maypole Inn; the order which Old John, the proprietor, gave for her special benefit might, indeed, as Dickens remarks, have "soothed a savage."

"A bit of fish," said he to the cook, "and some lamb chops, breaded with plenty of ketchup and a good salad, and a roast spring chicken with a dish of sausages and mashed potatoes, or something like that." My goodness—something like that, indeed! The man was ordering food by the ton, as things are to-day. The crowning meal of this delightful book is that which is set before the honest black-mith's family, after Mrs. Varden has decided to stop being a vixen, after Dolly has stopped being a flirt, and after Barnaby and his raven are restored to their home. Well might Gabriel Varden, "the rosiest, merriest, cosiest, heartiest old buck in England," rejoice in sitting down so happily with his loved

ones to "a clear, juicy ham, garnished with cool, green lettuce leaves and fragrant cucumber preserves and pickles and jams, crisp cakes and cottage loaves and rolls of bread," in the mellow old room.

"David Copperfield" is a book full of the description of all kinds of food. From



"And here he started as Gertrude herself entered the room"

the time that David, starting off to school, ordered and ate "chops, potatoes, ale, and a batter pudding," so astonishing his waiter that the latter feared he would burst, to the scraps of meals he had had with the Micawbers and with Uriah Heap, there are all sorts of repasts. The mutability with which the Micawbers dined was a source of wonder even to the unsophisticated little David. "I have known Mrs. Micawber to be thrown into fainting fits by the King's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb chops (breaded) with warm ale (paid for with two silver tea-spoons at the pawnbroker's) at four."

That dinner which David had in his own house—that one at which Traddles was a guest—is both sad and funny.

## THE QUIVER

"There was one thing I could have wished, namely, that Jip had never been encouraged to walk about the tablecloth during dinner. However, I knew how tender-hearted Dora was, and so hinted no objections. For similar reasons I made no allusions to the skirmishing plates upon the floor, or the disreputable appearance of the castors, which were all at sixes and sevens and looked drunk; or to the blockade of Traddles by wandering vegetable dishes and water jugs."

In addition to this, the boiled leg of mutton, like all the legs of mutton which came to that ill-governed table, was of such a singular shape that David is led into wondering whether their butcher has contracted for all the deformed sheep in the neighbourhood; and although there is

a fine dish of oysters, they are unopened, and there are no oyster knives, and consequently the oysters themselves are simply an exasperation.

So, as there really happened to be some bacon in the house, they added that to the lop-sided meal, and Dora was so pretty and childlike that David could not be impatient, although there was beginning in his heart that muffled cry of disappointment and sorrow which he was to be so long in stilling.

Many and many a night, as I left the fried chicken and custard-pie of my heart's desire behind and rebelliously mounted the stairs, I have sent my mind forward to taste, in anticipation, the flavour of the well-worn page where, I knew, I could forget that I was a hungry girl.



### The Toiler's Hands

By  
Fay  
Inchfawn

If I had grace to con,  
Or wit to understand  
The language graven on  
Any true toiler's hand,  
Reading with awe the thrilling tale  
Of each poor flattened finger nail,  
Scanning the scarred unshapely thumb,  
I should be stricken dumb.

No artist blushes to possess  
His testimonials of success.  
No pedagogue with shame recalls  
The framed diplomas on his walls,  
And why should any toiler hate  
His fully signed certificate?

These have their place and yet  
A striver's glory lies  
Not in the plaudits of his kind,  
Nor in admiring eyes.  
His right to praise and honour still  
Rests in the products of his skill.  
White fingered tyro have you thought  
How many things hard hands have wrought?

Here is biography  
So intimate and fine,  
Only the diligent can see  
And fathom line by line,  
Translating in an expert way  
These hieroglyphics writ on clay.

Envoy.

If fragrance and beauty  
Were all gathered up,  
And shaken and pressed  
In a gold-handled cup,  
That costly libation,  
Bare justice demands,  
Must be poured out before  
The true toiler's hands.

# CAST-IRON

by

H  
Mortimer  
Batten,

F.Z.S.



"He was just in time to catch the wee Donald McLeod a resounding clip behind the ear"

THE boys had been playing football in the minister's field, and the minister, in line with many who had gone before him, did not like it. There were good grounds for his objection. In the first place, it was almost a tradition of the village that the boys must not play football in the minister's field. The field was part of the Manse grounds, which adjoined the kirk, and the minister, unable to corner the ring-leaders, at length reported the matter to the constable, who promised to make himself felt at the first opportunity.

That particular day a match of unusual importance was in full swing as the constable bore through the chestnut grove. Several of the juvenile players had armed themselves with referee whistles, still further to break the peace of the Manse; and so intent were they that none of them saw the constable till he was within twenty yards, whereupon they fled like a field of rabbits—through the Manse shrubberies, through the front garden, and actually across the greensward opposite the house. The minister, disturbed by the sudden pandemonium, rolled his daily *Scotsman* into a

club and ran out, just in time to catch wee Donald McLeod a resounding clip behind the ear as the boy doubled across the gravel path.

So sudden was the evacuation of the field that the goal-posts were left behind, and the goal-posts consisted of wee McLeod's boots—he preferred to play in his stocking feet—and his jacket. These the policeman confiscated, and wee McLeod arrived home bootless and jacketless; but sneaking in by the back way, he managed to obtain duplicates of these necessities of life.

When bedtime came Mrs. McLeod said to her son, "Why are ye wearing yer Sunday jacket, Donald?"

Wee Donald, in the surreptitious act of stowing his Sunday boots under the chair, managed to blurt out, "I changed me jacket, mither."

"I ken weel ye did," his mother replied. "But why?"

Just then Mr. McLeod came in—the

## THE QUIVER

jovial, red-faced Mr. McLeod, who had spent his day hoeing turnips, and who, as a disciplinarian of his own children, was known as a man of iron. He hung his cap, behind the kitchen door, took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and sat himself beside the fire. Wee Donald, nursing his knees, eyed his father askance.

"Why did ye change yer jacket?" his mother repeated, holding the saucepan spoon militantly aloft. "Ha'e ye fa'n into the burn, Donald? Tell me the truth noo."

"I didna' fa' into the burn," replied wee Donald a trifle sulkily. "I jist changed because I thocht I would."

But his mother was naturally unconvinced, and just then she caught sight of wee Donald's stockinged feet betrayingly tucked under the chair—stockinged, I say, but in point of fact there was precious little left of the stockings. She beheld a row of pink toes protruding through the black hosiery, and seeing those toes, she placed her spoon ominously on the oven top, and grabbed wee Donald's feet. An expression of despair came into her face. She had four children to mend for, and Donald was the oldest. She appealed to his father for support.

"Davie," she said, pointing to Donald's toes, "d'ye see that? He's been playing fitba' again in his stocking feet, and mony and mony's the time we've forbidden him tae dae it. Mending, mending—half my life's spent mending stockings, and I'm sick o' it. It's time ye did something."

But Mr. McLeod had just settled himself to his evening news. Like most strong men, he was not easily roused. He glanced round the side of his paper without taking it in.

"Is the supper no ready, Maggie?" he demanded in quite pleasant tones. He was really quite a pleasant man.

His wife ignored him. She addressed her son in a voice of anguished pleading. "Where's yer brown jacket, Donald?" she demanded. "Where have ye lost it? Where have ye been playing fitba'?"

Wee Donald could stand it no longer. That day his nerves had been sorely tried. "In the minister's field," he admitted tearfully, at which Mrs. McLeod again turned her intent gaze upon her husband.

"D'ye hear that, Davie?" she cried in a shrill falsetto. "He's been playing fitba' in the minister's field."

"Och weel, my lass," replied David McLeod in a voice which all but shook the plaster from the ceiling, "mony's the day that I and yer brither Jock, and a' the ither

tads, played fitba' in the minister's field. It's an auld, auld pastime, and I suppose the bairns for mony a generation tae come will dae it."

But Mrs. McLeod's patience was exhausted. "What's the use o' that?" said she. "D'ye realize, Davie, the laddie's come hame without his boots and his jacket, and jist look ye at his stockings. I ken weel there's mair in this than meets the eye."

This time Mr. McLeod rolled his newspaper into a club, as the minister had done, and addressed his son in that cast-iron voice of justice wee Donald had cause to fear. "Where's yer boots and yer jacket, Donald?" he demanded.

"The polis-man's got them," blubbered wee Donald. "We were playing fitba' in the minister's field, and I had tae run for it. I couldna' run nae faster than I did, but he got my boots and my jacket. I had tae run, I tell ye, and he got them. I couldna' help it, and the minister hit me as I passed the hoose. He hit me on the side o' the heid, and it's felt sair ever since."

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod exchanged quick glances. The matter had suddenly assumed a seriousness undreamt of, and slowly it dawned upon the mind of Mr. McLeod that it was time he cleared the air. He did so by attacking Donald with the closely coiled newspaper.

"Awa' tae yer bed, ye wee brat!" he ordered. "Been playing fitba' in the minister's field, ha'e ye? I'll teach ye tae play fitba'!"

Wee Donald fled upstairs ahead of the hostile barrage, his father coming a metallic cropper near the bottom step, whereupon Mrs. McLeod laid her hand firmly on her husband's shoulder. "Leave the bairn alane!" she commanded. "He's done nae harm tae onybody. What d'ye want hittin' him like that?"

Mr. McLeod stared at his wife. He had not yet had his supper, which makes a great difference in such matters.

"He's been playing fitba' in the minister's field," emphasized Mr. McLeod, with an air of righteous defence.

"Mebbe," said his wife, "but ha'e ye never played fitba' in the minister's field?"

Mr. McLeod grunted, feeling through his pockets for a match. "The laddie's getting into bad company," said he, ever a slave to his own iron will. "What he wants is a bit o' his father."

"Ye'll no lay a finger on him!" said



wee Donald's mother, staring at Davie defiantly, whereupon Mr. McLeod again settled himself to his paper, and Mrs. McLeod to preparing the supper.

"So the polissman's got his boots and his jacket," observed Mrs. McLeod, as she poured out her husband's liberal share.

Her husband drew up his wooden chair, not without noise on the concrete floor.

"Ye maun send him up for them the morn's morn before school," he ordered. "That'll teach him. D'ye hear me, Maggie? Ye maun send the bairn up first thing when he wakes and afore he has his bite."

"I'll dae naething o' the kind!" said Mrs. McLeod.

"I insist upon it!" replied her husband, and, according to the villagers, his word always went. There followed a lull in the conversation, varied by sounds rather resembling those of a dredger in shallow water.

"He said the minister hit him," observed Mr. McLeod, looking up eventually. "Serve him richt tae. I'm gled the minister did lay aboot him. Teach the laddie a lesson."

Mrs. McLeod drove her fork viciously into a baked apple. "Nae man has ony richt tae hit anither man's wean," said she. "If that's Christian teaching, I'm done wi' it. I'll no gang tae the kirk on Sunday, Davie. I'll no gang if ye drive me wi' sticks."

Mr. McLeod possessed himself of a huge square of dry bread to help out his baked apple. "Nor me naither," said he, as he wrenched off one corner between his teeth and proceeded to masticate it. He took a sip from his mug to keep things moving. "Comes to that," said he, "what richt has the polissman tae tak' the laddie's boots and his jacket? He was doing nae herm whatever."

"Naither was he," agreed the boy's mother. "Every boy wants tae play fitba'. It's only natural, and why should they no?"

Just then there sounded a voice from the

head of the staircase—wee Donald demanding his mug o' milk.

"If I hear anither word frae ye," shouted his father, leaping to his feet, "I'll come up and skelp ye! Ye'll no get yer milk the nicht, so I've telt ye! Noo haud yer tongue!"



"Can I ha'e my milk noo, mither?" said the boy"—p. 452

Drawn by  
John Campbell

There was a temporary silence, which the thin-edged and plaintive voice of Mrs. McLeod eventually broke. "It's no as if he was a bad laddie, Davie, ye ken. Compared wi' mony o' the ither anes, he's nae trouble whatever."

"Sometimes I think ye're ower harsh wi' him," she went on. "Ye need tae gang easy wi' that wean."

Again Mr. McLeod sipped at his mug. "I'll no ha'e the laddie getting into bad companionship," said he. "That's ae thing I'm feart o', Maggie—bad company. But if the polissman has ony complaints, why does he no come tae me? He kens weel I'm a just man, if a severe yin, and onyway, he'd nae richt tae tak' the laddie's boots

## THE QUIVER

and his jacket. D'ye hear me, Maggie? He had nae richt!"

"Och weel," said Mrs. McLeod, who, thanks to her husband's influence, was just about as malleable as putty, "I'll send him alang first thing the morn. It'll mebbe teach him a lesson, Davie."

But at this Mr. McLeod also rose, and his square jaw was never squarer. "Ye'll dae naething o' the kind," he exploded, polishing his mouth on the edge of the tablecloth. "Folk like thae have nae richt interfering wi' ither folks' bairns! I'll gang alang tae the polissman's mysel' and get the things. I'll tell him what's in my mind. I'll ha'e nane o' his tattie swinging. And on the way back, Maggie, I'll ca' at the Manse and ha'e a word wi' the minister aboot hitting the laddie."

"Ye'll bide at hame!" said Mrs. McLeod, regarding him gravely.

"I'll no!" retorted her inflexible husband. "What richt has yon fellow striking my bairns? What richt has the polissman taking property which belongs tae some ither body? There's gang tae be trouble aboot this, Maggie. They've no heard the last o' it. I'll show them that Davie McLeod's no the sort o' man tae put up wi' ony sich treatment!"

The woman sighed. "Suit yersel'," said she, "but if ye tak' my advice, ye'll no quarrel wi' yer neebors."

"Neebors!" echoed McLeod defiantly. "And nice neebors they, Maggie! Och, but I'll show them they're making a big mistake!"

He wrenched his jacket from its hook, incidentally breaking the loop, which brought another subdued groan for the daily tasks of life from Mrs. McLeod. She helped him on. "Be canny noo, Davie," she advised, as he plunged hot-footed into the darkness. "Ye're ower hasty, ye ken. Be canny, noo, what ye say tae the minister."

"I'll say what I think I will!" replied Davie, as he vanished along the shadowy avenue, and no sooner was the door closed than a voice sounded at the head of the staircase.

"Mither," said the voice, "is that my faither awa'?"

There was a subdued snuffle, and then, "Yes, my bairnie."

Soft footsteps began to descend the staircase, and a curly head appeared from the dark aperture.

"Can I ha'e my milk noo, mither?"

"Aye, my dearie," said Mrs. McLeod.

"Then awa' wi' ye tae yer bed. Mebbe yer faither'll change his mind and come hame and skelp ye!"



But Mr. McLeod was a man of resolution, and having nursed his wrath through the length of the dark avenue and past the store, he arrived at the constabulary and knocked commandingly on the door. The constable's wife—a pleasant-faced young woman—opened it.

"Is yer husband no in?" demanded Mr. McLeod, scraping his massive boots noisily on the scraper.

She hesitated. "Oh, it's you, Davie!" she exclaimed at length. "Come awa' in. They'll be richt gled tae see ye. The minister's here, and we've been laughing fit tae split oor sides aboot wee Donald's boots and jacket. Come awa' in."

He went in, but conscious though he was of the fact that he had a stern mission before him, his footsteps seemed to fall flat along the passageway. In the snugly-furnished little room beyond, where hollyhocks peeped in at the window and the scent of mignonette mingled with the smell of cigar smoke, the policeman and the minister rose to greet him. But McLeod's face was so grave that the laughter died on their lips, for everyone knew that he was quite the wrong man to get cross with. On the hearthrug opposite them lay a little untidy bundle—a boy's jacket and a pair of boots. For perhaps five seconds the awkward silence lasted, then the policeman chuckled audibly, and from his seat he dealt Davie McLeod a thud in the ribs which would have knocked the breath out of any ordinary mortal. The policeman jerked his thumb towards the bundle on the hearthrug.

"D'ye remember, Davie," said he, with more subdued mirth; "d'ye mind the days, eh, laddie? It's strange hoo history repeats itself, is it no'?"

But save for a flicker about his broad lips, Mr. McLeod did not relent. He looked at the minister, who was smoking a cigar. So, also, was the policeman. The minister was rather famous for his cigars.

"Ye'd nae richt tae skelp the laddie," said Mr. McLeod, shaking a massive forefinger, and no one but the minister dared have disputed Davie McLeod.

The minister stared. "Skelp him!" said he. "Och, man, but if I catch the wee brat in yon field again, I'll fair flay him!"

He offered Mr. McLeod a cigar, and Mr.

McLeod took it. The policeman again jabbed the latter in the ribs just as he was lighting the cigar.

"It's the old story, Davie," said the man of law and order. "Mon, d'ye mind Jock? My, Davie, but there was only yin worse than Jock, and that was ye. Ye didna' stop at playing fitba' in the field, if I remember rightly—ye went into the orchard!"

"Aye," said Mr. McLeod, drawing a first lingering whiff. "And if I mind rightly, ye stayed on the ither side o' the dyke hauding the poke."

At that the policeman laughed, McLeod laughed, they all laughed.

"Boys will be boys," said the minister, flicking the ash into the fender. "God bless them all. What would the life of a boy be in these country places if there were no Manse field and no Manse orchard? Och, mon, our country owes much to such things. It's a thousand times better than reading penny horrors or larriking about the dock-yards. Every boy must have his bit of mischief, and I thank God we've got a Manse with a field and a garden the boys can trespass in, and yet retain their self-respect. It's a good thing to teach them the meaning of property which belongs to some other body."

"Ah, weel," said Mr. McLeod hesitatingly, "I agree wi' ye there. I must say

there's a deal in that, sir; and, after a', a boy must be punished for something if he's gang tae grow up ony guid whatever. And I say this tae ye," went on Mr. McLeod, warming to his point, "that if ever ye catch my laddie in yon field, skelp him! He'll gang onyway, but if ever ye catch him there, skelp him! And ye, constable, hang on tae they things, and the laddie'll be along the first thing the morn's morn tae fetch them, and when he comes ye'll need tae gi'e him a richt guid rating."

"Will ye no tak' them back wi' ye, Davie?" suggested the constable.

"The laddie's learnt his lesson," the minister pointed out.

But Mr. McLeod was inflexible as cast-iron. "I'll dae naething o' the kind," said he. "He maun face his punishment tae the end. It'll be a guid thing for him, and ye'd never find Davie McLeod interfering wi' the course o' justice! Noo guid-nicht tae ye—the twa o' ye."

"Good night, McLeod," returned the minister. "Maybe I'll see you Sunday first?"

"Aye, mebbe," answered Mr. McLeod at the door. "Me and Maggie was jist thinking aboot it. We'll be along for the morning service mebbe. Guid nicht tae ye, sir." And Mr. McLeod went his way feeling that he had lived well up to his reputation.

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" "Now, now, be quiet, or you might be had up for resisting the police " "—p. 457

Drawn by  
Leo Bites

# Making Much of Ariadne

by  
Pamela Duke

A WOMAN who gets a brilliant idea and instantly acts upon it is entitled to feel proud of herself, and Julia Morgan was simply bursting with pride when she bounced into the study and gleefully informed her husband that she had written to Uncle Anthony about Bob's difficulties. But her spirits soon fell, for she met with no enthusiasm. A grunt can hardly be called a complimentary answer nor yet an inspiring one.

"It was a beautiful letter. I did not ask for anything openly, you know, only just hinted."

She flopped down heavily on a chair and prepared to enlarge upon her performance. Mr. Morgan gave another grunt, this time accompanied by a sigh. He knew his dear Julia's explanations and her way of floundering about helplessly in the maze of her own thoughts, but he resigned himself to the inevitable, listened patiently, and managed to extract a few points. He gathered that "something might come of it" if Uncle Anthony could be got to take an interest in Bob and that this event would carry the additional advantage of making Mary Dixon "simply wild," and serve her right too, for she had been spiteful, as usual, when approached, and had actually seemed to enjoy having her only nephew tramping the streets in search of a job. When the flood of oratory ceased he remarked that old man Capp, who was known to sit uncommonly tight on his money bags, had never taken the slightest notice of his London relatives. A sudden change of heart was not to be expected, and Julia would most likely not even get an answer.

"Oh, but I will, though," was the triumphant reply, "for I asked him to let Ariadne come and stay with us."

"What! Whom did you say?"

"Ariadne, Cousin William's daughter, of course. You know very well that she has been living with her grandfather ever since she was left an orphan. Or at least you ought to know."

"And where in heaven's name are you going to put the girl? We are cramped enough as it is in this flat."

"She won't come. And supposing she did, haven't we always the lumber room?"

"A nice mess you will make getting it ready. And what about the expense? But I give it up. Do as you like, only don't blame me if you get disappointed." He sighed once more, shook his head and went on with his work.

Julia remained sitting where she was. She stared into the fire and dreamt of ways of scoring against her sister, who was always flaunting her superiority and giving herself airs. Mary had married a well-to-do, go-ahead business man, instead of a meek, ineffectual scientist who neither would nor could get on in the world. She had everything she could wish for, but far from being kind and helpful, she ridiculed her poor sister unmercifully for having to pinch and scrape, and, above all, for being fat and shapeless and looking lumpish whatever she had on. Julia felt bitterly resentful against providence whenever she thought of this, and her desire to triumph, for once, over Mary was so intense that she would gladly do anything to see it gratified.

When the eagerly expected answer to her letter arrived, Julia was so excited that her hands shook as she tore the envelope open. It was as if her very fate depended upon its contents. She read it through hurriedly, gave a sigh of relief, and smiled broadly, beamingly.

"Ariadne is coming! She will be here on Thursday."

"My hat!" said Bob.

"Where are you going to put her?" asked his father.

"We have got to manage somehow, for Uncle Anthony says he is going to remember me in his will if I give Ariadne, who is to be his principal heir, a really good time while she is with us. What do you think of that? And he is ill too. Won't live very long. Yes, that is what he says. He

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wants Ariadne to have a change because a sick old man is such poor company for a young girl. Isn't that sensible of him?"

"That is a nice thing you are letting yourself in for," said her husband.

"With a legacy at the end of it."

"Well, do as you like; I wash my hands."

Whereupon he folded his breakfast napkin and went off to the British Museum, where he held a minor appointment.

Julia gulped down her coffee while her head swam with plans. Bob, who had taken possession of his mother's property, chuckled as he read.

"That's a rum kind of letter, if ever there was one."

"But Bobbie, I didn't tell you to read it."

"What's the harm—you never told me not to. Strikes me we'll have our hands full with this young lady. And there will be a sort of payment by result afterwards. The girl will have to keep a kind of day-book with all the different kinds of entertainment duly set out in orderly columns. And the old 'un will tot it all up and put the value in pounds, shillings and pence."

Julia winced. Looked at from that angle, the prospect had its drawbacks.

"Odd that he did not write to Auntie Mary; she has much more to offer."

"Bobbie, if you dare to say a word to the Dixons about Ariadne's coming I will—I will—"

"Keep your hair on," suggested Bob irreverently, and she let it go at that for want of another ending to her sentence.

There was no time to be lost, and Julia hustled as never before. Bob's cherished den was transformed into quite a dainty bower for Ariadne, while the other little room, now scrubbed and smelling of soap, was declared all a young man could wish for. Bob's opinion might have differed, but if so, he kept it to himself. He transferred his belongings with unruffled good temper and promised dutifully to be "nice" to Ariadne. And when his mother insisted on going to the station he even offered to come and help her to identify the girl whom neither of them had seen. However, he arranged to meet her at Euston rather than go at the same time, for he liked to calculate his time to a nicety, whereas his mother invariably wanted to be much too early and took pleasure in spending some twenty minutes fidgeting about and getting excited.

Julia set off by herself, and after having been nearly run over while scurrying into

the station, she enjoyed herself questioning three different officials as to the correct platform. Even then she did not feel fully reassured, and had it not been for Bob's expected arrival and her trust in him she would have been quite prepared to ask a fourth one. Now she refrained, and though she had her misgivings, she composed herself on a bench. But not for long, for she suddenly remembered that she had no pennies for a platform ticket. Up she hopped as if shot from behind, dived into her bag, found her purse among various oddments, and stood still, purse in hand, hesitating. Should she buy a paper or get change at the ticket office? A weighty question taking some time to decide. She was still uncertain when she found herself before the bookstall. Clutching a shilling in her hand, she scanned the titles of books and periodicals. It was then she heard the well-known shrill voice.

"Why, Julia, what are you doing here?"

"Mary!"

"Yes, dear, I am meeting someone. A young relative of ours."

Mary's laugh was irritatingly complacent and had a kind of triumphant ring. Julia felt positively sick with apprehension.

"You don't mean to say—not—not—Ariadne?"

"Yes, Ariadne Capp. I have been asked to have her for a while."

"But, but—so have I. I am expecting her to-day. I invited her, and Uncle Anthony accepted for her."

Julia stuttered and glared at her sister. Mary shut her mouth tight. Her lips were like a narrow streak, and she drew herself up to all her imposing height.

"As it happens I have got my uncle's letter here. You can see for yourself." She produced it and held it up before Julia's eyes.

Oh the baseness of it! The atrociousness of it! The old wretch had actually sent an identical letter to both of them. Yes, word for word the same.

"I never heard the like of it. There have I been getting everything ready and now you come and say *you* want to have Ariadne."

"Of course. You had better be sensible about it, Julia. What have *you* to give a girl who wants to have some fun?"

"But this is not fair. It is monstrous. You have got plenty. You don't want a—a—"

Mary laughed.



## MAKING MUCH OF ARIADNE

"Oh, I could do with a bit more Uncle Anthony's legacy would not at all come amiss. Better take my advice and go home. Unless you want to stay and have a look at our little cousin. And you might come to lunch some day. Shall we say next Sunday?"

But Julia was not to be imposed upon by her sister's superior airs. She stood there firmly planted, feet a bit apart and head thrust forward. She glared and gurgled without getting out a coherent sentence.

A small crowd gathered, but neither of them seemed to care. Both were intent on getting the better of each other. Bob, who leisurely sauntered along, took in the situation at a glance. He made his way to Julia and touched her arm.

"Come on, mother! Do, please!"

"But, Bobbie, I cannot. She wants to rob me of Ariadne and of my legacy."

"Well, let her, and *do* come!"

"No, I shan't. Why should Mary always have everything?"

"Well, then, settle it between you. Better toss up who is going to have her."

He walked off, amused but still ashamed, and far from eager to lend a hand in the fray.

But Julia opened her palm. There lay the shilling, ready. Chance might be on her side and she might still be the winner.

"I am willing," she said.

Mary laughed that short, irritating laugh of hers.

"So am I. And I will throw." She took the shilling from her sister. "Heads I win and one throw only. Do you agree?"

Julia nodded.

The coin spun in the air. There was an excited murmur among the onlookers. Two young girls stretched their necks and tittered. Down came the shilling, was deftly caught, poised on one white-gloved hand and quickly covered with the other. Mary played her part as if to the manner born. She looked defiantly at her sister, who panted in her agitation and trembled all over. Slowly she uncovered her hand when she suddenly found herself clutched by the elbow.

"Now, then, ladies, what is this? Gambling in a public place?"

The voice was gruff and the fingers held her as in a vice. Mary gave a shriek. Julia gave another. The crowd grew as if by magic, the burly policeman added a new zest to the entertainment provided by the two wrangling ladies.

"How dare you! Let me go this instant!"

"Softly, softly, now. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you two respectable females who ought to know better?"

"Let go, I say," cried Mary wildly.

"Now, now, be quiet, or you might be had up for resisting the police as well as for infringing the gambling laws."

Julia tried to slip away unobserved, but the constable was too quick for her. His other hand shot out, and a moaning cry made evident that he had taken a good hold of the fleshy part of her arm. Tears dropped from her eyes and she blubbered like a child.

"Let me go, let me go. Oh, Bobbie, Bobbie. *Where* is my Bobbie?"

"Haven't you got a mate, constable? She is yelling for another one. One of her own. Blow your whistle and humour her."

There were jeers and laughter in the crowd and the constable grinned.

"Better come along of me, ladies."

"No, no," wailed Julia.

But Mary's mind worked rapidly. The possible consequences of what had happened stood clear to her and she immediately changed her tactics. A honey-sweet smile was conjured forth and her words came with a sort of throaty bleating meant to convey an impression of cultured graciousness.

"But isn't this rather absurd. I have got my car outside and——"

Her captor shook his head sadly and took on his most paternal manner.

"For shame, ma'am! A well-to-do lady to behave in this manner. Suppose I let you off this time, but I will have to take your names and addresses."

"Certainly, certainly. But you understand, constable, the whole thing was a mere joke, a friendly rivalry as to who should be the first to welcome a favourite cousin. Isn't that so, dear?"

Julia murmured something inaudible, but her thoughts were elsewhere. She had beheld a vision which was like balm to her wounded feelings. While Mary burred to the policeman and while the crowd, no longer interested, melted away, she feasted her eyes on a tall young man with a suitcase who strode along by the side of a girl in brown. Bob had secured the prize and was actually hurrying off with Ariadne as if he alone had been sent to meet her. Sensible boy, thoughtful boy! Now nothing mattered—except keeping Mary occupied as

## THE QUIVER

long as possible. Even Julia could be quick-witted at times. She thrust herself forward and began to talk as if her life depended on it. So foolish of her to come away without her cards, but she would be so pleased to give her name and address. Perhaps darling Mary would let her write it down on the back of hers. And of course there was no need for her to say anything as her sister had explained everything so beautifully. Thus she babbled on and Mary began to smell a rat.

"The Manchester train is in, I believe," she said.

Julia smirked.

"Yes, dear; and I really must make haste. Bob and Ariadne will think I am lost. They ought to be almost home by now. Good afternoon, constable. See you by and by, Mary."

She hurried away, but Mary instantly caught her up.

"I will take you home in my car, darling," she said, grabbing her by the arm. Words and gestures were affectionate, but the resolute and efficient way in which she took her sister into custody and marched her off made the constable chuckle.

"There is a female for you! I couldn't have done it better myself."

There was no escape. Julia had to submit; but, at all costs, Ariadne must be well installed before being confronted with Mary. She cudgelled her brains for a means of delay, and at last managed to unclasp her wide-mouthed handbag. When stepping into the car, she let it fall, as if by accident. Out tumbled purse, papers, lozenges, keys, and a weird collection of odds and ends.

"Clumsy," muttered Mary, "and what a disgusting lot of rubbish you carry about with you."

She stood stock still, while Julia bent her fat back and laboriously retrieved such of her belongings as were worth the trouble, and she was vexed beyond endurance when being meekly told that a cherished button-hook had fallen under the motor and simply must be found. All this took time, as did also the mounting of the three flights of stairs, and Julia's fumbling efforts to fit her latchkey into the door. Mary fumed with rage, but nothing could be sweeter than her smile when they entered the little drawing-room. She waved Bob to one side, pressed in front of her sister, and made straight for the girl who had risen and seemed to shrink before the on-laught.

"Dear child. I am so glad to see you."

She gave Ariadne an affectionate peck on the cheek and looked at her beamingly.

"So like your poor, dear father. He was my favourite cousin."

The girl laughed.

"Why cousin Julia, grandfather says I am not like him a bit."

"But I am not your cousin Julia. I am Mary. Aunt Mary you might say, dear, to such an old, old cousin."

As always, when referring to her age, she was conscious of looking arch and sprightly and anything but old. This time she dared not pause, however, for the customary compliment to her youthful appearance. Before anyone else had had time to get in a word edgewise, she continued:

"But now, dear child, you had better get Robert to help you with your things. Silly boy to have had them carried upstairs. He ought to have left them with the porter; it would have been so much handier."

Now Julia found her tongue at last. She strode forward, purple with suppressed emotion.

"Bobbie did quite right. Ariadne remains with me, of course. I am delighted to welcome you to our little home."

She planted a resolute kiss somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ariadne's mouth, and looked defiantly at her sister. Ariadne blushed and pulled herself away from an uncomfortably violent hug.

"You are both so very kind, and I feel quite bewildered. What had I better do?"

She made a little deprecating gesture, and Mary was quick to see that the girl had points. Her clothes were all wrong; but she carried herself well, was pretty, and there was something quite charming in her little air of demure enjoyment. It would be a pleasure to take her shopping and make her presentable.

"There is no question about it. You are coming with me, of course. Your Aunt Julia means well, but, really, her place is not adapted for guests."

"But this is absurd. Bob can testify, and you can look for yourself that we have heaps and heaps of room. I won't hear of Ariadne's being whisked off now she is here."

Each lady possessed herself of one of Ariadne's hands, as if ready to solve the difficulty by tearing her in half. The victim laughed outright, and so did Bob.

"Look here, Aunt Mary," he said, "this is a little bit too thick, you know. What is the use of squabbling. Your turn will come."

## MAKING MUCH OF ARIADNE



"Ariadne stood trembling with bent head while her two cousins vied with one another in abuse"—p. 461

*Drawn by  
Leo Bates*

And mother, couldn't we all have tea? I am sure Ariadne is dying for a cup."

"Yes, please; I should love some tea. And if I may stay here for the present, perhaps Aunt Mary will have me later on."

Mary felt her hand gently squeezed as Ariadne looked at her pleadingly, yet gratefully. The snub ready to be administered to Bob froze on her lips, and she found herself giving quite a gracious answer. While her sister was jubilant at having secured the first innings, she took comfort in the thought that a short time in these cramped surroundings, without any comfort, would make Ariadne all the more appreciative of what the Dixons had to offer her. Besides which, there was nothing to prevent her from beginning at once to assert her superiority, for Julia could not, after all, keep her guest a prisoner!

Tea was brought in and goodwill restored. Ariadne was petted and made much of. She was also gently pumped, but yielded very little information. She was

either very reticent or too shy to expand; but she amazed her cousins by speaking of herself as a poor girl who could never hope to return all their unexpected and undeserved kindness. This they put down to modesty and pretty manners. They were both charmed with the dear girl, and Mary departed full of plans for the future.



After the first day, Ariadne's gratitude for what was done for her was never effusive. She was, on the contrary, disconcertingly cool. Julia's fidgety attentions were received as a matter of course, and she allowed Mary to shower presents upon her without the slightest embarrassment. A set of furs was accepted with as much composure as a box of chocolates. She was also positively greedy for pleasure and never tired of sight-seeing. It did not seem to matter who took her so long as she got to theatres, picture galleries, and cinemas. But, on the other hand, she was by no

## THE QUIVER

means a troublesome guest. She insisted on doing her share of the morning housework, and set about her self-imposed tasks like an adept. This perplexed Julia, who would have found it more natural if Ariadne had expected to be waited on hand and foot. She was not even sure she liked it, though it certainly made things easier. It made her feel ashamed, and she was afraid of inevitable comparisons. One day she said as much straight out. Ariadne looked uncomfortable and bit her lip. But then she laughed.

"You cannot think how happy I have been here with you. I love to have something to do; it makes me feel at home. And look how I enjoy myself all the rest of the day, and how I am dragging you and Bob about with me, not to speak of Aunt Mary. You are giving me my one and only opportunity of seeing things and living a real gay life."

Julia, like her sister, had understood that Ariadne knew nothing of her grandfather's intentions, and had been brought up in ignorance of his great wealth. The subject was delicately avoided, as was also that of the expected legacies. But now she could not help murmuring something about riches to come, and hinting at the wonderful future in store for Ariadne.

"A wonderful future, indeed," cried the girl, "but not in the way you mean. I am going to emigrate and take up land work; that is what I have set my heart on."

"Good for you, Ariadne," said Bob, who just came into the room. "That is exactly what I should like to do. Better, far better, to rough it in Canada or Australia than to sit on an office stool all your life totting up figures, and I cannot even get that. There is no place for me in this old country."

Julia laughed gaily, as if she had not noticed how bitterly he spoke. Bob was very sore on the subject of his lack of employment, and could not bear to have it touched upon. She took his mention of it now as a sign of grace. Thanks to Ariadne he was opening out and must be encouraged.

"Emigrate, indeed. What an idea. I should just like to see you do it."

"You will, one day," answered Bob, with a grin. Whereupon he gravely proposed to take Ariadne to Australia House, in the Strand, and to every colonial information bureau to be found.

Julia was delighted. So long as the young people were thrown together, it did not matter *where* they went. Bob, who

had been indifferent at first, seemed now to be almost courting Ariadne and to take a delight in her company. It was easy to see that they got on well together. Yes; everything was going on splendidly. She could afford, now, to let Mary have a turn, and was no longer afraid. Mary was welcome to her legacy so long as Bob got Ariadne and, with her, the bulk of the fortune.

As the days went by Julia developed a wonderful shrewdness. She took note of everything, and was obtrusively, painfully tactful. She rejoiced when Ariadne began to look pale and restless, for this meant that she was in love. But she made no comment, only smiled knowingly. On the last day of all, she came upon the two of them in the study, Ariadne white and trembling, Bob solemn with mouth set.

"He has declared himself," she thought, as she tiptoed away.

But Julia was not the only one to notice a change in Ariadne. Mary, who carried her off in triumph and intended to enjoy taking her about, found her strangely altered. She was no longer serene and contented, but gave way to fits of depression. Gifts made her look uncomfortable, and she took less interest in pretty clothes. She was stolid instead of responsive, and did not seem to care any more for pleasures. Mary could only conclude that Julia had managed to poison the girl's mind. She was furious, and tried to counteract this by being more lavish than ever, while, at the same time, she let no opportunity slip to hold up her sister to ridicule. And however heartily tired she got of her guest, she never relaxed, but was always gracious and affectionate. Mary grew sick of having to work like this for her legacy, and her relief was great when Ariadne one morning announced that she must return home at once, and murmured something about her grandfather's illness. She kissed her tenderly, and was full of sympathy and understanding. And as she hovered over the girl, a thought struck her.

"Perhaps you are right. If your grandfather needs you, your place is with him. But you must not go alone. I will take you back."

Ariadne drew herself away as if in horror.

"No, no, no. It is awfully kind of you, but it wouldn't do at all."

"But why?"

"I cannot explain. Yes, I can. I will—I will tell you, but not now. This afternoon, when Aunt Julia is here."

## MAKING MUCH OF ARIADNE

With that she rushed away to her room. Soon after she slipped out, and Mary saw her, through the window, hurrying down the road as if possessed.



Ariadne was said to be packing when Julia and Bob arrived.

"You go in to Aunt Mary while I find Ariadne and bring her down."

Julia felt sure her sister would not at all like this, but she never objected to anything Bob proposed. She meekly allowed the parlourmaid to take her to the drawing-room while Bob ran upstairs. Mary had expected Julia alone and did not know that Bob had arrived, so she made no remark, and both ladies were comfortably seated when the two young people entered. Bob went forward, but Ariadne remained near the door, as if unable to advance.

"Aunt Julia, Aunt Mary, I want to ask your forgiveness. I have deceived you."

"What!" cried Mary, while Julia merely opened her mouth without a sound.

Bob smiled, and Ariadne looked at him as if for strength.

"Well, not exactly deceived you. I told you from the beginning I was quite a poor girl, but you would not have it. And then—then—"

"Please explain yourself," said Mary, icily, without a trace of her customary cooing affection.

"You know what grandfather is, but you don't know *how* short he kept me. I never had any fun. I never saw anyone or went anywhere. I only worked, and when I did not work, he made me read to him all the time. That was my life. Then Aunt Mary's invitation came. I begged and prayed to be allowed to go. I have a few hundred pounds of my very own from my mother, and I wanted to use some of that for the journey. He laughed and sneered. He used to sneer at everything, and I loathed it. 'I have no objection,' he said. 'You can go at once, and I will do this for you. I will write to both my nieces in such a way that they will tumble over one another in their eagerness to have you, and you won't want to use a farthing of your own money either.' He wrote and showed me the letters."

"What, you knew all along?" Julia almost shrieked.

"Yes, I did. At first I hated it; but then, I thought, it was not my concern. I could tell the truth, and if my cousins

wanted to disbelieve me, it was not my fault. My conscience was clear, and why shouldn't I profit by their greed."

"Please explain yourself," repeated Mary, even more icily than before.

"But I don't understand," said Julia. "What about Uncle Anthony's promise? What about the legacy? We all know how rich he is, and that you are his heir."

Ariadne hesitated for a moment. Then she spoke, slowly, distinctly.

"Grandfather lost all his money during the war. Every bit of it, only no one knew, for he always lived like a poor man. He has nothing, nothing at all. If it were not for a small annuity, we should have been starving. He intended to leave an old Family Bible to Aunt Julia, and Boswell's Life of Johnson to Aunt Mary."

Then the storm broke out. Ariadne stood trembling with bent head, while her two cousins vied with one another in abuse.

"Adventuress!"

"The indecency of it!"

"The presents I have given you!"

"The inconvenience I have been put to!"

Bob rose.

"That is enough. Have done browbeating the poor kid. Do you think it has been easy for her to face the music in this way, instead of going home and saying nothing? And I can tell you this, that I knew the whole truth some time ago!"

"You have been scheming and plotting for a wretched legacy and making yourselves ridiculous. Nothing was good enough for Ariadne so long as you thought her an heiress and expected to gain by her."

Mary gave a snort, but Bob went on unperturbed.

"Mother, in her muddle-headed way, wanted to benefit me. That is her excuse, and much as I despise her action, it is not beyond my comprehension; but Heaven only knows what possessed you, Aunt Mary, to—to—swallow the bait."

Mary drew herself up and looked venomous in her rage.

"Take that insolent son of yours away, Julia. His presence is not required."

"All right, Aunt Mary, don't you worry. I am taking myself away soon enough, and, what is more, I am taking Ariadne with me. We were married this morning in St. Pancras registry, and are going to rough it together in Australia. From today, it is *my* privilege to be making much of Ariadne."

# Spring Renovations

by  
AGNES M. MIALL

THE annual cleaning of our homes always reveals more than dirt. It brings to light also the year's dilapidations in the form of shabby, worn and broken furnishings and fitments, and there is no better time to put these to rights than during the spring upheaval.

Many articles usually sent out for professional assistance or thrown away as rubbish can be successfully renovated by a housewife with skilful fingers and a little courage to attempt the unusual.

For instance, the spring-cleaning of the kitchen premises generally reveals various saucepans and kettles which have

If the man of the family is a wireless enthusiast, he is sure to have a soldering outfit which can be borrowed; if not, the three items needed—soldering bit, solder and fluxite—can be bought for half a crown, and will suffice for many repairs.

You can use this outfit for repairing leaks in any iron, tin, or enamel pots and pans. But put aside aluminium ware until you can get the special solder and fluxite sold for mending it. It must not be touched with the ordinary varieties.

There is only one secret of successful soldering, and that is all-important—*perfect cleanliness*. A filling placed over grease or dirt, or even over ordi-



Fig. 1.—Filing away the enamel round a leak with a pad of emery paper

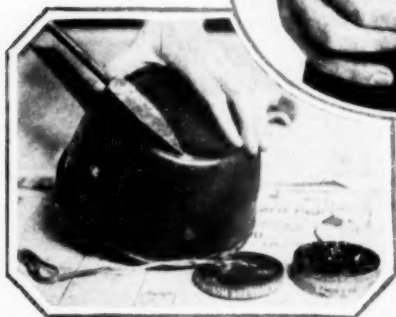


Fig. 2.—Tinning the leak with the soldering bit

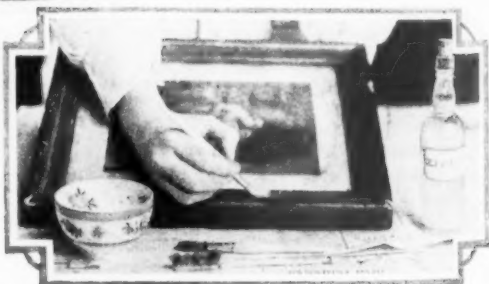


Fig. 3.—Brushing over with a home-made cleansing mixture brightens and cleans gilt frames

sprung leaks and been put aside as useless. The first impulse is to consign these to the dustbin; the second, to remember the high price of such equipment and the existence of that useful tool—the soldering bit.

It's an oversight on the part of women not to have mastered soldering long since, for it is a simple and cheap operation which, as all men know, has a multitude of uses.

Any enamel, will never hold satisfactorily. So the pot to be treated must be not merely washed, but scraped shinningly clean. Do this with a file at first, finishing the operation with a bit of rough emery paper doubled



## SPRING RENOVATIONS



Fig. 4.—Regilding with liquid gold paint is a simple renovation

up into a pad. Finally, wipe away any loose grit that has been dislodged with a clean cloth. In the case of enamel, scrape it all away round the leak to the metal below (Fig. 1).

To scamp this cleaning is to ensure failure when using the solder.

Now smear all round the hole with fluxite, which has an odd resemblance to half-melted brown toffee. Its purpose is to make the area round the hole thoroughly slippery, so that the solder will run freely over it. Meanwhile, the bit should be heating on a gas ring for three to five minutes. Test its temperature by putting its tip on one end of your strip of solder. If it is right, the solder will liquefy under it instantly and flow about.

Hold the bit on the solder until its tip is well covered with the silvery stuff, then put the tip on to the leak and watch the solder on it run over the fluxite and completely fill in the hole (Fig. 2). If it isn't entirely tinned over, move the bit on to the vacant spots till the whole area is covered. Then test the vessel; the leak should have vanished.

Other repairs to kitchen equipment are equally simple. Washtubs and other zinc goods can be soldered by using a flux specially prepared for them. Cracks in earthenware vessels, such as casseroles, are mended with cement. Buy the best, and mix it to a thin paste with water. After cleaning the crack thoroughly with a brush dipped in hot water, cover it with cement and let it stand aside for two or three days to harden.

While the Victorian craze for heavily ornate gilt picture and mirror-frames has largely departed, for family portraits and certain prints and water-colour paintings

nothing looks so well as plain, narrow, gilded frames. Their only disadvantage is that they soon get dull and shabby with neglect. Spring-cleaning time, when pictures come down from the walls anyway, is the best season for cleaning and renovating the gilt before it is replaced in position.

Collect all the gilt frames in the house and remove loose dirt with a two-penny paint brush. This is far more effective for getting into mouldings and angles than a duster.

Flies are responsible for many of the dirty marks on the gilt. To discourage their attentions during the

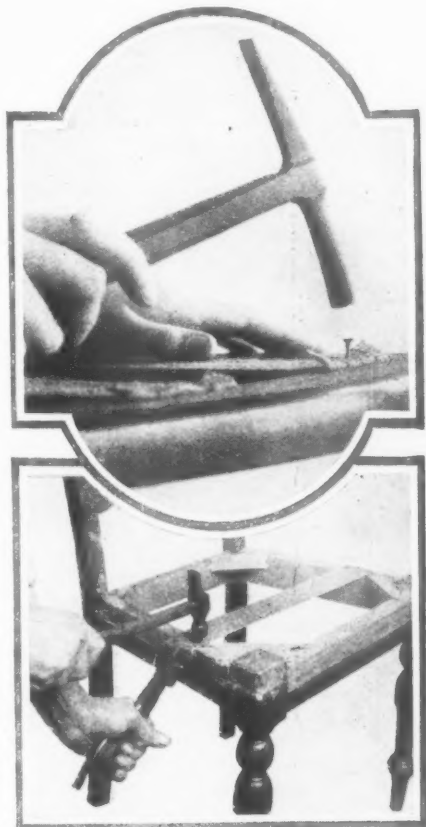


Fig. 5.—Nailing a new length of webbing to a chair edge

Fig. 6.—The webbing must be stretched tightly across the seat with a webbing stretcher or a pair of pincers

## THE QUIVER

warm months approaching, boil two large onions for twenty minutes in a pint of water. Remove the onions, let the water stand till cool, then moisten a cloth in it and wipe the gilt over. Flies will then give it a white berth and much "specking" is saved.

The gilt may be perfectly good underneath a year's collection of grime. To remove this, make up the following cleansing recipe at a cost of about fourpence: Mix together 2 oz. of purified nitre, 1 oz. of

gets spattered, but the marks are easily removed when wet by rubbing over with tissue paper. If they are once allowed to dry, turpentine will be required to loosen them.

The annual rigorous cleaning of furniture is apt to reveal many small defects, such as the oozing of stuffing out of loose squab cushions, fraying of carpets and sagging of webbing on chair frames. No expert knowledge of upholstery is required to put these little matters right.

When one of the loose cushions fitted to the adjustable wooden arm-chairs, so popular nowadays, springs a "leak," it should be put right before the damage is serious. Generally, the portion round the leak is found to be somewhat limp, and it is worth adding a little extra stuffing. Half a pound of kapok will renovate two or three cushions. Do not remove any buttons from the sound part, but stuff up the leaky area as tightly as

possible with kapok which you have first picked over with your fingers to get it clear of lumps. Place the stuffing so that firm, clear edges are preserved, as well as a solid interior.

Then sew up the case strongly.

If the lining half of

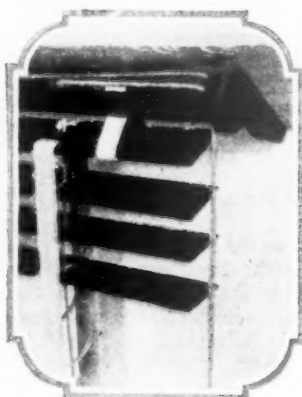


Fig. 8.—This photograph shows clearly how the slats are placed on the ladder tapes and the cord threaded through

it has worn away, thus making the hole which caused the trouble, patch this soundly before sewing it up, or add a new strip right across the lining, a few inches wide, to strengthen the underside, and prevent further wearing against the chair edges.

Then finally replace any buttons, sewing them right through with a long upholstery needle.

The seats of such chairs, underneath the

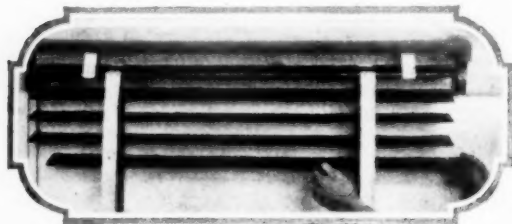


Fig. 7.—Removing the laths of a Venetian blind by sliding them out of the ladder tapes

alum, 1 oz. of kitchen salt, and dissolve them in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water. Use when cold, shaking well before use.

Go over the gilt with another twopenny brush dipped in this cleanser and let it dry on. The whitish effect that results looks unconvincing, but if it is rubbed off with a clean duster the gilt will be found shining and clean underneath.

Regilding is necessary when age is causing the gilt to wear away in patches, and can be done at home except in the case of very large or elaborate frames, which should be sent to be professionally regilded with gold leaf. Gold paint, which is very much simpler to apply, gives excellent results with small frames, gilded boxes, and the like. Liquid gilt paint is cheap, and easier to apply smoothly than the gold powder which must be mixed at home with a special liquid.

Paint evenly with a suitable-sized brush, working all one way. As the gilt settles to the bottom, it should be stirred up with a stick or old toothbrush before taking each brushful. Then lay the frame aside till quite dry. One coat is enough (Fig. 4).

Two coats, however, may be given to shabby brown frames to turn them into pleasing gold ones. This simple renovation I have found a decided success.

Of course the thickness of the frame, right down to the glass, must be gilded as well as its surface. The glass inevitably

## SPRING RENOVATIONS

seat cushion, have webbing interlaced across them and a piece of hessian stretched over it. Either of these may tear away from the wooden edges, causing the seat to sag uncomfortably. Much the same thing happens to upholstered small dining-room chairs.

Buy webbing of the same width to replace any worn pieces. Remove the old with a tack-lifter, turn in the raw edge of the new webbing once, and nail it in place on the chair edge (Fig. 5). Bring it straight across, weaving it alternately over and under any other webbings already in place, and stretch it as tightly as possible across the frame. A webbing stretcher is the best tool for this, but pinchers serve quite well. Gripping and stretching it as tightly as possible with one hand, hammer it down with the other (Fig. 6).

Replacing worn hessian is very simple. Cut a new piece 1 inch bigger on every side than the seat frame, turn the raw edges in against the webbing and nail down all round, using the large-headed tacks known as improved tacks, which are less apt than the ordinary kind to tear through the stuff.

Carpet and rug edges often fray at their most exposed points, and if not mended deteriorate rapidly. A length of carpet binding, matching the edge as closely as possible, should be used to bind the fray, stitching with a proper carpet needle. When relaid, the treading of feet will soon make the mend hardly noticeable.

Many old-fashioned houses are fitted with Venetian blinds, and considerations of cost often prevent their being superseded. No window fitment, however, is more apt to get out of order, and at spring-cleaning time the blinds should be carefully looked over with a view to repairs. Their construction looks much more fearsome than it really

is, and simple adjustments are quite possible by home labour.

A very common breakage is of two or three of the narrow ladder tapes on which the laths of the blind rest. This necessitates removal and replacement of the whole tape, with its connecting ladders. A new one may be bought in a choice of white or various colours.

The tape is secured at the top, back and front to the uppermost lath, which is fixed, instead of being sliding like the others. Remove the three tacks holding it in each position with a tack-lifter or knife. Unfasten the cord, which is knotted at the bottom lath and which runs through each lath, and draw it out. This will leave the laths free to be slid out of the ladder pieces of the tape (Fig. 7).

Take the new tape and tack its two top ends, turned in once, to the back and front of the fixed or bearer lath. Slide back the movable laths one below the other, so that each rests on a tape ladder. Take the cord, which you left hanging from the pulleys at the top, and thread it downwards, first through the hole in the fixed lath, then through every lath below. Knot it securely to the bottom lath.

If the laths are shabby and dirty, as is probably the case, they should be renovated before being replaced. Put them in a bucket of warm, soapy water and scrub them well, afterwards rinsing them in cold water. When dry, they should be rubbed over with beeswax and turpentine, and polished with a soft, clean duster.

If they are blistered and faded by the sun, which frequently happens in south rooms, they should be re-stained with special Venetian blind paint: only one coat is needed. Neither enamel paints nor spirit varnish stains are suitable, as the sun soon lusters either.

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Fig. 1.—A charming example of half-timber work

“**W**HAT a lovely old house! It would be delightful to live in such a charming home.” This is a frequently-heard expression of approval given to the charming old homes of England, especially when they are seen, perhaps for the first time, while on holiday or while enjoying a short trip into the country.

The house-hunter or prospective builder need not covet an old house, as, by the exercise of a little forethought and ingenuity, it is perfectly feasible to produce, with modern material, a dwelling which has all the charm of the old-world style while possessed of every modern advantage. Suppose, in some quiet old village, one has noticed a charming little cottage such as that shown in Fig. 1, set back a little from the road, and nestling between other homes almost as charming as itself.

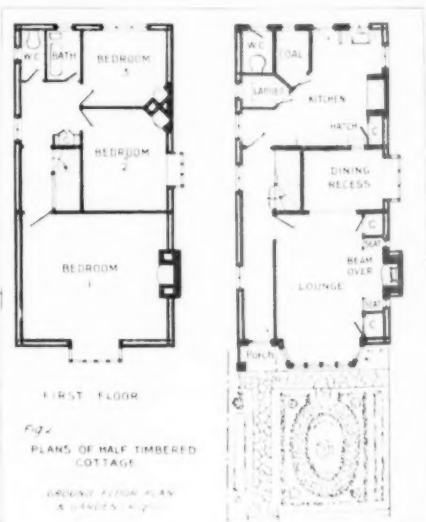
If possible, secure a photograph as a souvenir, otherwise a pencil-sketch will

# HOUSES WORTH COPYING

by  
Edward W. Hobbs

serve as a reminder. Armed with this information and with the charm of the building still fresh in the mind, try to make a plan of what might be the internal arrangements of such an elevation. An attempt in this direction has been made in the plans shown in Fig. 2. These, of course, are not the plans of the house shown in Fig. 1, but are inspired by it. The original architect and builder has been laid to rest for the past 300 years or more, but the present owner would probably take it as a compliment rather than an attempt at piracy in imitating the original.

There should, however, be something higher than imitation or mere sham. There should be an attempt to copy the spirit and character of the prototype, and while



## HOUSES WORTH COPYING

retaining them to give to the building those comforts which are, alas, often lacking in the true old-time house.

The plans in Fig. 2 are particularly adapted to a deep, narrow site. A plot of 35 to 40 feet in width is ample for the purpose, and as under these conditions there will necessarily be next-door neighbours, it is a wise proceeding to follow the original and set the house well back. This gives the opportunity of laying out a simple, formal garden, and adds to the dignity of the building. Moreover, its elevation can be more comfortably appreciated by the visitor. Not only is this the case, but the depth of the building is such that the windows in the rooms at the back will look out across the garden of the adjoining houses and enjoy a full measure of sunshine and air, which would be lacking were the house kept strictly in line with its neighbours.

In the plans it will be seen that the principal room on the ground floor is reached by an entrance passage, and has as a feature an angle, comprising seats built at the sides of an old-world type of fireplace with a basket-fire raised on a brick hearth. To provide the requisite proportions and to keep the seats near the fire, the spaces between the seat-backs and the walls are enclosed to form cupboards, or may be treated in a more decorative manner with glazed panels and used for the display of family treasures.

An unusual but modern feature is the presence of a dining recess at the end of the lounge. This is lighted by a square bay, and although small, is amply large enough to accommodate eight or even ten diners. A service hatch is conveniently located, and communicates directly with the kitchen. At the right of the service hatch is a glazed dresser, and on the left a cupboard which should have the doors divided and a space of



Photo: H. Hobbs

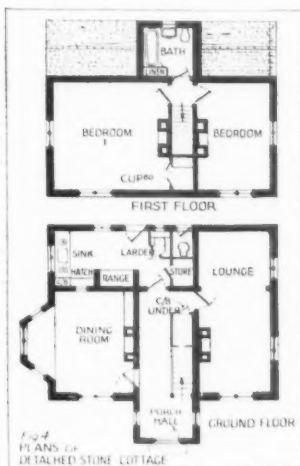
Fig. 3.—Detached stone cottage

about 15 inches in height left between the two parts of the door to provide a convenient shelf for the support of the various courses.

A range, sink and draining-board, larder and coal-store are provided, as well as an outdoor w.c. The kitchen is well lighted on three sides, and makes a charming room. The staircase is located at the back of the dining recess, and gives access to a spacious and well-lighted landing on the first floor, whence three good bedrooms are easily reached. Separate bathroom and w.c. are provided, the bath being of the modern

combined pattern and comprising wash-basin and bath in one piece, thus economizing in plumbing. The whole of the sanitary and water arrangements are located compactly, and such a building should not be at all expensive to erect. A cavity wall-construction is recommended.

The front elevation should be very carefully treated. Old bricks should be used, if obtainable; otherwise, those of dark colour and varying tints should be chosen. On the ground floor a deep bow-window with leaded



## THE QUIVER



Fig. 5.—A type suited to hill-side site

lights forms an attractive feature, the roof of this bow being extended over the entrance door and supported on an oak post, to form a porch. The walls above the first-floor level should be treated with waterproofed cement, and the timbers should be planted upon it. In such a construction it is essential that the timbers be of oak, of correct elevation, and properly placed.

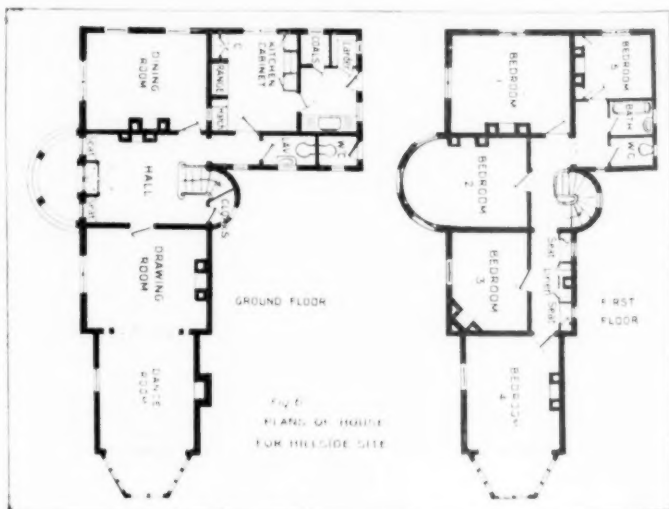
A jut window is incorporated, and is supported on wrought iron brackets. The roof is of the pavilion type, and extends to cover the jut window. It should be covered with hand-made or sand-faced tiles of dark colour, unless circumstances permit the acquisition of genuine old tiles. Careful attention to the colouring of the woodwork and of the cement panels, especially by the use of a little broken colour, will eliminate the harsh and new appearance of the building, while time will speedily weather the hand-made tiles, and a year or so after

erection the building should possess all the characteristics of an old-world home.

Quite a different house forms the next inspiration. It is a stone cottage with four good rooms and a kitchen. The original is illustrated in Fig. 3, while the plans inspired by it are given in Fig. 4. Here it will be seen that the construction is of simple character and should be carried out in random rubble stone with stone mullion windows and porch, although the

use of concrete with a suitably coloured aggregate will answer almost as well.

The roof is tiled with dark red hand-made tiles and the chimney-stack built of purple or deep-brown bricks, the verges and porch being completed with decorative barge-boards and finials. On entering the porch the staircase ascends on the right and gives access to two good bedrooms, each with a fireplace. A bathroom with heated linen cupboard, wash-basin, and w.c. is formed by a projecting gable. On the ground floor is a dining-room communicating to a combined kitchen and scullery





## HOUSES WORTH COPYING

by means of a service hatch. The long, well-proportioned room on the right, reaching from the end of the passage, forms a delightful living-room.

The more pretentious house pictured in Fig. 5 is admirably adapted for a hill-side site and lends itself well to construction by modern methods. Here, for instance, the walls can be put up with steel framing, covered with metal lathing and completed with the aid of a cement gun, thus conducing considerably to economy. The plans shown in Fig. 6, inspired by the house in Fig. 5, are full of interest, and possess several unusual and desirable features. On the ground floor the entrance-door is approached by a circular flight of steps formed beneath a portico. Double doors are provided, and window-seats are built in on either side.

The spacious hall gives access on the right to the drawing-room, admirably proportioned, while an extension of this room divided by an arch with two pillars and terminating with a spacious bow is particularly suited for dancing or billiards. On the left of the hall is the dining-room, communicating with the kitchen by a service hatch. The kitchen and scullery are straightforward in their constitution, and although small, provide ample accommodation for the residents. A feature is the fitted kitchen cabinet—such a valuable adjunct—while modern labour-saving inventions can be added as fancy dictates. A lavatory is situated at the end of the kitchen passage and conveniently positioned for visitors. The outside or servants' w.c. is also provided on the ground floor.

An unusual feature is the semicircular staircase; but this adds enormously to the dignity and charm of the building, and can readily be constructed in ferro-concrete. On the first floor a cloakroom is provided under the stairs.

On the first floor also the stairs terminate in a spacious landing and give

direct access to four excellent bedrooms. The second bedroom has a circular bow, and is a charming and sunny room. Each possesses an individuality of its own, and lends itself to all manner of colour schemes and individualistic treatment. A fifth bedroom is provided, as well as a separate bathroom and w.c.

An interesting feature is the linen cup-



"Marie Antoinette's Hamlet"  
An interesting cottage, one of a series designed  
by a queen

board situated on the right of the staircase; two window-seats and two other cupboards are also placed here. This provides ample accommodation for storage, and at the same time the window-seats and windows add charm and character to an otherwise uninteresting part of the building.

There is a wonderful fascination in planning a new home from inspiration obtained from other buildings, especially when that building conveys that inexplicable but none the less real feeling that it is home and a happy home.

# TATTERS

by  
*A. Stanley Blicq*

AS his limbs gained strength a spirit of adventure crept into his blood. An inspiring curiosity urged him on, and for the first time he crept away from his brothers and sisters, nosed a laborious path through thick, warm straw, and neared the dazzling oval of white towards which his eyes had instinctively turned a few days before. The circle widened as he neared it and the strengthening light hurt his eyes. He crawled along the rough edges of the kennel and, suddenly, found his startled orbs gazing out upon a vast, uneven whiteness. He squealed in fright and ran back into the friendly gloom that had surrounded him from birth; but the virus of adventure was upon him and he ventured forth again. He pushed a tentative black-and-tan head out into the bright expanse and, finding it did not touch him, placed two paws outside of the kennel. He remained there, half in and half out, until a huge raindrop fell and hit him upon the nose. He howled in fright and scuttled back to his mother Airedale . . . but the lure of the big world outside called to him. He returned.

As the days sped on he ventured out into the yard, where something cold played about his legs and stirred the growing black fur on his back. Once or twice he ran round and round in a circle to catch whatever stirred his fur, and in his excitement he yelped aloud. Sometimes he saw wisps of straw careering before the wind, and he chased them with an invigorating joy of the chase. His yelps took on a sterner note, his limbs hardened, and his frame gained in proportions.

Wicklow had watched the pup for some days before he seized upon the furry ball of activity and gathered him up. He called his assistant over.

"Look at the size of the little brute," he said. "But have you ever seen such bad colouring! How on earth did this ugly spot of white creep in?"

"Dunno, sir. A throw-back. There might ha' been a cross in one of th' strains some years back."

"Yes. It has ruined the pup. And look at the length of the jaw. Square enough; but have you ever seen an Airedale with anything as long as that? I'm annoyed, you know! He's a pound, if not more, heavier than any of the others in the litter. He's got more bone. Far more. But how on earth can he be sold as an Airedale with that splash of white?"

"Can't be done, sir. Wot about offerin' 'im as a first cross?"

Wicklow shook his head. He did not know how he would describe the pup; but he decided to sell it at any price to the first prospective buyer. He was angry and somewhat perturbed that his kennels, wherein only dogs of show-strain and high pedigree were reared, should produce such a nondescript example of an Airedale. That white splash, however, was the decisive factor in the sale of the pup. Mrs. Ughtred-Brown came down to the kennels with Mr. Ughtred-Brown for the purpose of buying a pup after her own heart. There was a substantial affluence about the ponderous, fur-coated form of the lady, and Wicklow recognized that careful handling would effect the sale of a fancy-priced pup. He was wrong. Mrs. Ughtred-Brown had only known the joys of a vast bank balance for a few years; but in that period she had discovered a method of buying only what she wanted, and neither long pedigrees, an endless string of firsts, seconds and thirds in the most important shows in the country moved her one tithe.

"Ain't you got any others?" she asked Wicklow when he had exhausted his prize pens and his pedigrees. He shrugged his shoulders. Her too obvious indifference for dogs of pure merit had annoyed and disgusted him.

"Well," he said, "there is a litter of

Airedales over there. And one of them is about the only Airedale in the world with a blob of white on it. Quite a freak. . . ."

"Did you say th' only one in th' world?" She looked at him eagerly. Wicklow smothered a smile.

"I guess it is. Absolutely the one and only." His light sarcasm had no impression on the lady. She merely demanded, "Let's 'ave a look at 'im." That white blemish, bitter eyesore to the breeder, sold the dog.



WARWICK  
REYNOLDS

"That irate lady threw a bucket of water over him"—p. 472

"Cor, ain't that there little star of white just about cute?" Mrs. Ughtred-Brown picked the pup up. "'Ow old is 'e and wot does he eat? We ain't ever 'ad a dog before. . . ."

She would not allow her husband to carry the pup to their huge car.

"Drive carefully," she admonished her chauffeur. "I've just bought a valuable Airedale. The only one in the world with white on it." Mr. Ughtred-Brown followed her into the car. He grinned sheepishly. . . . his wife had not told the chauffeur to "drive carefully" when she had set out with her spouse.

The career of the pup in the home of the Ughtred-Browns was eventful, original, but not successful. The proud owner created a bed of satin cushions for the dog in a warm corner of her bedroom. He never slept on those cushions. Tore them to shreds and distributed feathers all over the house. He learned a way into the kitchen. In the first instance he devoured a small chicken, at the second visit the remains of a large ham, and in the third lapped up the contents of a three-pounds pot of strawberry jam, having first knocked that jam pot off the kitchen table in his frenzied endeavours to poke his square jaw

## THE QUIVER

inside the narrow neck. In the fourth instance in one and the same morning he made the acquaintance of cook. That irate lady struck him with a broom, thrashed him with a towel and threw a bucket of water over him. He raced upstairs, howling with pain, and was not heard of for hours. Mrs. Ughtred-Brown found him curled up within her wardrobe. He had pushed open the door with his paw. She remembered that she had left it slightly ajar. The pup had pulled down her frocks. First he slept, then awakened feeling hot and ill. He turned round and round uneasily. Too hot there, he crept out, leapt upon the bed. The exertion was fatal. He deposited a portion of the jam and a part of the chicken upon a down quilt. But he felt no better. Crawled miserably back into the wardrobe and was violently sick upon two crêpe-de-chine frocks. From thence he moved limply into the other corner. And slept. There his happy mistress found him. And she also found—other things.

Mrs. Ughtred-Brown was angry. She possessed a very meagre insight into the psychology of a puppy and, realizing that chastisement was necessary, she carried the little fellow into the centre of the room and thrashed him so violently with an umbrella that he crouched under her, snarled out of small even teeth, and only howled in agony when a violent blow impinged upon the bridge of his nose. The infuriated lady was unnecessarily violent. Her exertions were so vehement that her husband ran into the room. His wife, breathless, red with anger, pointed at her wardrobe. Ughtred-Brown passed by the bed. Upon the down quilt he saw . . . he joined in the chastisement.

The pup escaped. Scampered wildly down the stairs. Ughtred Brown followed. Reaching the main hall, the dog bolted towards an open door, fell down a flight of white steps, sped down the garden path with a small tail tenaciously curled beneath its legs, dodged under a gate . . . and vanished.

That occurred at three in a drizzly January afternoon. By ten that night Mrs. Ughtred-Brown had moved everything that money could move to recover the lost dog. Beneath the ponderous pomposity of an officious exterior born of newly acquired wealth lay a depth of humane kindness.

"Pore lil' feller," she said. "I 'ate to think of him out in a night like this. I wonder if the perlice have 'eard yet?"

"Umph!" Ughtred-Brown hoped they had not. He remembered the quilt, the wardrobe, sundry decorations . . . and they had not had the dog a week. . . .

## II

PERCHED amongst a jumbled heap of flour sacks the boy disinterestedly watched a pup paddling along the wet road. Casually attracted, he jumped down.

"Cum 'ere, chappie," he said, "ther's a gude lickle dawg!" He grabbed the delighted dog into his arms and laboriously re-entered the lorry. During a half-hour wait for the driver the twain played with mutual enjoyment. The pup was grateful for the warmth. His tail throbbed with growing abandon. He barked wickedly in a hoarse, broken way. The sound afforded the boy intense amusement. He would have kept the dog but for the objections of his lorry-driver.

"Put it down." The man jerked a thumb at the pup before pulling on his gauntlets. "D'you want ter be pinched fer stealin' it?"

When the lorry pulled away the young Airedale followed. He was big grown for three months, and long in the leg. He sped silently along the ground as the lorry gained speed. Miles were covered. Even the stamina of an Airedale has limits and he gradually lagged. His tongue was lolling out. He breathed in great, distressed gasps, but the indomitable within his great heart ever urged him on. In the growing dusk he lost sight of the lorry. Made a violent effort to increase his pace. Maintained it for a mile and then staggered to the roadside and fell down on the soft, wet grass. Rain cooled his heated tongue, streamed pleasantly down his head and saturated his back. He recovered strength. Began to suffer from the cold. Whined one or twice and shivered. Wandered away into the fields. Entered a wood. There were scurrying sounds in the undergrowth. Hunger seizing him, he leaped into the thickets; but found nothing. He had difficulty in seeing things. Cut and scratched his jaws and legs. Snapped viciously at a bramble that tore hair from his head, and then yelped in pain with a thorn in the side of his jaw. Crept into a corner away from the wind and, beneath a swaying clump of bracken, slept until the early morning. Throughout the grey hours he wandered across open dales. Rain

was replaced by a driving wind of bitter cold. His hunger increased. He tried to hunt. Waited and waited for a hare. Leaped out upon it. Ran and ran and ran. The hare doubled back, sped into a hole. Vanished. He scratched and dug into the hole for an hour. Ran round it, whining and smelling. Day merged into night. A subtle exhaustion forced him to creep again into a thicket. He slept. Awakened with his limbs frozen from the cold. Howled aloud in agony, startling birds into frenzied flight. A sickly sun shone down on the land when he loped away painfully. He was lean and hungry. A little evil tempered. Flecked here and there with blood from the laceration of brambles. He slouched into a village when the sun was high. Roamed to and fro among the houses. Found occasional buckets crammed with house refuse. Nosed deep down for food and scattered the contents over the ground. Near the far outskirts an elderly man saw him, called him over. The pup neared him with suspicion but responded joyfully to the friendly touch of a hand and leaped around in ecstasy. The old man walked towards the house, the dog behind him.

"Yon's a poor ill starved puppy," he called to someone moving in the kitchen, "a pup just like the one our Ronnie had those many years ago." A woman joined him and nodded. "So 'tis," she said, "poor wee puppy. You're just like our dead Ronnie's dog. Come here now, we'll give you a nice big dinner, just—just for auld lang syne, eh dad?" The old man nodded. There was moisture in his eyes.

"Aye, mother. For auld lang syne." They fed the dog. Patted him and sent him away with a bone. Carrying that bone through the village, the little wanderer fought three battles with other dogs before he lost it. He gambolled with others until they one by one sped away in the night. Again he loped away in the direction of the woods, flitting with a silent, ghostly tread across the hard earth.

Days passed into weeks. He hardened. With cunning born of an almost latent instinct, revived from the far-off wolf days of his primordial ancestors, he trapped rabbits, sneaked into the farms and killed peaceful fowls. Ferocity grew upon him. He did not readily respond to the call of man. Boys in a village enticed him by holding out a chunk of bread. Then they painted great white bands upon his back

and put a muzzle over his mouth. But whilst they endeavoured to attach a tin to his tail he escaped and careered wildly away into the woods. There he fought with one paw at a time to force the muzzle from his jaws. His efforts failed. He rolled over on his back, stuck his jaw roughly into the earth. It was all unavailing. A day and a night passed. He could not eat because of the muzzle. He could not drink to any purpose except where the water was very deep and he could plunge his nose to such a level that his tongue could lap. A second day merged into night. And a third. With the growing pains of hunger he kept more and more to the woods. He weakened. His body was emaciated. The fur upon which thick layers of paint was spread fell out in little tufts. His strength ebbed. Frenzied efforts to force off the muzzle brought a light of madness into his eyes. Later he desisted. He crawled slowly out into the open, slouched with dragging steps across a strip of ploughed earth, and finally fell heavily down near low, wood railings. At dusk he succeeded in scrambling to his feet. Passed through an open gate and, shakily following a thin shaft of light, reached a rough wooden door and fell heavily against it.

### III

TALBOT plugged tobacco into a big pipe, applied a match and lifted his head to pull at the weed. There was a subtle charm in a strong face, strangely touched by an unnatural sourness. It was youthful, kindly, bitter and a little aged at once. He blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Take sex out of the world, Williams," he muttered between clenched teeth, "and life would be a good thing. If there were no women there would be less crime, less unhappiness."

"But why do you say that? How can you make such an assertion?" The Rev. Arthur Williams had always suspected tragedy in this young-old parishioner's life.

"I say it because I *know*. I have been through it, through all the bitterness, distrust, and I know that *woman* is composed of an idle lust for pleasures, an insufferable conceit and a complete lack of loyalty towards her man. Now if . . . what on earth is that?" The two men stood up. Faint scratching was audible above a low moaning. The sounds emanated from the other side of the door. Talbot hurried

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across the room, pulled the door open and dragged in the gaunt, emaciated figure of a dog, dabbed in places with white paint, minus a lot of fur, a wire muzzle attached to his jaws. Talbot closed the door, led the animal into the light. The dog feebly wagged his tail. Trembling limbs would not support the frail body, and he sank upon the floor.

"Poor beast!" Talbot knelt by it. "Why, Williams, it is starved. Nearly dead. Some brute turned it adrift with that muzzle on. Ye gods, how could any man do that? Will you bring a little milk, please? Yes, from that cupboard. A little bread too. Not a lot, because the poor brute is so far gone that too much would kill it." The pup could not keep up its head whilst the muzzle was removed. Then he looked into Talbot's eyes with an unfathomable gratitude.

"You poor blighter," the man muttered, "even your coat is in rags and tatters. Tatters, I think, should be your name."

Talbot, single handed, worked a small sheep farm. Financial success came his way but slowly. He had had too little capital in the first instance and insufficient friends in the second. His utter distaste for women had had an adverse effect upon his standing in the village. He was considered morose and evil tempered. He was neither. Years before laughter had always lurked within his eyes. He had been a steadfast worker and a loyal comrade. The Airedale pup found it so now. He had been christened Tatters. He became the lone man's constant companion. The dog's fierce nature responded to the hand of firm kindness. He quickly assimilated the benefits to be derived from sitting up to beg, from reclining upon the floor in an attitude of dying for his country—with one eager eye focused upon a lump of sugar—or in raising a tentative paw in shaking hands, and of carrying a basket in his great white teeth.

In the day he roamed with Talbot away and across the acres of the holding. He learned to round up the sheep, to walk sedately at heel, to join in the chase, to retrieve. The pair went for long tramps up amid the heathery hills and high up towards those distant blue lines of beacons abutting into the sky. Their fellowship and understanding was complete.

At night in the solitude of the wooden

dwelling the two sat before the wide fireplace, the dog curled up upon a rug, the man staring down into the glowing embers or lying back in his chair with smoke curling slowly from his pipe, staring up into the twirling blue, his thoughts lost in the long ago. When the harder tints of winter had merged into soft tones of spring the two swam in the river. They would traverse a half-mile upstream, the dog barking with the deep-throated roar that had grown with him, and then they would turn and come down with the flow.

Great days. Talbot grew less saturnine. He discovered a new joy in living, in the giant strength of his thickset limbs. He walked the miles with a springy gait, his bare head in the wind, a laugh on his lips.



Tatters was a huge, big-boned two-year-old when he first created that enmity with Bundell that was ultimately to result in an order for his execution. Bundell was a power in the village. He owned the Mariners' Inn. He was wealthy, good natured in a bellicose way, but possessed of a ragged temper. In rushing after Talbot the dog charged into Bundell in the village street and knocked him down. Folk who saw the incident laughed. In falling, the irate innkeeper struck his head on a stone, blood flowing from the wound. He complained to the police. P.C. Hooper was driven to call with a complaint. Talbot listened quietly.

"What do you want to do to the dog?" he asked.

"P'raps he ought to 'ave a muzzle on, sir."

"All right, Hooper. Here, Tatters, come here. . . . Now, then, Hooper, here's the dog. Put a muzzle on him." Hooper advanced gingerly. Tatters backed, bared his teeth and snarled so viciously that the constable hopped back hurriedly, dislodging his helmet. When he bent to pick it up the dog leaped forward. Hooper decided to leave his headgear where it was for a moment.

"It was only becoss of Mister Bundell, sir," he said humbly. Talbot laughed, called the dog away and retrieved the helmet.

"Tell Bundell that I'll see about a muzzle. Explain to him that it will be better for the dog."

"Better for the dog, sir?"

"Explain to Mr. Bundell that I'll have



Tatters muzzled whenever Mr. Bundell is about. I would not like my dog to be poisoned through biting him."

Hooper duly explained. Not to Bundell, but to the whole village. The village laughed. And Bundell soon found out why the village laughed.

Bundell's only son was a stout, red-faced youth of eighteen. The twain plotted and, succeeding in luring Tatters aside with a large piece of meat, offered him a second lump, liberally doped with poison. The Airedale instinctively refused, and Bundell, junior, in a chagrined fury, belaboured him with a thick stick. That was a fatal policy. Tatters turned on him, knocked him down and tore a chunk of flesh out of his leg. The youth shrieked aloud in fear. His parent, in interfering, was attacked too.

Talbot was charged and had to appear before a magistrate in the country town of Mulbuxter. It was a town associated with his bitterest memories. Some of that bitterness, unfortunately, found its way in his demeanour when he appeared before the magistrate. At that period he had just succeeded in wiping off the debt on his holding. For the first time for years he had established a balance of over ten pounds at his bank. The enforced journey to the town used up some of that money. This, perhaps, added to the biting sarcasm of his repartees. There was sufficient humour in them to provide the county papers with long stories that made good reading. In abbreviated form the news was repeated in a number of the national dailies. There was enough evi-

dence against the dog to bring a serious aspect into the case. The angry magistrate was firm.

"You will pay twenty pounds damages on each count and costs," he said.

"I have not got five pounds with me," Talbot replied wearily. He realized his



WARWICK  
REYNOLDS

"Talbot drew Tatters nearer him with one hand. The other encircled his wife"—p. 476

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

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mistake. The magistrate smiled somewhat grimly.

"Pay the fine, or you may have the option of having the dog destroyed." Talbot grasped the rails, fought down a rising anger.

"Very well." He spoke so quietly that the crowded court stared. "I'll pay the fine if you'll give time to raise the money."

He borrowed the balance by again placing a small mortgage on his holding. And set to work afresh to wipe it off.



Bundell, junior, always retained a violent hatred towards the dog. Only a month later he struck Tatters with a whip when driving past in a two-wheeled buggy. He repeated the practice on every possible occasion and finally was bitten on the hand. The bite was not serious. On the same day he cut the hand in cleaning a stable. Blood poisoning set in. The whole trouble was ascribed to the dog. Again Talbot had to face the magistrate in Mulbuxter. Public feeling was against him. Because there was an element of doubt in the evidence of Bundell's doctor he asked for an adjournment. It was granted. Talbot obtained the services of a physician and a lawyer. His dog's life was at stake. His doctor's evidence did not carry enough weight. He was only a local man and his arguments that a bite from a perfectly healthy dog could not set up the symptoms found in young Bundell's arm were waived aside.

Talbot lost. He made no effort to hide his emotion when an order was made for the destruction of his dog. He made one last, hopeless appeal to the magistrate.

"That dog," he said, "was everything to me. He was my only companion. He is gentle with animals and gentle with children. He has never wantonly attacked anyone. . . ."

His pleas failed. He walked dully out of the court. His mind in a chaos, he listened listlessly to a uniformed figure in the lobby who, standing before him, whispered:

"If you will come over to the Hotel Imperial, sir, there is a lady there who thinks she might be able to save your dog." It was a faint gleam of hope. Talbot followed his informant. He was left for a moment alone in a lounge. Then a door opened. He turned.

"You, Marjorie!" he cried. The woman nodded. Touched her lips with one finger.

"Yes, Tony. Don't be angry. I never

intended to interfere with your life again. Only—I—I saw how you suffered this morning. And—and I thought the dog might be saved. By appealing, I mean, and getting evidence from a doctor with some influence behind him. Your little man had no chance.

"If you would only let me help, Tony! Please don't interrupt! Please! Not for you, Tony, but for your dog." There were tears in her eyes. "I read of the case in the papers. I had to come, Tony. You fought so bravely. I was so sorry for you there, alone, in your old clothes, among all those well-dressed people." Her tears stopped her. "Won't you let me help? After all, I am *still* your wife, Tony!" The simple sincerity of her pleading broke down his icy barrier.



Marjorie Talbot was fighting for more than the life of a dog. She ached to wipe away the petty misunderstanding born when their bloods were young and hot. Her money brought the essential evidence. The appeal won. In his overwhelming gratitude Talbot brought the dog to her. He had forgotten many bitter things he never should have remembered. They dined together in celebration of the victory in the hotel. Rain was falling heavily; but afterwards they went out into the night. The dog trotting beside them, they walked in silence to where a cold wind rustled across the downs. In the thick darkness they stood side by side in the rain. Talbot held his wife's hand.

"I was too hasty, Marjorie. Unfair."

"I should have believed you. I was hasty too. If my faith had been a little stronger, all, all these empty years would not have been wasted."

"I was too angry to explain. I did not see *your* side of it. But it is not too late . . . now. . . ."

Rain beat down on their white faces, but the romance of their youth glowed afresh. The great black world about them stood still. Talbot drew Tatters nearer him with one hand. The other encircled his wife. He drew her to him. From far back in the years they conjured memories . . . golden memories . . . and before them they saw the fragrant glory of the days to come. . . .

A raindrop fell . . . plunk. . . . It hit Tatters on the nose. He drew nearer to his master's side and—cogitated. . . .

# That Dreadful Breaker!

## The Psychology of Accidents

By

G. Clarke Nuttall

"SHE really is dreadful! She breaks everything she touches! Sheer carelessness, I call it!"

Thus does some harassed mistress lament her shattered china as one prized article after another passes into limbo at the hands of her maid. And the excuse lamely put forward by the offender that it "broke in my hand, mum," or that it just "happened somehow," is only felt to be an aggravation of the offence. No; it is all "sheer carelessness," and a sense of injured hopelessness settles on both sides of the household as with prophetic eye is seen a shadowy vista of inevitable breakages stretching endlessly into the future.

### A New Science

But a new science has arisen—the Science of Industrial Psychology; in other words, the science of how to do one's job in the best possible way, and it is tackling the problems, big and little, connected with work from a new standpoint and with remarkable results. Among the problems considered is that of breakages, for these form one of the minor ills of industrial life, and many people are involved. Manufacturers of brittle articles, keepers of hotels and boarding houses, caterers in restaurants and teasops, and numerous others as well as the individual housewife, including all their employees, are folks to whom the question is really one of moment.

Now the result of an inquiry by these psychological experts into this matter—an inquiry made in the greatest detail and with the utmost care—is rather surprising, for it tends to exonerate to a large extent the breakers and backs up their lame excuses, while at the same time it is full of hope for even the most tried of employers. Here is their first statement:

*"The inadequacy of attributing breakages to carelessness, accidents, or poor material, is illustrated in this investigation. By treating the subject from a psychological standpoint an enormous reduction in breakages has been effected, amounting*

*to over 75 per cent. in the case of certain articles."*

What employer's heart does not thrill at the prospect!

And it all sounds so simple. Remove irritation, excitement, fluster, and distraction, and breakages will largely cease to exist! And yet at the beginning of the investigation those making it frankly own that they had by no means realized the importance of this point, nor its full bearing on the question at issue.

### Exasperation

Everyone knows that being continually baulked or hindered in some little thing one is trying to do causes one to become irritated and eventually exasperated. You try to call up on the telephone, and no one replies; you repeat the signal—with no result; and go on repeating in vain with increasing emphasis, each time becoming more annoyed, until, eventually, you slam back the receiver with violence. Reprehensible—and useless, of course—but, after all, it is a law of nature that mental irritation tends to find an outlet in increasing physical activity. On some temperaments the continual mechanical baulking of an effort had a perfectly maddening effect. One remembers one's growing irritation as one tries vainly to open a drawer that has stuck, or to turn a key in an obdurate lock, and how, ultimately, one breaks the thing open more as a relief to one's feelings than anything else. The writer well recalls, in childhood's days, a certain swing door through which a parlourmaid had to pass in clearing away meals. The catch of the door became worn, so that it would suddenly and unexpectedly swing back upon her as she passed through with her tray. Now, it is not within memory that anything was ever broken as it was carried through, for a quick adjustment of elbow and side protected the tray; but the jar on the elbow and shoulder was irritating, and on one or two occasions the girl became exasperated and slammed down the tray of

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fragile glass on the kitchen table—with the inevitable result. But it was all a perfectly natural sequence of cause and effect, and the placing of a new spring on the door eliminated quite simply that source of breakage.

Similarly, in another household, the door of a certain low cupboard on the ground level used to come open and, unseen, bark the unwary ankles of anyone entering the pantry. This was responsible for a quick rise of annoyance that accounted for the broken handles of various teacups, the moral proving, "adjust the defect in the cupboard and keep the teacups whole."

### An Experiment that Worked

A very interesting experiment was made on a large scale at one of the biggest caterers, where the staff numbered thousands, and where vast quantities of cups, saucers, and plates were handled daily, the



"It 'broke in my hand, mum!"

breakages being correspondingly heavy and involving a considerable loss annually. Those making the inquiry found that it was customary for orders to be given verbally from the customers' department to the kitchen department, either by shouting or calling through a speaking tube. In the rush hours these orders followed thick one on another, often quicker than they could be assimilated, and this caused renewed shouting and vexed re-ordering, and hence

friction and irritation in both departments. The investigators set to work to effect smoother running by arranging for quieter and less-congested ordering, more organized attention, and even, in some cases, for the elimination of the personal element altogether by reducing the ordering to the mere pressing of a button, which released a mechanical signal in the other department. And the effect on the breakage question was truly surprising and exceeded all expectation, for in the teashops alone the number of things broken was reduced by more than a half of what it had been before, with a corresponding happy financial result. For, conclude the experts:

*"Sources of irritation, however small, produce a cumulative effect which ultimately has a very considerable influence in reducing the worker's efficiency."*

In fact, workers get "worn down" by recurrent worries, however minute they be, and often, indeed, without realizing it, and this wearing down makes it impossible for them to concentrate their attention as they should on the fragile articles with which they are dealing. In popular parlance, the question of breakages is very largely one of "nerves," and should be treated as such.

Another interesting fact emerges. Hurry in itself—provided it is not unduly prolonged, so as to become an overstrain—has no bad results in its train if it be *smooth* hurry: hurry not punctuated by petty hindrances and vexations. The mind can speed up for a time and is no worse for being fully occupied; but just as a quickly moving car clashes worse at an obstacle than one moving slowly, so the mind working at full speed reacts with greater force to a sudden hindrance.

### In Another Business House

Here is another experiment that was made on this fascinating subject, and this further emphasizes the part mental fatigue plays in it. In a certain business it was found that out of every thousand breakable articles handled between 10 and 12 o'clock in the morning, an average of 2·2 were broken; from 12 o'clock to 2 this average rose to 3·3; from 2 o'clock to 4 it fell slightly—probably after the midday rest—to 2·16; while from 4 o'clock to 6, when workers were getting tired, there were no less than 5·7 articles per thousand broken: more than double the number broken in the morning shift.

## **THAT DREADFUL BREAKER!**

The whole matter was thoroughly gone into from the new psychological standpoint, and with great care all sources of petty annoyance and irritation were, as far as possible, removed and the general working "smoothed out." The results that followed were of the happiest in each of the four shifts, for, in the first, there was a 20 per cent. reduction of the breakages; in the second the reduction was 44 per cent.; in other words, hardly more than half of the number of articles were broken; in the third shift the reduction stood at 34 per cent.; while in the last shift the most surprising result of all was obtained, for now only about a quarter of the former number of breakages took place: to be exact, there was a reduction of 72 per cent.! This final improvement was attributed by the investigators to the fact that, after the removal of the causes of irritation, the workers were nothing like as mentally fatigued as they had previously been at that hour. Here again we have a perfectly logical sequence: the greater irritation, the greater mental fatigue and the greater number of breakages. Or, to put it the other way round, the elimination of little hindrances and annoyances diminishes mental fatigue and hence reduces breakages.

### **Sudden Distractions**

A certain number of breakages are due to sudden distractions, and these may be minimized in number but cannot be altogether put out of court. The writer was once spring cleaning, with the greatest care, two valuable Chelsea-Derby plates. A messenger with disquieting news suddenly appeared, and in the moment's abstraction of attention the top plate slipped on the lower and both were smashed to bits; but the reproach, "how careless," was not justified.

Of course, it is not meant to imply in this article that there are no careless or even no wilful breakages—it will have been noticed that there always remained a residuum of breakages however carefully matters had been adjusted—it is the breakages that come under the so-called class of "accidents" that are here dealt with. The reduction of the residuum probably lies in a more definitely determined selection of the workers.



Trying to open a drawer that has stuck is responsible for many a breakage

The moral of the whole matter, therefore, seems to be that smooth running, whether it be of factory, tea-shop, or home, does more than anything else to reduce material losses. A difficult-tempered mistress, an awkward, tactless foreman or forewoman, an employer who gets on the nerves of his workpeople, are direct sources of loss to home or business. "A stitch in time saves nine" in a garment, and the application of the same underlying principle may, in the matter under discussion, save ninety breakages. The bench properly adjusted, the door mended, a shelf the proper width, an order quietly given, may make all the difference.

### **Look to the Working Conditions First**

Before an employer takes to scolding and fining, or even before rewards or bonuses are promised for non-breaking, let him or her look to the conditions under which the staff, big or little, is working. Fines will be useless or worse, and rewards unnecessary and unavailing if the foundations are wrong. Breakages are all part of an inevitable logical sequence, and their remedy should be sought in a closer study of mind reacting on environment.

It is to the National Institute of Industrial Psychology that we owe these investigations into the various problems of work and industry in general.



# THE PROPER PLACE by O. DOUGLAS

## CHAPTER XXI

"The only difference between the sentimentalist and the realist is that the sentimentalist's reality is warm and beautiful, while the realist's is glacial and hideous, and they are neither of them real realities either."—REGINALD FARRER.

THEY were apt to linger over breakfast at the Harbour House. It was a pleasant time of day in the dining-room with its striped silk curtains and Hepplewhite chairs, more especially when the tide was high and the water lapped against the low wall, but always pleasant, with the feeling of morning activity all round—voices from the harbour, children shouting as they went to school, wives having a gossip before they began their daily round.

The postman came, as a rule, when they were at the marmalade stage, and they read bits out of letters to each other. It had been so, too, at Rutherford. Something this morning took Barbara's mind back to the old times when they had all been together in the sunny morning-room that opened on to the lawns and the brawling burn. Nicole had been a schoolgirl, swallowing her breakfast and rushing out with her brothers to get every minute out of the day, while she, in the restraint of new grown-upness, had sat with her elders sipping her second cup of tea and listening to Sir Walter reading bits of news from the *Scotsman*.

There never had been, Barbara thought, a more truly good man than her uncle, so gentle and magnanimous, so full of humour, such a sportsman. Often, laughing, they had told him that he was in danger of the Woe promised to those of whom all men speak well. He was always asked to take the chair at political meetings that promised to be rowdy, because he was so courteous, so full of sweet reasonableness, that the rudest were disarmed. She remembered

how all his life his first thought had been his country. In his youth he had been in the Army, and when his father died he settled down at Rutherford, making the ideal landlord. When war broke out he had at once offered for service, and had worked patiently through the four years at a dull but necessary job at the War Office, stinting himself of all but the barest necessities when food became scarce. He was cheerful till Ronnie and Archie died. After that his laugh was seldom heard, though he went about among his friends and neighbours with his old kindly smile, always willing to listen, always ready to help. At home they had seen the change in him. The big man seemed to have shrunk, and his clothes hung loose on him. He wandered much alone, and the men about the place shook their heads and told each other: "He's sair failed, the maister, he's gettin' awfu' wee buik."

Barbara came back to the present with Christina bringing in the letters. There were a few for Barbara and Nicole, but most of the budget went to Lady Jane.

"Why, mother," Nicole said, "I never saw anyone get so many letters. You might almost be a cinema star."

"It comes," said her mother, busily opening envelopes, "of being one of a large and united family. This is from Constance."

Nicole took up her own letters, looked through them and laid them down again to go and strew the usual meal on the window-sill for the birds. She sat half outside the window for a few minutes breathing in the fresh, salt air. Lady Jane looked up from her letters. "Anything interesting, Nikky?"

"Nothing much. There's one from Mrs. Jackson asking me to Rutherford in the beginning of March. If I can come she means to send out invitations for a dinner on the tenth and a dance on the eleventh. Heard you ever the like?"



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"It is very kind of Mrs. Jackson," Lady Jane said.

"It is—very. She gives me no information about how things are going with her, but in a postscript remarks: 'We are liking our new home quite well.' I must say I call that rather cheek! Liking it quite well, indeed! I feel inclined to say to her what Dr. Johnson said to the lady who told him she accepted life—'My God, madam, *you had better.*'"

Lady Jane laughed. "I had forgotten that," she said; but Barbara glowered and asked: "Will you go? Could you bear to go?"

Nicole looked at her cousin thoughtfully. "It won't be easy. In fact—but, you see, I'm afraid I did promise that I would go and help her if she wanted me. It's so fatally easy to say something kind when you are saying good-bye to people you don't expect to come much into contact with. Mrs. Jackson seems to be depending on me. I know, Babs, you think I would consult my own dignity if I refused. What do you say, Mums? Ought I to accept or not?"

Lady Jane gathered up her correspondence. "My dear, you know best yourself. Mrs. Jackson is a nice woman, and she was very considerate to us. It won't be easy, but it might be kind—you'd be a great help to her, and you needn't stay more than a few days."

"I might have to stay a week."

"I dare say you would survive it."

"And," said Barbara, "I defy Nicole not to get a great deal of amusement out of the most unpleasant duty. It's your lucky nature. I don't think I *could* go, but I'm not likely to be asked. Naturally, they want the more romantic figure, the dispossessed heiress, golden hair and all."

"What nonsense, Babs!"

"Great nonsense, my dear, but true. By the way, I've a note here from Marjorie Erskine. She wants us to go over this afternoon. Some people have arrived unexpectedly whom they'd like us to meet."

"But I can't. Babs, I'm sorry. I've promised to go to tea with Miss Symington—a special invitation in writing. I haven't seen her for weeks. They've had painters, and Alastair has said several times that his aunt was from home. It is unfortunate. I'd have loved a run with you this fresh good day. . . . Here comes Alastair with his shining morning face and his bag on his back, the complete scholar. Well, old man, is bat still tab this morning?"

That afternoon, having half an hour to spare before going to Ravenscraig, Nicole looked in at Knebworth and found the Heggies, mother and daughter, at home.

"This is nice," said Mrs. Heggie, rising, large and fresh and rosy in her black dress and white frillings, to greet her visitor. "We do see you seldom—surely you'll stay to tea?"

"I'd like to," Nicole assured her, "but I'm engaged to drink a dish of tea with Miss Symington. Invited by letter. I thought it might be a party, but it can't be if you're not going."

"Oh, it may be, it may be, but *we're* not invited. In fact, I haven't been asked inside the door of Ravenscraig since—well, before Christmas."

"Oh, well," Nicole said soothingly, "Miss Symington may perhaps want to talk to me about something. I expect I'm the party. It's much better fun when there are several."

"Yes. She hasn't much conversation, and it's difficult getting into a good, comfortable talk with her. You've just to ask her how the Girls' Guild is getting on, and the Mothers' Meeting, and talk about the price of food and how cooks waste. She's not interested in anything you've been reading, and she'll not gossip. I must say I like a more varied 'crack'!" Mrs. Heggie laughed. "And how's Lady Jane?"

"Very well. She's so busy writing letters this afternoon that she wouldn't stir to take the air. You see, she has five sisters and three brothers, and numerous nieces and cousins, and they all love her dearly and write constantly."

"Wonderful," ejaculated Mrs. Heggie. "It's so unlike all I've ever heard of the aristocracy! Joan's glaring at me, but I'm not saying anything wrong, am I?"

Nicole smiled at Joan and reassured Mrs. Heggie.

"Of course not. You mean that from novels and the daily papers you would think the 'aristocracy' were thoroughly debased; engaged all the time in being divorced, and spending hectic days and nights gambling, drugging, swindling and dancing at night clubs—all that sort of thing! And I suppose it's true, in a way, of a certain section, a small but very vocal section. But you would be amused if you met the members of my mother's family and their friends. Some, I admit, are not bright and shining lights, but the majority are quite hopelessly respectable and full of

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'high ideals,' working away obscurely and conscientiously to leave the world a little better than they found it; husbands and wives loving and loyal; children brought up to respect the 'eternal decencies,' master and servants liking and respecting each other! Even the people labelled 'smart' in the picture-papers, whose names you see reading left to right, are often quite dully respectable. I'm afraid it's disappointing!"

Mrs. Heggie nodded. "But far better," she said. "Of course, I knew Lady Jane was good—you can read it in her face—but I thought maybe she was an exception, for I'm sure, the stories you hear— And what is Miss Burt doing to-day?"

"Oh, Babs is off in her little car—I tell her she's like a child with a new toy—to spend the afternoon at Queensbarns."

"I suppose the Erskines are very smart sort of people?"

"They certainly dress well," said Nicole.

"I mean that they keep up a lot of style—a butler and all that—and go to London for the season. They're not what you'd call provincial."

"Perhaps not. Anyway, they're very kind."

"Oh," said Mrs. Heggie, "they're kind to *you*, naturally. But I'm told they're a bit stand-offish. Mrs. Thomson—you know, Joan—they simply ignored her."

"I don't wonder," said Joan.

"Oh," her mother protested, "she's quite a nice woman and awfully willing to be hospitable."

"A pusher and a climber," said Joan.

"Oh, well!" said Mrs. Heggie, with her usual large charity, "it's only natural that she should want to better herself, as the servants say."

"Miss Joan," said Nicole, "do tell me, where do you do your writing? In some eyrie?"

Mrs. Heggie replied for her daughter. "Upstairs—Joan, take Miss Rutherford up to see."

Joan looked uncertainly at Nicole, who said eagerly: "Won't you? I'd love to see your work-room."

The two girls went upstairs together, and Joan opened a door, remarking: "It's not as tidy as it might be. I like to keep it myself."

It was a small room looking to the sea, with the floor stained black and covered with one or two bright-coloured rugs. The cream walls were hung with a medley of prints and photographs. A small figure

of the Venus of Milo stood on the mantel-shelf. A bookcase entirely filled one wall.

Nicole went to it and began conning over the books.

"... You've got Raleigh's Shakespeare—one of my first favourites. I think I can almost say it by heart. And what a line of poets—Walter de la Mare, A. E. Housman. . . . Do you sit at this table and write solemnly?"

"No. I generally write before the fire with a writing-pad on my knee. But I never write anything worth while, so what's the good of it?"

"Well—I don't pretend to be much of a judge, but your mother let me see some verses which seemed to me to have a touch of real magic."

"Oh, yes, I've got a certain facility in the writing of verses—but that's not what I want to do. I want to write a book about life—a strong book going down to the depths and rising to the heights; a book that talks frankly—not the pretty-pretty sentimental stuff that my mother and so many women love to read. I've heard them in bookshops at Christmas time. 'I want a book, a *pleasant* book . . . are you sure this is pleasant reading all through?'"

Joan sat gloomily in a wicker-chair filled with brilliant orange cushions. Her skin looked dingier than ever against the cushions and the many-coloured Fair Isle jumper that she wore, and Nicole wondered why such a wholesome-looking woman as Mrs. Heggie should have had such an unwashed-looking daughter.

"If you want to write a book like that, why don't you?" she asked.

"Because I can't," said Joan bitterly. "I don't know whether it's my upbringing or my subconscious self or what, but no matter how untrammelled my thoughts may be, when I put pen to paper I become so moral as to be absolutely maudlin."

She hunched up her shoulders and sat forward, staring hopelessly into the fire.

"What a book I might write about Janet Symington, for instance; about all the thwarted forces of her nature going into good works. What a study I could make of her! But I can't put down what I want to say, my pen seems to boggle at it."

Nicole giggled, then abjectly apologized. "I'm so terribly sorry, but it is rather funny, you know—and I can't help being rather glad that you don't feel equal to writing such a book—it would be neither elevating nor entertaining. The sort of

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"She hunched up her shoulders and sat forward, staring hopelessly into the fire"

Drawn by  
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books you talk about don't shock me at all. I enjoy the cleverness with which they're written, but I finish them with relief and push them away. Isn't it better to try to write a book that people will go back to again and again?"

She looked at her wrist-watch. "Good gracious, is that the time? . . . Good-bye. Thank you for letting me see your den. Won't you come and see us soon? Mother would love to talk to you about poetry."

It had always been dusk when Nicole had gone to tea at Ravenscraig, but now the days were drawing out, and the thin, bright light of early spring lay over everything as she stopped to look at the clumps of snowdrops in the border, and the grey-green shoots of the daffodils, and the first bold, yellow crocus.

But what had happened besides the spring? Surely there was a difference! The stiff starched curtains had gone from the windows, gone, also, the brown Venetian blinds, and in their place were hang-

ings of fine net. The large sheet of obscured glass in the inner door had been replaced by small, leaded panes, and when the door opened she found that the hall had been changed out of recognition. Instead of the varnished walls there was a soft grey paper, the wood was painted black, and soft powder-blue velvet carpets covered the stairs and lay on the tiled hall. An old oak chest bearing two heavy Chinese brass lamps had taken the place of the hat and umbrella stand.

Nicole glanced round distractedly, feeling as if she had fallen out of a dream, inclined to clutch the solid arm of the servant to prove to herself that she was really awake, but the drawing-room door was being opened, and she stumbled through to greater surprises.

Was this the bleak room with its gaunt bow-windows, its dingy walls hung with pale water-colours and enlarged photographs, its carpet a riot of chrysanthemums, its unwelcoming gas fire?

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Nicole forgot her manners in her astonishment. She left her hostess standing with outstretched hand while she stared, and stared again, gasping at last: "But it isn't the same room—it can't be."

To begin with it seemed twice the size. The walls were a warm apricot, the floor was polished and bare, except for a fine Persian carpet in the middle, and a much smaller one at the fireplace, round which were grouped a number of capacious arm-chairs.

The window was hung with curtains of blue and green and gold, beautiful glittering stuff that made one think of peacocks strutting in the sunshine. In the middle of the window was a small divan heaped with cushions covered with rich stuffs.

A grand piano stood in one corner, and the wall opposite the fire held a long, low table with bowls of spring bulbs, above which hung the only picture the room contained, a glowing Eastern scene of hot sunlight and dark shadows. There was a long, slim, gilt mirror over the mantelshelf, on which stood four old crystal candlesticks. In place of the gas fire with its baleful gleams, a fire of coal and logs sent flickering lights over tiles that gleamed like mother o' pearl.

Nicole shook hands with the owner of this room and sustained another shock, for Miss Symington was exactly the same. That she, too, should have suffered a change into something rich and rare was, perhaps, too much to expect, but it was nevertheless rather disconcerting to find her still in a blue serge skirt and a silk blouse, and with an unfashionable head.

She looked rather bashfully at her guest as she said, glancing round the room: "We've been having some alterations made here, you will notice?"

Nicole sank into one of the arm-chairs and found it supremely comfortable. "Alterations?" she cried, "I should think you have, but tell me, was it your own idea, this room?"

"No," said Miss Symington, looking rather affronted. "Could you imagine me thinking of anything like this? . . . I don't know how it was; your house looked so different, but I had no idea how to set about improving mine, so I went to the best furnishing shop I knew, and they sent a man to see the house and advise me. He was quite young—he looked like an artist—and he told me this was his profession, advising people how to make their houses

pretty. Isn't that a queer profession for a young man?"

"Rather a jolly one, I think. So he thought out this scheme?"

"Yes. He said in this sort of villa there wasn't much to work on, but he managed to change things a good deal."

Nicole still gazed round the room. "Your young man seems to be a magician. You like it, don't you? And is all the house changed?"

"I think I like it," Janet said rather doubtfully. "At least I think the rooms that aren't changed look odd. The dining-room is just as it was. You see, there are the preachers over the week-ends, and they might not feel at home in this sort of thing!" She waved a hand towards the new splendour of colour. "Only this room and the lobbies and stairs and my own room and the best spare room are changed. You must come up and see them after you've had your tea."

"But—d'you mind me asking?—what made you decide all of a sudden that the house wasn't just as you liked it?"

Tea had been brought in and Janet was pouring it out in her deliberate way. She passed Nicole a cup, and in her slightly complaining voice said: "It was your crystal bowl that started it all."

Nicole poured some milk into her tea and waited for enlightenment.

"On Christmas morning," Janet went on, "I took it up to my room, and it was so useless and so pretty that my room didn't seem the place for it at all. It made everything else look dull and ugly. I thought it was the wallpaper, and I got that changed; then the chintzes looked dingy, and the carpet, and the bed, somehow, was wrong, and the light-wood furniture—then I called in an expert."

She stirred her tea in the genteel way that always amused Nicole, and sat very straight on the edge of a great, comfortable chair. All round her was beauty and colour, but she was provokingly drab.

Nicole leaned forward. "There's one thing still left to do," she said coaxingly. "You've made your house beautiful, now give yourself a chance. Blue serge is very nice, but it's not the most becoming wear for you. I want to see you in something softer. Let me take the place of the furnishing young man and adorn you."

Janet Symington flushed, pressing her lips primly together, and Nicole cried: "I know what you're thinking, that it's only

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worldly people who care for adorning their bodies; but that seems to me such a mistake. Would God have troubled to make this world so beautiful if He had wanted us to go about sad-hued and dreary? Did He grudge the colours when He made the flowers? You simply don't know how much harm is done by good women not knowing how to dress. I remember, as a child, when I helped my mother to entertain Mothers' Unions and Girls' Friendlies and things like that, wondering why the best people—meaning the most serious, good people—nearly always had badly hung skirts. And to-day, when clothes are so easy and so suitable and so varied, it's conservatism run mad not to wear what other people are wearing. You would not want a blouse and skirt again if you knew the comfort of a little frock. You always look nice and tidy, but I could make you look so attractive. . . . Let's go to Edinburgh and have a buy! It would be such fun. . . ."

About an hour later Nicole burst into the drawing-room at the Harbour House to find her mother listening to Barbara, who had just come in full of her afternoon at the Erskines'.

"I was to tell you, Nik, that they were very sorry you couldn't come, but they quite understood that Kirkmeikle had great attractions."

"I should think so indeed," Nicole said, squatting down on a stool at her mother's feet. "Kirkmeikle's the most exciting place I ever struck. What do you think? When I went into Ravenscraig to-day I found the whole place changed as if a magician had waved a wand. Mums, you know what it looked like the first day we went to call? Lace curtains, sprawling flowery carpet, gas-fire! Pouf! Gone! Now, lovely exotic colours, space, comfort. It's all modern as can be—of course, you know the sort of villa the people had to work on—but quite beautiful. The staircases, too—grey and powder-blue, with black-framed etchings on the walls: the best bedroom is striped grey and white with pale yellow silk curtains, and Miss Symington's own room is prettiest of all. And the dining-room is the same old room, red leather chairs, green table-cover, aspidistra in a pot—because the preachers mightn't feel at home if it were changed. Isn't that delicious?"

"Now, Babs," to that young woman who was standing with her coat over her arm ready to go upstairs, "tell me if your

Erskines ever do delightful, exciting things like that? *Never!*"

### CHAPTER XXII

"Why should calamity be full of words!"

—King Richard III.

IN the first week of March Nicole went out one day with Alastair looking for a starfish at low tide, slipped, and went into a deep pool. Often she had done it before and had never been a penny the worse, and this time she laughed and made her wet shoes "chork" to amuse Alastair, and continued the search. But a wind came out of the east, a nipping and an eager air—and Nicole shivered and went home. The next morning she woke with a sore throat and a cough and a temperature, and it was evident that Rutherford would not see her that week. She admitted it herself, sitting up in bed, flushed with fever and distress at her own stupidity.

"Who would have supposed that I would take cold?" she croaked. "A thing I almost never do; and no one would want me for a visitor, coughing and sneezing and infecting everybody! I must give up the thought of Rutherford, and I hate to fail Mrs. Jackson when all the arrangements are made. Babs, won't you go in my place? You would be twice as useful, anyway."

"My dear, I couldn't possibly offer myself."

"No; but send a wire now, and if she writes suggesting you . . ."

"We'll see," said Barbara.

Mrs. Jackson's letter when it came was a wail of despair. How was she to cope with her festivities with no one to stand by her to counsel and direct? What did Nicole suggest? Would Miss Burt think of coming? . . . And Barbara, after much persuasion, consented to go.

"I'll be a sort of death's head at the feast," she predicted. "You know I never can be gay to order as Nikky can. And I'll hate the Jacksons when I see them really installed in our house. I feel already like Banquo's ghost or something like that."

"You're not ethereal enough for that," Nicole reminded her, laughing. "I don't see you flitting spectral fashion. Oh, don't make me laugh, for then I cough. You look so nice, my dear. Assure Mrs. Jackson that you aren't bringing her influenza, that this is only a common or garden chill got through wet feet in an east wind, and I'm

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really better already. . . . Be sure and tell me what you think of 'Andy.'

Barbara departed in the morning, and after luncheon Nicole announced that she couldn't stay in bed one moment longer.

"Do let me get up and sit by the drawing-room fire," she begged her mother. "Bed does me such a lot of harm. It has the same effect on me that having his hair cut had on Samson. And it's so boring in bed; if I were up I could find a thousand things to do. And you needn't tell Dr. Kilgour."

"But you look so comfortable lying there with your pile of books and these lovely roses; Mr. Beckett must have sent to Edinburgh for them. . . . Have you read all the last batch of books that came from the *Times*?"

"Never looked at them," Nicole said cheerfully. "You don't want to read new books in bed—they're too wearing. These are all tried favourites, as we say of puddings."

Lady Jane bent over to read the titles. "'Starvecrow Farm,' surely that's an old book?"

"Don't you remember it, mother? The runaway bride and the splendid old hostess of the inn? I know no book that gives you a more wonderful feeling of atmosphere—you absolutely live in that comfortable inn among the mountains, through these November days, and suffer with the girl and her lover. And 'The Good Comrade.' Why, Mums, you surely haven't forgotten 'Johnnie' and the stove called 'Bouquet,' and the Dutch bulb-growers? . . . Apart from the really great books what a lot of jolly good books there are in the world!"

"Yes," said her mother. "But to go back to the subject of staying in bed, I'm afraid you'll feel very wretched up."

"Not in the least. I've no temperature now, and I'm not such an unsightly creature now that the cold has left my head and settled comfortably on my chest."

Lady Jane ceased to argue, and Nicole rose and dressed herself, adding, as an invalid touch, a rose-red satin dressing-gown with slippers to match, and, assisted by Harris carrying things, took her way to the drawing-room. It was only five days since she had been in it, but she looked round appreciatively as if she had come back from a long journey, and settled down in one of the large armchairs by the fire with a sigh of satisfaction. After bed, she thought, what a joy to sit in a chair! A table drawn up by her side held a flask of

eau-de-Cologne, a large bottle of smelling salts, a tin of home-made toffee, and Simon Beckett's roses, as well as her letter-case, in case she should work off some letters.

"Now, mother, you sit opposite with your work. It is so jolly to have you there and not feel that I should be begging you to go downstairs and not bother to sit with me. . . . I do hate being unselfish."

Lady Jane picked up her work and smiled at her daughter.

"It did seem a most unnatural thing to have you in bed. I hardly ever remember you being ill. Barbara was inclined to take bronchitis as a child, but you and the boys were like Shetland ponies. Even when you had measles and other childish ailments you were hardly ill."

"No. Measles was a very happy time. I remember hot lemonade as one of the chief joys, and the 'Just-So Stories' heard for the first time. I can feel the thrill of 'the most wise Bavarian,' and the tone of your voice as you read the delicious snatches of verse:

. . . Comes Taffy dancing through the fern  
To lead the Surrey spring again . . .

How long ago it seems!"

Nicole turned to tidy a pile of books on a stool, and presently said: "It does seem queer without Barbara. I always miss her so when she goes. Three o'clock. She'll just be starting from Edinburgh. They're to meet her at Galashiels. D'you know, Mums, I believe Babs will be glad to be back at Rutherford even as things are—she pines for it; it meant such a lot to her. She felt secure there, impregnable. She will never be really happy in Kirkmeikle."

Lady Jane put down her work.

"No," she said, "I can't help worrying sometimes about Barbara. You are different. You have the gift of taking things as they come and finding happiness in little things. I shouldn't be unhappy about you, though you missed what most women crave for most; but Barbara can't make her own happiness, so to speak; it has to be made for her. It was always so as a child. . . . As you say, she misses Rutherford; it gave her a setting."

Nicole clasped her hands round her knees. "What a pity there isn't a male Erskine needing a wife! Or would chatelaine be a more imposing word? That would be a setting. I suppose people are like jewels, dull and lustreless when badly set, glowing and sparkling in their proper environment.



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"When Johnson brought in the tray he coughed discreetly to waken his mistress"—p. 492

*Drawn by  
John Cameron*

Why, the sun has come out, Mums; you must go out and enjoy it. You've been terribly stuck in the house these last few days. Walk along to the Red Rocks. Or look in and see Mrs. Brodie. Have you been to see Betsy lately? She greatly relishes your visits."

Lady Jane looked out at the bright afternoon, then uncertainly at her daughter.

"But are you sure you'll be all right? Have you something to read?"

"Indeed I have. By the way, have you finished Mr. Beckett's manuscript?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well——?" said Nicole.

"Well, it is good, I think. Well told and clear, written with more sense of style than, somehow, I had expected. But it is so devoid of feeling as to be almost wooden.

He could have made so much of the final scene, and he makes nothing. Of course, there it is. This is the man who was there, who did the thing, and he can't talk. Whether you would have the story from him, or from the professional writer who was not there but who can write beautifully about what he has heard, who can touch the heart and the imagination, thrill you, make the story live. Remember, I don't say that Mr. Beckett couldn't if he liked, but he won't. I may be entirely wrong, but, reading, I had the feeling that he was giving us the bald narrative in case we weren't worthy of anything else. This was his friend. He won't cheapen his memory by making appeals to the emotions. It's the silent Englishman carried to excess."

Nicole nodded. "I see what you mean,

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and I agree. But I liked it—the reticence in the telling. I'm so tired of writers that fling themselves about, emptying themselves of all they ever thought or felt, or being whimsical and elfin, that a plain, straightforward narrative pleases me mightily."

"It's very refreshing," her mother said as she put a log on the fire. "Now don't move out of the room. Shall I tell Christina to keep out callers?"

"Oh dear no! A caller would be rather a treat. And I don't want dry toast for tea; I want it buttered."

"You're no use as an invalid," Lady Jane told her as she went out.

Just before tea Simon Beckett was shown in. He had been tramping over the hills and brought a breath of the sea and the east wind into the quiet room. He stood at the door hesitating. "Christina said you would see me, but I'm afraid I may give you more cold, coming straight in out of the air. Are you better?"

"Oh, do come in, and, of course, shake hands. It freshens me to see you. My head's still foggy with quinine, and I seem to smell nothing but beef tea made the old-fashioned way and eucalyptus; but I'm really quite all right again and properly ashamed of myself. What a humiliating thing a cold is! If people can like you through a cold they'll like you through anything. I wonder if Cleopatra ever snuffled."

Simon sat down in the armchair on the other side of the fireplace and said, laughing: "You're not much accustomed to being ill, are you?"

"I don't think I've ever had a temperature before, and I hardly know what it is to have a headache. Rude health is what I enjoy. And you're not much of an invalid yourself." And she laughed as if the sight of the robust young man opposite amused and pleased her. They talked together, and Nicole was conscious of the feeling that she always had in Simon's company, a feeling of comfort and content, of being able to dabble in the shallows of talk, knowing they would both be equally at home in the depths.

Presently she lifted the pile of manuscripts that lay beside her on the table.

"Let's speak about this," she said.

Her companion at once became acutely miserable.

"Oh, I say, don't," he moaned. "You don't know how horrible it is to have to talk

about one's own writing. I tell you what, write me a note about it! I'd like that."

"But why should I when there's lots of things in it I want to discuss with you here and now? You don't know how interesting it is for someone who can't write to talk to a person who can. I've read so many books I ought to be a judge, but I don't suppose that follows." She patted the neatly typed sheets on her lap. "You are no tripe-merchant, my friend."

Simon asked what exactly she meant by that.

"It's a phrase of my brother Archie's. When he thought an author spread himself too much and blundered into pits of bad taste and made one hot with shame, he said, 'tripe merchant.' You are almost, if I may say it, too little of a tripe-merchant."

Simon rumbled his hair miserably. "Say anything you like," he said, "only get it over quickly."

"Well, my crab about your book is that you make it all sound too easy. The first part is excellent, couldn't be better. The description of the going, and the places you passed through, and the people you met is delightful. You've got humour and the human touch. But the actual climbing, the last arduous bit, the disaster, the coming back, you seem to me to shirk. You say, for instance, 'We went from camp five to camp six.' Just like that! A ten minutes' stroll on a pleasant path. The carrying of a parcel from Tottenham Court Road to Euston Station! A trifle. Remember, we're not at all imaginative people; we need to be told things, to be made to see them, if we are to realize. . . . And the disaster—well, reticence there one can understand. Still—he was your friend. Couldn't you have said a little more—or couldn't you bear to?"

Simon sat forward in his chair, his hands clasped between his knees. There was a boyish, perplexed look on his face that made Nicole think of the Bat.

"You see, I had to think of Cullis. He hated advertising. I never met such a chap for avoiding notice. I didn't want to write the beastly book at all, but they said I must, for I was there; but I'd hate Cullis to feel that I'd given him away. He was my best friend."

Nicole said nothing, and in a minute Simon went on: "If only he'd succeeded! Then I shouldn't have minded. But to die like that when it seemed as if we were going to manage it— Still, it was a great

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end. I like to think of him there among the heights; it was what he always wanted. And he died satisfied, I think, for he knew we wouldn't leave it at that. He knew we'd come back. . . . Lots of people think that Cullis threw away his life—funny, isn't it?"

"It seems like madness to many," Nicole said.

"But you don't think it madness?"

"No; but I see the tremendous pity of it. In a war you must fight, but here you take your life and . . . don't you *care* whether you come back or not?"

"I?" Simon cleared his throat. "When I came home, ill and broken up, all I asked for was to go back and lay my bones beside Cullis, but now—now——"

The door opened and Christina appeared with the first preparations for tea, while just behind her came Lady Jane, saying:

"So you *have* had a caller! How d'you do, Mr. Beckett? It was kind of you to come and cheer the invalid."

### CHAPTER XXIII

"How blessed are we that are not simple men!"  
—*The Winter's Tale*.

TO say that Mrs. Jackson was disappointed on hearing that Nicole Rutherford was unable to fulfil her promise to help with the festivities is a poor, bald way of describing the utter despair that filled that poor lady. As people in moments of peril are said to see all their past life pass before them, Mrs. Jackson, still clutching the telegram, saw herself alone, unaided, exposed to the full battery of the country. It had been bad enough the thought of it all, the big dinner and the dance, even with Nicole beside her to bear the brunt, to receive, so to speak, the first shock of the encounter. On her young shoulders would have fallen the management of everything, on her would have depended the success or failure of the undertaking. But now—it was more than she could face by herself, and desperately she got to her feet and went to look for her son.

She found him in the library, smoking a pipe, deep in a book, and bustling towards him as fast as her high heels would permit, she wailed:

"Andy, *she's not coming!*"

Andrew laid down his book, and, getting up with his pipe in his hand, said: "Who?"

"Miss Rutherford, of course. She's in bed with a chill and there's no chance of her being able to travel, and all those people coming— Andy, I'm nearly demented."

"It's a pity, but surely we can manage ourselves."

"We *cannot* manage ourselves." And in her despair poor Mrs. Jackson nearly burst into tears. "A bonnie-like mess I'd make with no one beside me to tell me what to do! You know quite well that if I can put my foot in it I do it, and I can't talk. And, oh, the dance! The orchestra and the purveyors. . . . Oh, dear, dear, what made me think of trying to entertain? It was you, Andy, that said we should give a dinner to pay back, but the dance was a bit of show-off on my part."

"Wouldn't Mrs. Douglas help us?"

Mrs. Jackson dismissed the suggestion with an impatient shake of the head.

"It wouldn't be the same. With Nicole Rutherford beside me playing the daughter of the house I could have faced anything. Andy, could we not send wires to everyone that we've got something? Influenza, or a nervous breakdown. I'm sure I've got that all right."

Andrew thought for a minute. "Isn't there another Miss Rutherford—a cousin? Wouldn't she come?"

"She's called Miss Burt, and she's a standoffish thing, not a bit like my girl—besides, she wouldn't come."

"You could ask her."

As a drowning man clutches at a straw, so Mrs. Jackson clutched at this possibility. "You send a wire then, Andy, an urgent wire, so that they'd see things are desperate. Or mebbe I'd better write—she'd be a lot better than nobody."



It was now the ninth of March, and Miss Barbara Burt might arrive any minute. Andrew had gone to meet her in the car, much against his own inclination, but spurred thereto by his mother's eagerness.

"It would never do to let her arrive and find no one but a chauffeur. Besides, you know father'll not let Renwick leave the car for a minute, so it would be very awkward. . . . I'd go myself, but I dread the thought of having to talk to her all the way back. It's nothing to you to talk. I've often watched you chattering away like anything."

Andrew looked slightly dashed at this

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description of his conversational powers, but he only said: "Well, I don't expect to 'chatter' much to Miss Burt. When does the train come in? All right. I'll be there."

When Barbara got out of the train and stood looking about her for a porter to take her luggage to the car which she had been told would be waiting, a voice said: "Pardon me, but are you Miss Burt?" And she saw before her a young man in a light tweed suit, with pleasant grey eyes, and a smile that revealed very white, even teeth. She smiled and nodded. "And you are—?"

"I'm Andrew Jackson. We're most awfully grateful to you for coming. How is your cousin?"

"Better, thanks, though not fit to travel. She is greatly disappointed, for she had been looking forward to this visit. . . . The cane trunk and the hat-box and the case . . . yes, that's all."

Andrew turned to the porter. "Bring them along, will you? The car's outside. I'll take the dressing-bag."

They went out of the station, Andrew explaining that his father did not like the chauffeur to leave the car, in case the little wanton boys that abound round a station did it an injury.

"It seems a pity to worry," said Andrew, "but there it is!"

"What about the luggage? Doesn't Mr. Jackson object to that?"

"He does, if there's a lot," Andrew confessed. "But yours is modest. Is that all right, Renwick? Now we're off."

Barbara had looked forward with much distaste to this enforced visit to the old home, but she had made up her mind that, so far as in her lay, she would do her best to make it a success. She would try never to think about herself and her own feelings, but to enter into the feelings of others. She set Nicole before her as an example, for nobody knew better than did Barbara herself that she was not always a social success.

Now, carried swiftly along the well-remembered road, she told herself that things had begun well. She liked this young man with his kind, simple manner and his honest eyes, and she felt flattered that he wasted no time on the preliminaries of friendship, but plunged at once into what interested him.

Some remark was made about the countryside and Andrew said: "I wish you'd tell

me something about your uncle and your cousins."

Barbara turned to him with a very charming smile:

"You've chosen *the* subject I like best," she said.

"Everywhere I go," Andrew went on, "I hear about them, and everyone I meet has some story to tell me about them. It is rather remarkable, you know, the affection they seem to have inspired. Sir Walter Rutherford is still a name to conjure with in these parts, and I would very much like to know wherein lay the secret of his influence. You see, it's frightfully interesting to me who, in a way, must follow him. I hope you don't think this is cheek, but I'm very keen to carry on the tradition. I'm not saying it'll be easy, for we've everything against us—we're strangers—city folk. . . ."

"The Rutherfords were deep rooted in the soil," Barbara said, leaning forward to see some familiar landmark.

Andrew nodded. "That's it. They grew up with all the people round, their fathers had been friends, their grandfathers—away back—"

"Uncle Walter was the best of all the Rutherfords," Barbara said. "The others, my grandfather, and his father and farther back, were all fine men, but some of them were eccentric and queer; but he was the sanest, most reliable of men. There was something about him so big and kind and simple! He was austere too, in a way, and absolutely unshakable about what he thought was right and wrong.

Where tricks of words are never said,  
And Mercy is as plain as bread,  
And Honour is as hard as stone!

That was Uncle Walter—and Ronnie and Archie promised to be very much the same."

"They died young!"

"Twenty and twenty-two. Do you wonder their parents' hearts were broken? I sometimes think the War killed more fathers than mothers. Perhaps women's hearts are made to stand more, or perhaps it's because it is easier for them to speak out what they feel, but I've known several cases where the mother was able to go on, but the father, saying very little, just slipped out of life. Uncle Walter did that. It was as if something had broken that we couldn't mend. We tried to hold him back, but something far stronger drew him away. . . . Oh, it hasn't been easy these last years."

"And giving up Rutherford must have been very bad," Andrew said gently.

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Barbara had a sudden and almost overpowering inclination to burst there and then into a flood of tears. She turned and stared unseeing out of the window, and they had reached the gates of Rutherford before she felt sure of keeping her voice steady.

When the car drew up at the door, Mrs. Jackson stood waiting to receive them. She wore a smart gown, a hat with ospreys, and an ermine stole, determined to do full honours to the guest. Enormous fires blazed everywhere, and hot-house flowers scented the air.

"Not a word till you've had tea," was her greeting. "You must need it badly after such a long journey. Come right into the drawing-room. There now, sit there. Is that cushion quite comfortable? Would you like a footstool?"

Barbara, feeling like seventy and decrepit at that, refused a footstool but gladly accepted tea, while her hostess poured into her ears details about the arrangements. . . .

"The dinner I could cope with—we've given dinners before—but it's the dance. They keep telling me that the men'll do everything, prepare the floor and put everything right, but I don't know. The question is can you trust them? Wouldn't it be awful if there wasn't enough to eat, or if something went wrong with the orchestra? That orchestra! It fair weighs on my mind. I never had anything to do with them except just listening, of course, but I've often heard how difficult choirs are to manage, and I doubt orchestras will be worse. . . . It's a big undertaking, look at it any way you like."

Barbara soothed her and assured her everything would be all right. "When you go to a good firm they've a reputation to keep up; they won't fail you. . . . It ought to be a charming dance. I don't know if there has ever been a dance at Rutherford before. There was to have been one when I came out, but the War stopped it. Tell me, how have you arranged about the dancing? . . ."

Later, Mrs. Jackson having with great wealth of detail described all arrangements, at last conducted Barbara to her room and flung open the door impressively. Barbara almost recoiled.

The room was heated by radiators, but a large fire had been ordered as well. The walls glowed rosily, the carpet also was pink and very thick. A large crystal bowl of pink geranium and maidenhair fern stood on the dressing-table.

Mrs. Jackson clasped her hands before her and beamed.

"It doesn't need the fire for heat, but I thought it would be a nice welcome. I always think a fire's just a friend." She looked round complacently. "The room's changed a wee bit. I hope you like it. Can you mind what it was like before?"

*Could she "mind"?* This had been Lady Jane's own room and Barbara remembered every detail of it. The wallpaper had been white with a tiny sprig, and on it had hung colour drawings of her aunt's old home, rather vague and amateurish, but treasured by their owner. There had been a fine four-poster bed with a chintz valance round the top. In this room Nicole and Ronnie and Archie had been born. Barbara was grateful that Nicole had been unable to come.

Aloud she said: "There is a most wonderful difference. How did you manage to keep it all pink and get everything to tone so wonderfully?"

"I like pink," said Mrs. Jackson; "it's such a cheery colour and it wanted a complete change, for it was awful washed-out looking before."

"Nothing had been done for a long time."

"Oh, of course, we quite understood that. Besides it's far more satisfactory, I think, to do up a house to suit your own taste, and if it's been fairly recently done it seems extravagant. I wouldn't dare to meddle with the reception-rooms, for I'm not sure of myself, if you know what I mean; but in the matter of bedrooms I could let myself go. Our own room is yellow, ucha, carpet and all. They wanted me to have pale lemon walls and a grey carpet, and mebbe it would have been more artistic, but I like something strong. It's not to call orange, exactly, but it's tending that way. I'll let you see it; it's lovely. Then we've a pale blue room and two other pink rooms and two pure white suites and— But there, you'll see them all to-morrow. Here am I keeping you standing all this time. Would you like to rest till dinner time? Your luggage is all in the dressing-room so as not to litter your room. Esther'll be unpacking it now. Isn't that a queer name for a housemaid—Esther? I always think of the king, you know, and the poor girl going in to beg for her people, and Haman being hung and all that. Aren't there some queer stories in the Bible? . . . Well, I'll leave you to yourself for a bit. I'll mebbe take a rest myself, for what with all the things I've got to think of, and you coming,

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I'm real worn out." She still lingered; then: "Well, tata," she said with a wave of her hand, and left her guest feeling both dazed and exhausted.

At dinner Barbara met for the first time the new owner of Rutherford. It was surprising to see such a rich man so thin, and he had an oddly detached air, as if he had no connexion with his surroundings. Perhaps, Barbara thought, he could be more at home in his Glasgow office. She found him fairly easy to talk to, but then, as she reflected, a man is always interesting when he talks his own shop.

After dinner Mr. Jackson went off at once to his own den, and Barbara talked by the drawing-room fire with her hostess and Andrew. Very soon Mrs. Jackson's head began to nod, and her son rose and put a cushion more comfortably behind her head.

"Oh, thank you, Andy," she said, and roused herself to say apologetically to Barbara, "Was I nodding? Sleep comes on me like an armed man. I must ask you to excuse me. . . ."

The young people continued to talk for a little, then Andrew asked if Barbara played the piano.

"I do, but—" She looked towards her sleeping hostess.

"It's all right," he assured her. "It won't disturb my mother. Will you play for me?"

They went together to the piano and Andrew produced a pile of music.

"I play these with one finger. They're mostly Gilbert and Sullivan. But play anything you like—I'm tremendously keen on music." So Barbara played what she could remember and Andrew listened. Presently she broke into the music of *Patience*, and they sang together "A magnet hung in a hardware shop," and "Tell me, pretty maiden."

Mrs. Jackson woke up at intervals and pretended to beat time, only to doze off again.

When Johnson brought in the tray at ten o'clock he coughed discreetly to waken his mistress, and she promptly sat up, put on her slippers, which she was apt to kick off as the evening advanced, and, looking incredibly alert and wakeful, said in a loud, English voice: "What a treat to have a little music. Andy, you're in luck to-night."

Barbara left the piano and came over to the fire.

"We've had quite a concert, haven't

we?" she said, holding out her hands to the blaze. "Your son has a delightful voice; you should make him take lessons."

"D'you hear that, Andy? It's what I always say, Miss Burt. He had always a nice voice. I mind when he wasn't more than three, he would sit beside me and sing 'Lord, a little band and lowly,' and 'Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,' as sweet as sweet. He had golden curls, Miss Burt, though you wouldn't think it to look at him now, and he wore a wee blue velvet suit, sort of made like a sailor but trimmed with lace. He was an awful nice wee boy!"

Andrew looked at his mother with a quizzical expression as she retailed these confidences to their guest, but only said:

"Here's your hot water, mother. Miss Burt—"

"May I have some hot water?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Jackson. "There's nothing like it. I think a glass of hot water every night gives you a wash inside. As my mother used to say, 'The stomach's an ill dish to clean.' I'm sure I hope we'll all get a good sleep to-night and be well for to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XXIV

"Withal it is a kindly face and belongs to one who is without pretensions."—GLASGOW IN 1901.

WHEN Barbara went down to breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock, she found her hostess alone in the morning-room.

"Come away! Did you sleep well? That's right. Mr. Jackson's away to Edinburgh to some sort of meeting, and Andy's taken him to Galashiels, so we'll have breakfast cosily together. I've the hot rolls and scones and toast down by the fire to keep hot, and I've just this moment made the tea. Or would you prefer coffee? They're both here, so say the word." She patted Barbara into a chair and hovered round her. "Now will you begin with fish? No? Well, then, kidney and bacon"—she peeped into another hot dish—"and here's poached-eggs."

"But—" Barbara got up and joined her hostess at the sideboard. "I'm not going to let you wait on me like this. I expect you were up seeing Mr. Jackson away and you must want your breakfast. Please sit down and let me look after you. Everything looks most tempting. What will you have?"



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"No," said Mrs. Jackson firmly. "I never take anything but a cup of tea and a bit of dry toast. I'm no great breakfast hand. Indeed, for all so stout's I am, I don't make much of any meal. But you're a young thing. Sit down, and don't mind me waiting on you. I like it. Indeed, I don't get half enough of it, for Father gets kind of irritated if I press him, and Andy waits on me. I hope you don't mind getting your breakfast in here. I thought it would be as well to leave the dining-room free all day. Indeed, I think I've provoked Johnson suggesting it should get a sort of thorough clean out. . . . But it's always been my way if people were coming to give the dining-room a good do out. When I had only the one girl I did it, and at Deneholm, if there was a party on I would say to the housemaid, 'Give the room an extra good do out, so that there'll be some pleasure in making it all nice with flowers and that.'"

"A very good plan," Barbara agreed, buttering a hot roll.

"Of course I could do that in a house like Deneholm, but here it's different. Can you tell me if the rooms were turned out regularly in your time, for I can't get any satisfaction about it. I said to the head housemaid that I'd always been used to having the rooms turned out on regular days, and she said, 'Yes, madam'; but for the life of me I can't tell you whether she meant to do it or not. And you can't always be asking at superior servants."

"No," said Barbara; "but after all they are your rooms—"

"The bedrooms are done all right. It's the hall and all the reception-rooms. Unless they're done before breakfast they're never done. So I said very mildly to Johnson that I thought the dining- and drawing-rooms would be the better of a special clean, but I could see he didn't like it."

"But you don't mind Johnson surely? He's as gentle as a lamb though he looks like an archbishop. My cousins once locked him into his own pantry!"

"Fancy that!" Mrs. Jackson looked awed. "How did you dare? . . . I wish you'd advise me what to do about the ladies to-night—I mean about taking off their wraps. Any time we've dined out round here I've just left my cloak in the hall, and never a glass to look into. I don't like that sort of comfortless way of doing and yet it's a day's journey to take them to a bed-

room—though of course it would show them more of the house."

"Why not put a table into that funny little room that opens into the library, with a mirror and brushes, and a maid to help?" Barbara suggested.

Mrs. Jackson looked thoughtful and said: "The very thing. I wonder I never thought of it, and it's so convenient to the front door. Well—if we just had the dinner well over we could give our whole minds to the dance. There's one thing, I can trust Mrs. Asprey. I needn't give a thought to how things'll come up, and I'm sure it's a mercy, for goodness knows I'll have enough to do trying to make conversation with Lord Langlands. I'll have to go in with him, though he fairly paralyses any little mind I've got. You know the slow way he speaks, and the sort of intent way he stares at you while he's speaking? I simply can't meet that gaze of his; my head jerks in spite of me, and I try crumbling toast and doing things with my hands, or I don't know what I might be driven to do—scream, mebbe."

Barbara laughed. "I know. It's his solemn way; he's certainly without humour."

Mrs. Jackson sighed. "I've only really enjoyed myself once out, and that was at Kingshouse. Mrs. Douglas has a real knack as a hostess. She never lets anyone feel out of it, and she makes everything go. Have another kidney, my dear? No? A wee touchy cold ham? Well—some marmalade?"

"Thanks. . . . But you are beginning to feel at home, aren't you?"

Mrs. Jackson was sitting with her elbows on the table and her cup held in both hands. "Yes," she said, "uch yes. Of course I see fine how the people about here regret the Rutherfurds and just receive us on sufferance, so to speak. They's civil, of course, and they make the best of us; but I see myself what a change it is. Here was Lady Jane that they all adored, and Miss Nicole and you, and the house so pleasant and all their interests in common, and now they come stiffly to call, and we speak about the weather and the nursing association—"

"Oh, tell me, how is that doing?" Barbara cried.

"Oh, fine! . . . If you've finished I'll let you see the house. But I'd better see first about the arrangement for the ladies leaving their wraps."

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So Barbara followed her hostess and heard her giving the order.

"In here," she directed Johnson. "A table, you said, Miss Burt? Would any sort of table do? We could hardly bring down a dressing-table."

"Oh, no—any table—a writing-table. And have you a standing mirror?"

"There's one with two side wings that used to be in my room, but I put it away because it always gave me a shock to see my profile. It stands."

"The very thing—and hair-pins and powder and that sort of thing."

"I'll let you see the glass; it's in the pale-blue room," and Mrs. Jackson began to pad hastily across the hall to the stairs, followed by Barbara.

Once upstairs, they inspected every room with some thoroughness, Mrs. Jackson talking busily all the time. It was long since she had had such a happy, well-occupied morning, and she was agreeably surprised to find her guest so easy to get on with, so appreciative a listener and so helpful with sympathy and suggestions.

"This is the pale-blue room. A little cold, perhaps, at this time of year, but pleasant in summer. I'm very fond of pale blue myself. I always wanted to have a wee girl to dress in white muslin with a blue sash! . . . That's the glass."

"The very thing," Barbara declared. "You can see your head all round, and that's such a comfort in these days of tidy heads, when every hair must be in place."

"Well yes, but I never heed . . . yours is very neat. You were asking about the nursing association?"

"Yes; my aunt took a tremendous interest in it, and we had a sale here every year."

Mrs. Jackson sat down heavily in a chair and held up her hands playfully.

"You don't need to tell me that, my dear. The times I've heard it! These committee meetings are a treat! Lady Langlands sits at the head of the table with the matron beside her and all the members sitting round, and my! I would just like some of my Glasgow friends to see the way they're dressed. A viscountess and all, and you wouldn't give tuppence for all she's on. A wisp of a scarf round her neck and the plainest of coats and skirts and a bashed sort of hat and big thick shoes. I wonder her maid can bear to let her out. . . . Some of the ladies are real smart, but all to the plain side—just tweeds and that. But I never heed; I go in my sables, with

all my rings and so on; not being a viscountess I can't afford to be shabby."

Mrs. Jackson stopped to chuckle at her own wit, and Barbara said brightly: "I know those committee meetings. Do they bore you badly?"

"Not me! I'm amused. It came up the other day about the sale Lady Jane always had, and what a help it was to the funds, and what could take its place and so on. And Lady Langlands looked kind of helpless and said, 'Couldn't we have an entertainment of some kind—*tableaux vivants*, perhaps?' and nobody said yes or no; but they looked at each other, and I looked out of the window. Goodness knows I wouldn't mind writing them a cheque for the amount of the sale, but I won't be hinted at. They should ask me straight out to have the sale—don't you think so?"

"Well!" Barbara smiled. "It isn't easy to ask, is it? I quite know how you feel, but it would be noble of you to offer. Is Miss Cumming still matron? She was such a nice woman."

"Didn't you know? She's married. U'cha. Married to a widower with four children, but quite well off, and we gave her two silver *entrée* dishes, small but solid, for a present. . . . I never speak a word at those meetings, for I never can think of anything intelligent to say. But I'm keeping you here all morning, and you'll have letters to write, no doubt? Lunch is at one-fifteen."

Andrew was in to luncheon, and afterwards he and Barbara went for a walk up the glen to the farthest shepherd's cottage. It was a fresh March day, and they found it pleasant to stride over the springy turf and leap the hill burns swollen with February rain.

For most of the way they walked in companionable silence.

At the top of the glen, while they stood looking at the rounded hills crowding round them, Andrew said, "I think you like walking in silence; I do myself."

"Yes," Barbara agreed. "Walkers should only talk when the spirit moves them. To try to make conversation among the hills would be ridiculous. How I love the heather burning! I think of Rutherford oftenest in early spring weather: steely blue skies and burns running full with rain, and grey smoke hanging on the hill-sides."

Andrew leant behind a dyke lighting his pipe.

After a minute he said, "It must have



"Mr. Jackson added nothing to the gaiety of the evening.  
He stood about, looking rather dazed"—p. 496

Drawn by  
John Cameron

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been a hard job for you to give up Rutherford: I've only lately realized how hard. Your cousin—did she feel it very badly?"

"Nicole!" Barbara gave a little laugh. "It's so hard to say what Nicole feels. She doesn't talk much about her own feelings, she is so interested in other people's. . . . You say you love Rutherford after a few months. What do you suppose it means to the people who . . . Oh, don't let's talk about it."

When they got back they had a merry tea at the end of the long refectory table in the hall, and then went in to see the dinner-table.

"This is charming," Barbara said. "I do like glass so much better than silver."

"Awfully fragile though," Mrs. Jackson reminded her. "We got these lace mats in Italy."

The long table was bare but for the lace mats. Down the centre were placed three wide glass bowls filled with pink tulips, and six tall glass candlesticks with pink shades.

"What are you wearing to-night, may I ask? Black and white. I just hoped it might be pink to go with the decorations. I'm awfully fond of having everything in keeping, but with my figure I can't wear pink. Not but what quite elderly women wear it now and look well, but they always tell me that black's best for me. I'm brightened up to-night, though, with silver embroidery all down the front—beautiful. To-morrow for the dance I'm wearing gold tissue. As I said to Andy there, it would depress the whole company to see the hostess in black, and besides, I think gold tissue'll look awfully well against all that black oak, eh? Did I tell you there are three young men coming to stay, friends of Andy's? I think we'll have more men than girls, and that's a good fault at a dance. Every house in the district nearly is bringing a party, but I'm not going to think of it, for I get so nervous."

Barbara laid her hand on Mrs. Jackson's arm and said, "You'll be thoroughly tired before eight o'clock, for you've been seeing after things all day. Come up to your room and let me tuck you up on the sofa with a book; you'll be asleep before you know."

"Well—I believe I will. Andy, see that Father doesn't go to the study when he comes in. Send him straight up. . . ."

At a quarter to eight they all waited in the drawing-room. The door opened and

Mrs. Jackson moistened her lips and took a step forward, while her husband retreated to the fireplace.

After that Mrs. Jackson was only confusedly conscious of shaking hands and trying to say things, of watching Barbara being greeted by everyone and going happily from one to another, of realizing between the measured remarks of Lord Langlands that it was an excellent dinner and that surely things were going well—

About eleven o'clock they all stood round the fire again, in the reaction that follows a strain, Mr. Jackson inclined to be mildly facetious and his wife happily loosed from bonds.

"Well, that's over," said Andy.

"And *well* over," said his mother. "I declare, I'm quite looking forward to to-morrow now."

"It only needs a beginning," said Mr. Jackson, beginning to wind his watch. "I'm going away to my bed."

"So'm I," said his wife, "though I'm too excited to sleep—" She bustled up to Barbara. "Good night, my dear. You were both an ornament and a great help. If you don't mind, I'd like to kiss you."

## CHAPTER XXV

"I should like balls infinitely better if they were carried on in a different manner. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day."

"Much more rational I daresay, but it would not be near so like a ball."—JANE AUSTEN.

**F**ORTUNE continued to smile on Mrs. Jackson, and her dance passed off without a hitch.

The dreaded orchestra arrived, did their work, and departed in the odour of sanctity. Everybody seemed happy, the dancers, the bridge players, and those who looked on. The supper was something to dream of, the decorations charming and not overdone, and above all there was that air of jollity about without which no party can be called a success.

Barbara thought this was largely due to the hostess herself. She was so obviously eager that everyone should have a good time, so beamingly happy to see her guests enjoy themselves, so all-pervadingly kind and cheerful.

Mr. Jackson, on the contrary, added nothing to the gaiety of the evening. He stood about, looking rather dazed, the

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festive look of the flower in his buttonhole belied by his face. Melancholy seemed to have claimed him for her own. He had nothing to say to anyone; sometimes he played a tune on his front teeth with the nail of his forefinger (a trick he had when bored); and every now and then he yawned widely, with no attempt at concealment.

Barbara owned to herself that never had she enjoyed a dance so much. She had been made to feel important. Old friends had crowded round her. She had been conscious of looking her best, of being gay and pleasing, desired as a partner, a real asset to her hostess.

She and Andrew had not danced much together, but when they passed each other they had exchanged understanding smiles which seemed to establish an intimacy that no amount of talking could have done.

Lying in bed the morning after the dance, Barbara thought things over. She had only been a few days at Rutherford, but already Kirkmeikle seemed far away and unimportant. She stretched herself in her most comfortable bed, appreciating the fineness of the linen and the lace that trimmed it, and looked round her. She did so like the space, the feeling of the big, quiet house worked so smoothly by efficient servants. She liked to think of the lawns, the gardens, the moorland that lay all round. It gave her a feeling of being apart, not merely one of the multitude, which was pleasant.

She had thought she would hate being in a Rutherford that belonged to strangers, that all virtue would have gone out of the place for her; but to her surprise she found that it was not so. Why it was she could not tell, but it actually seemed to belong to her now in a way that it had never done before. The present owners seemed not to matter, to be merely accidental, and as for their son—he mattered certainly; he seemed to belong too, to belong to her.

Barbara looked the matter straight in the face. She did not disguise from herself that her intention was to marry Andrew Jackson. He could give her what she wanted. All her life Rutherford had come first with her. As a child she had been aware of her own passion, and had sometimes almost hated her cousins for their light acceptance of such an inheritance. They had not seemed to care; but she had always cared. If she married Andrew it would be hers. The loathed Burt part of her would pass away and be forgotten. People would say: "Mrs. Jackson of

Rutherford—you know, of course, that she was one of the old Rutherfords. Yes, so suitable."

And surely it had been meant. Surely it was fate that had sent her here. She remembered with complacency that the visit had been none of her arranging; she had not plotted or planned. She had come to oblige her cousin, to perform an unpleasant duty; but whenever she had met Andrew at the station she had known that her task would be a light one. And on his side there seemed to be the same attraction. He had walked with her and talked and laughed with her, had sought her out, had seemed pleased at his success with his mother.

But if Nicole had been able to come herself!

Barbara sat back against the pillows and folded her arms.

"What he likes about me," she told herself, "are the Nicole bits."

She had been aware that she was quoting her cousin sometimes when she talked with Andrew, and it was then that he had looked at her with bright, interested eyes.

"He cares for things in the way she cares for them. In a way I'm winning him on false pretences, but I don't care. It isn't as if I were hurting Nicole or defrauding her of anything. She doesn't want him; her whole thoughts are for Simon Beckett. I believe she'd help me if she knew I cared so much."

Barbara shook back her hair impatiently. She could rest in bed no longer; she must get up and be active and not think.

Bathed and dressed, she studied herself in the mirror. She was very good-looking, with regular features and clear eyes that looked out from under straight brows. A handsome, wholesome woman endowed with no disturbing charm, but eminently fitted to be a good wife and mother, a competent, dignified mistress of a house. But Barbara sighed as she turned to go downstairs.

Mrs. Jackson she found in the morning-room reading the *Glasgow Herald*.

"Here you are as fresh as a daisy," was her greeting, "and everything tidied up as if there hadn't been a soul here. Entertaining's easy, after all, and very repaying. I'm sure it was a pretty sight, and you looked a treat, my dear. You were as smart as could be, but not overdone, if you know what I mean. Father was a little upset at the sights some of them had made of themselves. Hardly clothed, you might say. I'm sure I was sorry for the gentlemen who

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had to dance with them. Say what you like, so much bare skin's not pretty to see. Disgusting, I call it."

Barbara laughed and agreed, and Mrs. Jackson went on happily.

"Did you get your breakfast comfortably? The papers have just come. Here's the *Herald*. Perhaps you prefer the *Scotsman*. We take both, of course, but it's the *Herald* I'm used to. I've read it all my days, and I can't find my way about in the *Scotsman*; besides you miss a lot of deaths. It's queer; you'd think people would put their deaths into both papers, but they don't. . . . I suppose for the east the west hardly exists, and the other way round. Births, too, of course. But deaths are more important, for people are wonderfully touchy about you not writing. Well, well, the gentlemen have gone out: Andy's taken his friends a motor-run to see the country. They were sorry you weren't down in time, but you were quite right to take a long lie. . . . Mrs. Douglas made me promise to take you there to lunch to-morrow, and Lady Langlands wants us on Saturday, and—"

"Oh, but—I'm afraid I ought to go home to-morrow."

Mrs. Jackson raised both hands in protest.

"Never! Never in this world. You came here to do me a kindness, and what I'd have done without you I don't know. And now you are here you must stay for a bit and see all your friends that are so keen to see you. And Andy has lots of places he wants to take you. . . . I've just been thinking it would be awfully nice if your cousin, Miss Nicole, could join you here. The change would do her a lot of good after the nasty turn's she's had, and you'd be so happy together among your old friends. D'you think your aunt could spare her just for a few days? I'll write this very minute, and you might write too and urge her; say what an awful pleasure it would be for us all. Don't you think it's a lovely plan?"

"A very lovely plan," said Barbara, and if her tone carried no conviction Mrs. Jackson noticed nothing as, well pleased with herself, she went off to write to Nicole immediately, leaving Barbara to toy with the *Herald*.

Andrew and his friends were back in time for luncheon, which was a somewhat trying meal, for Mrs. Jackson's idea of entertaining young men was to subject them to a constant stream of light banter which so exhausted them that they retired to the

smoking-room and there slept peacefully till tea time.

Barbara went upstairs to put on her outdoor things.

She was standing in the hall, idly looking at a magazine that she had taken from the neatly arranged selection on the table, when Andrew appeared.

"Oh, you're going out," he said. "Anywhere particular?"

Barbara laid down her magazine. "No, I just felt I wanted a walk on the hills. Will you lend me a stick? I didn't bring one."

"Come and choose. May I come with you, or would you rather go alone? Tell the truth, please."

Barbara laughed. "Oh, I'm a horribly truthful person always. I shall speak 'sad brow and true maid.' If your friends don't need you—how polite we are!—I shall be very glad of your company. To tell you the truth, I'm terrified of tramps. That's why I asked for a stick, though it'll only be a moral support. I'm quite sure I could never hit even the most belligerent beggar."

As they went out, Mrs. Jackson came bustling in from a visit she had been paying to the chauffeur's wife.

"Going for a walk? That's right. It's a cold wind but fine and bright. I've been to see Mrs. Renwick's baby and, what d'you think, Andy? It's to be called after you."

Andrew looked rather abashed, but his mother was radiant.

"I think it's awful nice. We've never had anyone called after us before. We must see about a present, something really handsome but useful too. Well, see and have a nice walk. T'ta!"



That night, as the owners of Rutherford were going to bed in their yellow room, Mrs. Jackson, who had been thoughtfully putting her hair into curl-pins, said:

"Father, d'you think Andy likes Miss Burt?"

"How should I know?" said her husband, much embarrassed.

"Well—I think he does, and it's not what I intended. Since that first day that I came to look at Rutherford I've had one wish, and that was that Andy should marry Nicole. That's why I was so anxious to give the dance—you thought I was daft, I know—it was an excuse to bring her here and get them acquainted. I was quite sure that Andy, whenever he saw her, would take



## THE PROPER PLACE

a fancy to her like I did. And here——" Mrs. Jackson threw out her hands almost in despair.

"Would Miss Burt take Andy?" Mr. Jackson asked.

His wife gave a short laugh. "There's not much fear of that."

"Well, she's quite a nice girl." Mr. Jackson crawled into bed.

"If you've never seen the other one," said Mrs. Jackson, who was looking into the fire. "Miss Burt's been all that is kind and helpful, and it little becomes me to say anything against her, but there's all the difference in the world between her and her cousin. Miss Burt helps you because she is there to do it and it's her duty: Nicole does it as if she loved it. Miss Burt thinks in her heart that we—you and me, father, not

Andy—are the lower orders; but with Nicole there is neither Jew nor Gentile, as the saying is. It was Nicole I wanted to live here with Andy. . . . But mebbe it's not too late yet. I've written and begged her to come, and I'm hoping that when Andy sees her——"

Mr. Jackson tapped his teeth with his forefinger in a perplexed way.

"It's hard on Miss Burt," he said.

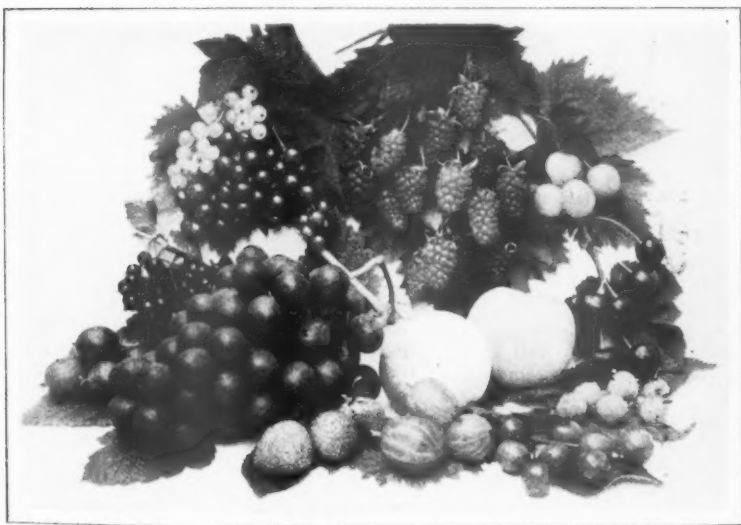
His wife took off a very ornate dressing-gown and hung it on the back of a chair. "So it is," she said; "but somebody's got to be hurt in this world."

Mr. Jackson was not satisfied.

"I never thought you were so hard-hearted, mamma," he remarked.

"I've got Andy to think of," said his wife.

(To be continued)



When Spring, with icy winds and hurtling showers  
Denies the promise of the days to come;  
When frost, fog, snow, kill buds in rosy bowers,  
And fields and orchards lie stricken dumb,  
Then, even then, is fitting time to dream  
Of summer suns, of skies serene,  
Of autumn with its fruit and flowers.  
Wild raspberries, currants, cherries, pears,  
The Spring with icy winds may chill  
The heart and sicken with its menace ill,  
But summer suns will ripen seed and flower and grain,  
Bright hours, glad days will greet the earth again.

# *Things that Matter*

by Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

## THE TRUE SPIRITUALISM

I HAVE reason to suppose that the readers of these articles would welcome some suggestions as to how Spiritualism should be regarded from the thoughtful and progressive Christian standpoint; and, certainly, human nature being what it is, the subject is never likely to lose its attractiveness. Since Spiritualism, as a system, originated in America about seventy years ago, public interest in it has ebbed and flowed to a marked degree; but the present revival is, of course, a natural consequence of the tragedies and bereavements and the general unsettlement of recent years. On every hand there are desolate hearts and perplexed minds ready to snatch at any crumb of assurance or comfort, from whatever quarter it may come.

### What Happens After Death ?

The problem of what happens after death may be shelved or ignored for a time; but it is never finally done with, and it has a way of specially asserting itself in times of emergency and crisis. It is then that the truth comes home to us that, try as we may, we cannot live by bread alone; we are more than flesh and blood, and there is in every one of us a spiritual nature that, sooner or later, will seek satisfaction.

This, to me, is the central and hopeful feature of the present situation. Although numbers are swamped in pleasure-seeking and materialism, numbers of others are spiritually alive and hungry; and the renewed interest in Spiritualism is one of the signs of this.

In the nature of things, the revival will, in due course, spend itself, leaving some people comforted and many disillusioned. Meanwhile, what is the plain man to think of it all, and, in particular, what sort of lead ought Christian teachers to give? For myself, looking at the question from a

common-sense standpoint, I should put first and foremost the duty of keeping an open mind. We ought long ago to have outgrown the notion that there is any finality in divine revelation, and that it is useless, even "wicked," to look for fresh truth outside the covers of the Bible. The Churches will quickly lose what hold they have on thoughtful people if they try to put an embargo on Spiritualism on the ground that "we were not meant to know about these things."

### Ready to Face Facts

Who can say what we are "meant" to find out on this or any other question? As life goes with most of us under present conditions, our spiritual nature does not get a fair chance. But, supposing it were exercised and developed and given full scope, who knows what hidden things might be revealed, and what truths of the unseen world might be discovered?

Every fair discussion of Spiritualism must take this into account, and we must show ourselves ready to face and sift the facts. But what of the facts? To the average person, who can only give limited time to such a subject, they are bewildering enough. But the main question is, has Spiritualism taken us any farther? Has it really told us anything fresh and enlightening concerning the unseen? Most people will feel that the answer must be in the negative. It is a case where the wish is father to the thought; and there is no need to insist on the eagerness with which we should welcome any true help to the solution of the great riddle of the other world.

Still, there are certain difficulties about Spiritualism which there is no getting over. For one thing, the alleged "communications" are so disappointingly trivial as almost to excuse this outburst of Huxley's:

## THINGS THAT MATTER

"The only good that I can see in the demonstration of the truth of 'Spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a séance."

An important case in point is that of Richard Hodgson, a former secretary of the Psychical Research Society. It has been remarked that, for several years after his death, Mrs. Piper, the famous medium, scarcely held a sitting without some manifestation of what professed to be Hodgson's spirit. Of trifling incidents which might be useful in establishing his identity he talked abundantly. But when questioned about the circumstances of his present existence, he either drivelled, or excused himself clumsily and departed. To name two other notable instances, what enlightening or essentially important messages have ever been received from Frederick Myers or William James?

### Mediums and Fraud

Moreover, the plain man can draw his own conclusions from the plain fact that, whether famous or obscure, mediums have been constantly associated with fraud. Not that this ought to shut the door on the whole subject. The fact that many or even most mediums are fraudulent is no more fatal to Spiritualism than the hypocrisy and inconsistency of many professed Christians is fatal to Christianity. But the fact is nevertheless damaging, and, taken in conjunction with the character of other spiritualistic data, is enough to make one pause before embracing the system.

But we ought not to be content with a merely negative attitude. If the extravagances of Spiritualism are to be successfully countered, we must restate the Christian doctrine of the future in terms that the modern mind can grasp and accept. The present day is in no mood for sentimental and unpractical other-worldism. Nevertheless, what we think of the future does make a difference to how we use the present; and, whether consciously or not, we are continually feeling after a conception of the next life that will help us to make the best of *this* life. If people do not find this in one direction, they will look for it in another; and this goes far to account for the attraction of Spiritualism.

### True Must Displace False

The false must be displaced by the true;

and we must begin by declaring that the orthodox doctrine of heaven and hell is out of touch with facts of human nature. We feel instinctively that few people, if any, are good enough to "go straight to heaven," and that none are so entirely and irredeemably bad as to "go straight to hell" and be kept there for ever. All such ideas are based on an unintelligently literalist interpretation of the words of Christ; and to insist on them is to encourage people to take refuge in Spiritualism or any other system that offers them something more intelligible and helpful.

### Death, Progress and Discipline

All that is best and most enlightened in us encourages us to think of death as a physical detail which leaves the character, the essential self, unchanged. If a man is coarse and vicious the moment before death, he does not suddenly become refined and virtuous through the shedding off of his body; neither does a money-grubber become generous in the twinkling of an eye. As we end here we begin there, and we go on learning and being disciplined in the great school of life. Only, when our bodily limitations have been got rid of, we shall presumably be more sensitive to spiritual truths.

This means that *there* we realize the meaning of things as we could not realize it *here*. We learn more readily and progress more rapidly. We are gradually refined and purified until the possibilities for good that are in us all become revealed and developed. Some people may get alarmed at this because it smacks of purgatory. Of course it does! There can be no understandable and helpful view of the future which does not teach that, after death, we go on being *purged* and educated and strengthened. It is foolish to be afraid of this thoroughly wholesome truth because Romanism has mixed up its idea of purgatory with masses and indulgences and other superstitions. Why give up truth because other people have surrounded it with error?

For obvious reasons, it is little use indulging in detailed conjecture as to the nature of the future life. Let half a dozen thoughtful people exchange ideas on the subject, and they will quickly realize how differences of standpoint and temperament make a cleavage between the views of those who on most other questions find themselves in agreement. What I have said

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above gives, as I venture to think, a natural and convincing outline which each reader will find it most profitable to fill in for himself.

But we cannot, and need not, leave the question there. That theology makes a fatal mistake which tells people that they can have no manner of communion with their loved ones who have passed into the unseen. It is this unwarrantable attitude that gives Spiritualism its opportunity. Say what we may, if personal survival is a fact, people will refuse to believe that death puts them out of touch with those who have meant everything to them in this world.

### Prayers for the Dead

Take, for example, the question of prayers for the dead. Numbers of good Protestants are shocked at the idea, because it has been so much bound up with superstitions. But sensible men should brush this aside as of little account compared with the natural instinct which tells us that the great mystery of prayer does not spend all its force on this side of the grave.

What reason is there for thinking that the change which we call death puts those we care for beyond the reach of any influence we can bring to bear? Prayer is so essentially a spiritual influence, so largely independent of material limitations, that it is the most natural thing in the world to believe that its power stretches beyond the grave. This is how the case is put by Dr. Barnes, the present Bishop of Birmingham, and one of the best equipped among modern religious teachers: "God is the supreme link of the Universe, and it may be that all communications between the living and the dead are conveyed through Him. If this is so, the dead will influence us through their prayers to Him; and we, if we believe that they are still struggling towards final perfection, may aid them by our prayers to God."

Here, then, quite apart from Spiritualism as ordinarily understood is one all-important means of relationship with the unseen. In addition, there are the wonderful possibilities of telepathy, with all that they imply as regards the nature of human personality. If in this present life certain people, properly "tuned" and sensitive to each other, can communicate from a distance without writing or speech, why should that power cease when the spirit is

released from the limitations of the body? If, under existing conditions, I can be sensitive to influences and impressions from, say, a friend in India, it is difficult to believe that death puts him altogether beyond my reach.

In this life, when two people are sensitive in touch with each other, their finest intercourse is often carried on by silence. In fact, the deeper and higher we go, the less serviceable do words grow, until at last they may become a hindrance rather than a help; and then the best and only thing is to "hear" each other's silence.

So it is, at least, here and now; nor is there any reason to suppose that death steals this privilege from us. It opens out a great possibility. How far we realize it must depend on ourselves—not on our being spiritual "subjects" or clairvoyants or anything of that sort, but on our character, and especially on our keeping ourselves spiritually alive and sensitive. We may not be conscious of the communion; and, indeed, the whole subject is veiled in a mystery we cannot penetrate. But if, consciously or unconsciously, we are to be ready to receive vital and ennobling influences from the unseen, we must keep our own lives at the highest possible level.

Belief and practice along some such lines as these is what I call the true Spiritualism; and I commend it as a good working faith, at once free from spurious excitement and full of wholesome incentive.



### The Quotation

*We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice to duty, every new insight into God's works, associates us with the departed and brings us nearer to them. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in.*—CHANNING.



### THE PRAYER

WE thank Thee, O Father, that as we pursue the journey of life, we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses—even those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises of God. As we meet our difficulties and fight our temptations, may we not feel cut off from our friends in the unseen; but may the thought of them inspire us to be brave and win our victory.

# Your Kitchen Toolbox

*Right Tools for the Homemaker*

*By*

*Louise Rice*

THE village shoemaker who repairs my shoes lives in a little house which is both his home and his place of business. It is also his wife's place of business. She not only does all the work of the home, but she sells home-made bread and cake, fresh eggs, broilers, squash, pickles, potato salad, and sundry other edibles. When I went in the other day to have a heel straightened, I was struck with the array of tools which the shoemaker had right at hand. No matter what the job, there was always ready for him in his toolbox just the thing he needed with which to work.

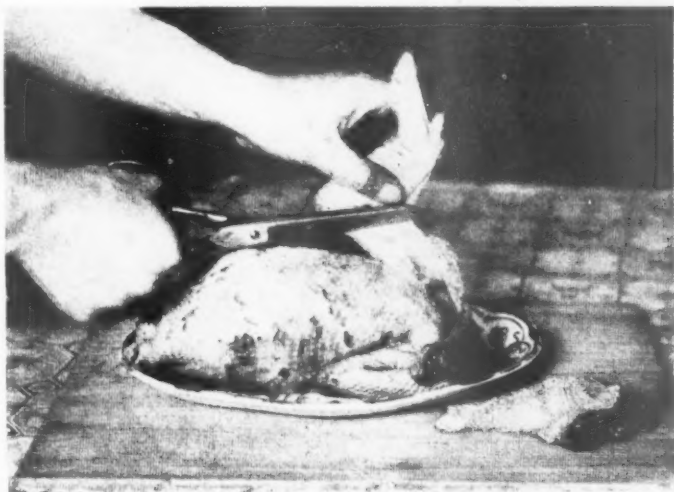
In the kitchen, where I waited while I had a chat and ordered a cake—for the week-end, I observed that the beating of the whites of eggs was being done with a fork, that the potato-knife had a broken point which effectively prevented the peeler from gouging out the eyes, and the dishpan leaked; yet, it is the shoemaker's wife and not the shoemaker who is the real money-getter. And she is the housekeeper besides; but *her* toolbox would be scorned by any man apprentice to the humblest job in existence.

This tendency of women to get along with whatever they have, no matter how inadequate, is the outcome, of course, of untold generations during which all the money was in the hands of the men, who portioned it out with the best intentions, but nevertheless, with the worst of judgment.

Even to-day, though, with all the tools that are available, we women still try to "get along," even when it's not a matter of money which prevents us from having the right tools. We just don't stop to realize that we are working with primitive instruments.

Take knives, for instance. A man-cook from one of the big West-End hotels once promised to come to my home and show me how to lunge a chicken before it was cooked—something that very few cooks can do. I had all the knives in the place sharpened before he arrived, but he just sighed and shrugged most expressively when he saw them, and put on his coat again. He said there wasn't a real knife in the collection, and the next day he sent me a slender, thin little thing that looked more like a stiletto than what I would have called a knife; but oh, what a little wonder when I began to carve with it! It was a butcher's knife.

The knives which you buy indiscriminately in places where you pay fancy prices for them are often not worth space in your



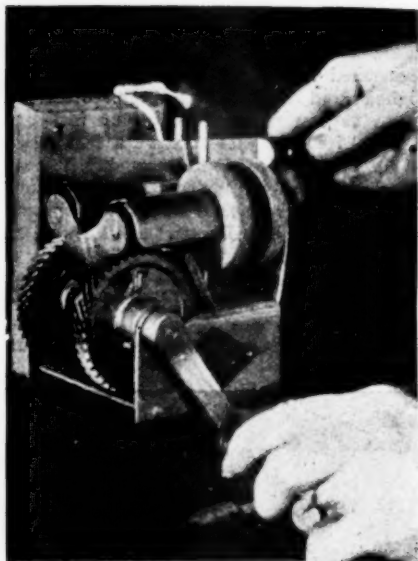
Many operations which are difficult with a knife can be done much better with scissors

## THE QUIVER

toolbox. One has to know a good knife when one sees it. Many times, by hunting, I have found the wonderful knives that the hotel chefs buy, which enable them to serve those ethereally thin pieces of chicken, three of which go to a portion, for which you pay a good price. But I knew a good knife the very moment that I saw it.

These knives begin with a very small and fine one, and go on up to the cleaver with which you can crack the heaviest bone of a beef. They will not be cheap. Nothing is cheap that is good and will stand hard and long wear.

Such knives should be kept, when not in use, in flannel bags specially made for them, or in leather or chamois. They



A knife sharpener attached to the wall is much more satisfactory than depending on the spasmodic visits of the professional sharpener

should *never* be washed in very hot water, and the less that they are washed at all the better. Wipe them, as soon as you have used them, with pieces of tissue paper, and be careful that the cutting-edge is never drawn across that paper. A little grease on a bit of paper, rubbed on the knife, will clear it of stains, and it can then be rubbed dry with a flannel cloth and put into its bag. Treat good knives like that, and you will have them for forty

years practically without deterioration. Use a whet-stone to sharpen them.

Ordinary knives, like the little potato or fruit knife which costs little and is often renewed, you can experiment with in sharpening; but the aristocrat of your toolbox needs special care and consideration from the very beginning.

In an ordinary kitchen there ought to be one very thin, delicately curved knife, which is for the finest slicing of meat. It should never be allowed to strike on a bone, never be used for the cutting of bread (which brings the knife down on the wooden board at every slice), never washed in any but lukewarm water, always sharpened before and after using, always returned to the bag at once. This may seem like a bit of trouble, but when you want to have the delicate slices of clear, pink ham which fairly melt in the mouth, when you want delicate slices of hot roast chicken (the hardest thing in the world to get), then you will count the care that you have given this special knife as something not to be considered.

There should be another knife, not quite so fine and a little broader, which is used for the heavier carving, and a bread knife, and a small and large cleaver. The cleaver needs to be whetted after being used, each time. It will stand hot water as the other knives will not; but no steel knife should ever be put for an instant into boiling water.

The little potato knife ought to have that point on the end which will allow the vegetable to be peeled with ease, and the fruit knife should have the angle in the handle which will allow of prolonged sessions of peeling, as in the canning season, without cramp to the palm of the hand.

Instead of using the combination of the knife and the finger and the thumb for the scraping of new potatoes, have the little scraper which can usually be bought for about a shilling. This saves the discoloration of the fingers, the rasping of the thumb, and the patience of the cook. It is good for scraping carrots and parsnips, too.

Keep very thin silver knives for cutting cheese. When you want toasted cheese or a rarebit, and have to cut it in small pieces, the steel knife will discolour it and even impart a slight unpleasant flavour. Silver, or glass knives, or those of stainless steel, now to be had in all good hardware stores, are best to use for cutting lemons and oranges.



## YOUR KITCHEN TOOLBOX

A good many people seem to be contented with the tin-opener which cuts like any other tin-cutter, by pressure. This is very well for square tins, but sometimes hard to operate in round ones, which are in the majority. For this, there ought to be in the kitchen toolbox the kind which opens the tin with a whirling motion.

A good many of the things which can now be found in the ubiquitous sixpenny bazaars will make the toolbox a joy. Perforated large spoons, with which to drain out meat, vegetables, or fruits from a pot when, for some reason, it is not desired to drain the liquid off first; dippers, large and small; sieves, large and small, with heavy wire adjustments which will clamp them to vessels of any size; big colanders in which to drain spaghetti and macaroni and potatoes and spinach; big, round spoons with which to drop fritters into boiling fat and the wire mesh lifted to take them out; these are a few of the things which can be bought for a few shillings



Fruit and vegetables can be made charmingly decorative by the use of sharp shears

almost anywhere. When shops are at a distance, the catalogues of the big stores will be found to suggest all these and more at about these prices.

Boards on which to cut things ought to be present in other forms than the board on which bread is made and cut. There ought to be a board for vegetables and one of very hard wood on which meat or fish may be cut or chopped with the cleaver. The modern scouring powders that act as deodorants should be used to keep the boards sweet and clean.

The chopping bowl is something which no kitchen should be without, for while the grinder fulfills a great many uses, there are things which can be done better with the bowl and chopper. A good many hashes, for instance, are simply squeezed into mush by the grinder, and assorted vegetables for soup have some of their juices extracted by the grinder, whereas the chopper will cut them just right. Green peppers should never be put through the grinders as all the volatile oil which is their chief claim to our consideration is thereby dissipated. The chopping knife ought never to be the cheap affair of sixpenny bazaars, as it usually is. It will cost at least 3s. 6d., if it is good. It should be carefully whetted before and after using, and should never be allowed to lie with fruit or vegetable juices on it for a minute after it is not in active use.

One of the finest things to have in the toolbox is a pair or two of good, strong and sharp shears. Many of the operations



A chopping bowl is preferable to a meat grinder for many purposes

## THE QUIVER

which are difficult with a knife, or tedious, can be done much better with the scissors. The wings of chickens, pieces of tough meat, beef that you want to dice or otherwise cut into accurate formations, and much of the decoration which you make on fruit and vegetables can be done best with the scissors. Scallop the edges of grape-fruit or oranges with them, to improve the appearance of a plain dish; cut thick slices of vegetable into triangles; cut up parsley for the table or for use on creamed vegetables and fish by holding a sprig of it tightly and clipping off a quarter of an inch at a time. This improves the flavour of the garnish, which is somewhat lost in the bruising it receives if you chop it, grind it, or lay it down on a board and cut it.

Some of the vegetable fancy-form cutters are worth having. Potato cut into a lattice-work effect and cooked in deep fat to a fine brown looks like something a great deal better than the well-known "French fried." This instrument which makes little round balls of potatoes is worth having. As showing what effect imagination has on our palates, it is worth knowing that these little balls, cut from potatoes which are threatening to sprout, are usually the "new" potatoes for which we cheerfully pay a high price per order at restaurants!

A ricer, which is a deep cup on a handle, into which another handle presses a plunger, is something that will provide a variation from mashed potatoes. Just have the potatoes well cooked and dry and then press them through. They come out in tiny flakes which are very pretty and very delicate in flavour.

The meat chopper and grinder, which has so many uses, too often is not available at the very moment when it is most urgently needed. Very often it is kept on a high shelf, its parts strewn all around, a most discouraging spectacle on which to cast your eyes when you have desperately determined to make your family-sized into a guest-sized hash, at the last moment. This machine should be permanently screwed on to something where the handle will be to the right and where it can be used instantly; but this is not all the story, not by half.

Nearly all of us use one or two of the parts and continue to eye the others with distrust. The first thing to do with the machine is to get acquainted with it. Find

out what each one piece of equipment is for. Take it apart and put it together again until you can do it in the dark. Investigate the crews which regulate the fineness or the coarseness with which it grinds.

Remember that you will have to wash the machine thoroughly with boiling water after every operation if you want it to be sanitary.

The old-fashioned grater does something which the grinder never will, as any house-keeper knows; but the old-fashioned grater has a mean trick of seeming to reach up suddenly and take a piece of the nearest thumb. There is a machine made in Italy, and to be bought in every large city in this country, which is supposed to be a cheese-grater only, but which is splendid for anything which will not be really grated in the grinder.

A small coffee mill grinds nuts as nothing else in the world will. Pliers will perform culinary tricks when all else fail. The jar clamp which has a handle will unloosen the most stubborn covers from glass jars.

One of the things least often seen in the toolbox is the larding needle, and yet, with this simple implement, a plain piece of chuck can be made into the lordly *beef à la mode*. It is nothing more than a sharp and long piece of iron, with a large hole in the tip, a veritable needle. Pass strips of bacon through the needle, push the needle through five or six pounds of beef, liberally salt and pepper it, and pot-roast it with the half of an onion, and when you have made a thick rich gravy you have something which is very different from the plain piece. The larding needle will also allow you to sew up your own roasts.

These very necessary tools may seem expensive, but they are part of your trade, and you should have them if you want to get the best results with the least effort. Instead of going to the moving pictures twice a week, go once and put the price of your trip into the box on the kitchen shelf which is labelled "Tools." You'll be surprised how fast your toolbox will fill up on this mild expenditure a week. And once filled, it will last a long time.

The joy of working in a kitchen where "there is everything to work with," as the phrase goes, has to be felt to be appreciated. Good cooks say they cannot make good things to eat unless the housekeeper furnishes the "makins."

# Is Wealth Everything?

*A Frank Talk on Money*

*By*

*Stacy Aumonier*

**T**HE task of proving that wealth is not everything appears on the surface like breaking a butterfly on a wheel. From times immemorial the philosopher has taken us by the buttonhole and pointed out the vanity and emptiness of riches. And we have said: "Yes, father." And directly his back is turned off we rush to the city, or the counting-house, or anywhere where wealth is obtainable, and we fight and struggle for the good stuff. It therefore appears that it is not exactly a butterfly we have to break, but a particularly tough-skinned pachyderm.

## **The Lure of Wealth**

The insidious lure of wealth penetrates all the pores of man's physical, intellectual and emotional make-up. It is not only the guardian of his physical desires, but the servant to his vanities. Through the medium of it he sees an enlargement of himself, of what he represents. Through the power of it he controls the lives of others, whether for good or evil. It is his protector, and in some cases the only true friend he has.

It is fashionable to condemn the capitalist system, but there is no conceivable substitute. The capitalist system was not invented in a night by some fiend, as many people seem to suggest, but by the slow development of a system of bartering, correlating to the thrust of human passions and desires. If the capitalist system is cruel and unfair in its working, is not human nature the same, and Nature herself even more so? Indeed, if we examine this system carefully we find that the evil does not lie so much in the system itself as in the abuse of it. And many things are condemned not because they are wrong, but because they are abused, and a solution has so far not been discovered for suppressing the abuse. A wealthy man is not necessarily a bad man, any more than a poor man is necessarily good. In that this system of bartering is recognized by all, we can only criticize a man for his method of acquiring wealth, or of the abuse of the power which the wealth brings him. But that wealth is not everything no one can deny. If we

consider the things that wealth can buy and the things that wealth cannot buy, we perceive that the scale is heavily weighted on the side of the latter.

Wealth can buy yachts and motor-cars and diamonds. But it cannot buy love or beauty or even friendship. One can buy education, but one cannot buy oneself into being a scholar. One can buy a Stradivarius, but one cannot buy the accomplishment to play it like a Kreisler. One can buy a trip round the world, but not the sensibility of a Conrad to depict the magic of the Southern Seas.

This list could go on indefinitely. It is always the things that really matter that one cannot buy. Wealth will not even secure you against disease or ill-health or lack of vitality. I have on several occasions been to the Riviera, and I have always been struck by a certain air of pathos about the whole place. Amidst sunshine and flowers and music and imitation stucco palaces crowds of well-to-do people, or fairly well-to-do people, wander about disconsolately like exiles. They do not seem happy. They appear timid and flaccid, and lacking in a zest for life. In many cases, of course, they *are* exiles, forced to remain there for reasons of health. But one always feels that they might be better if brought into conflict with sterner realities.

## **Happiness**

No, the last thing of all one cannot buy is happiness. A young mechanic and his wife, with several children, living in a villa at Walthamstow, may taste the joys of happiness more keenly than the City magnate, with a palace in Park Lane, a villa at Cannes, and a shooting seat in Scotland. Barney Barnato was a millionaire, and he ended up by throwing himself off a liner. He probably never knew the joy of life as Burns knew it, singing at his plough.

The accumulation of wealth for accumulating's sake is, indeed, an unhealthy perversion. It saps a man of all the finer feelings. It blunts his sensibilities. It dulls his moral and intellectual perceptions. It

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diverts too much of his nervous energies into unworthy channels. He becomes like a croupier or a roulette player. I have often been struck by the atmosphere of sacrosanct importance which surrounds the office of the successful business man. No one dares to trespass on his time, because "time is money." If he were an artist or a philosopher people would think it quite all right to take up his afternoon talking to him, luring him to a charity *matinée* or a visit to a hospital; but in the case of Sir Bumblejee Bumblejohn, exporter of tinned rabbit, no one would dream of expecting him to waste his valuable time.

Much of the cause of the unholy rush for wealth is a result of fear, fear of extreme penury and even starvation not only for oneself, but for the people one loves. Up to a point the struggle is justifiable and inevitable; there is always the dim future to be considered. But when once a condition of security has been established the vanities set to work. There is always that person a little bit better off than oneself, and ingrained the desire to outshine one's neighbour.

### Snobbery

Snobbery may be said to be one of the bulwarks of constitutional law. If the issue were between the Mile End Road and Park Lane the matter would be quickly settled by bloody conflict. But between these two localities lie neighbourhoods like Camden Town and Clapham, where people are always trying to creep up and up, and they quickly lose contact with those just behind. They look ahead materially, not backwards. It is only when great wealth is acquired that it becomes a social menace. The temptations become too overpowering, the powers it puts into an individual's hands too strong. For it may work in secret and in dark places.

Sometimes it may even be a handicap to the individual himself. Take the case of a woman born to great wealth. She never knows whether a man loves her for herself or her money. I knew of such a case, a perfectly charming girl, the daughter of a rich broker. She had an unfortunate experience when in the early twenties. A man she nearly married turned out to be a thorough rotter. After that she was always haunted by the idea that men wanted her for her money. She is now over forty,

devotes her life to good deeds, and is not married yet.

The whole problem resolves itself into a question of poise. Everyone—or practically everyone—has to work. And that work is remunerated in some form or other. But no one—unless a criminal—works with the sole idea of remuneration. There is ingrained in all of us an instinct of social service. Suppose you were to pay a man five hundred a year to carry some bricks from one side of a yard to the other, and then back again—that is to say, an utterly useless and meaningless job. He would go mad in time. The prison authorities long since discovered this fact, and abolished all useless labour, like the treadmill. Everyone in prison now contributes something useful to the general good. And this fact keeps convicts sane.

In social life the individual has greater latitude, and still his activities are focused on public services. According to his intelligence, luck or special ability he finds himself rewarded. But if he is a creature of equipoise he quickly realizes that his reward only brings him material good. Intellectually and spiritually he still has his own battle to fight. His honour, his character, his family life is untouched by the compound interest of material success. Riches may quickly drag him down and destroy him, if he doesn't keep his mind on the common good. And the wise man, if he is successful, pours back his unnecessary accretions into the pool from which he had drawn them. And if he does not do so the wise government does its utmost to make him do so.

### To What End?

The system would work quite successfully were it not for the greedy and unscrupulous. For man cannot escape from his history, neither can he evade his obligations to the unborn. We are linked together by moral and intellectual ties, and the material ties have to be adjusted to our claims. We blunder through the centuries trying to discover ourselves, putting a touch here and there on the great machine. But it goes on relentlessly, disregarding our frailties and foibles, towards its mysterious end. End? Well, hardly that, for such a thing is inconceivable. But the excessive accumulation of wealth is a frailty, like dust on the wheels which never stop.





## HOME, HISTORY—AND OURSELVES

### Comfortable, Anyhow

**T**HE Home-Makers' Number of *THE QUIVER* was practically finished—all but those "Between Ourselves" pages! The day's work was done, and your Editor, alighting from the comfortably warmed train, trudged up the hill homewards. Snow had been falling, the road was dark but for the gas-lamps on the public street; but, reaching home, the warmth of the centrally-heated house was inviting, the light from the rooms threw out a welcome, a bright fire, an easy chair, slippers by its side, the wireless ready to be switched on—all invited repose. The house is but small, its comforts no better than those of thousands of others; yet, as I sat in my easy chair and glanced around, the thought struck me suddenly that this small, everyday home of mine is full of comforts and conveniences of which, say, Queen Elizabeth never dreamt, and which all the money of many a past age could not buy.



### The Glamour of the Past

There is a glamour of romance about the past as revealed by story and history book, but it does not require much research to demonstrate that our ordinary, everyday standards of comfort are infinitely in advance of, say, three hundred years ago; and if we were suddenly wafted back to the glories of the Elizabethan age, our first feelings would be of infinite discomfort with the little things of life!



### Historical—but Inconvenient

That journey home, for instance; one is apt to complain if the train is a few minutes

late on a foggy night, but we simply do not realize the inconveniences and dangers even the most illustrious of our predecessors had to endure when making the simplest of journeys. Queen Elizabeth usually travelled on horseback; she had a coach, it is true, at which the natives stared with great curiosity; but horseback travel was the surest method of transit—the roads were so abominable.

We hear a great deal, now that silk is taxed, of silk stockings, and, indeed, they are nowadays worn by all classes. It was not until Queen Elizabeth was on the throne for some time that she enjoyed the feel of a pair of silk stockings. One of her ladies made her a pair, and the Queen was so delighted with them that she vowed she would never go back to the other sort!



### Who Invented the Chimney?

Turn, however, to more strictly home details. Those of us who have not gone the length of central heating or gas-fires complain if the fire in the lounge will not light easily, or if it smokes. We do not realize how many centuries our ancestors lived through before they made such a simple discovery as that of the chimney!

Strange to relate, in early mediæval times, the fire was lit in the middle of the room, and there was no way for the smoke to go out except through the doors and windows! These latter, by the way, were innocent of glass, and consequently were small, on account of the wind and cold!



### Living in One Room

Nowadays we are stirred to pity and indignation by accounts of a whole family

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living in one room. But that was the normal thing in Saxon, and even later times, for a great part of the population. The addition of a "solus"—another and raised compartment—was the wealthy man's luxury in mediæval days!

But, then, in those early times things were a great deal simpler. For instance, they had no worries over pyjamas *versus* night-gowns. They simply wore nothing at all in bed! Indeed, going to bed was just a matter of disrobing and using one's day-clothes instead of sheets and blankets! The harassed housewife, trying to purchase linen and blankets at the white sales, might appreciate the simplicity of procedure; but even the modern dweller in the workhouse would strongly object to the simple life carried as far as that!



### A Mere Question of Transport

But there, take almost any department of home life, and you would find that the poorest of our present-day people live more comfortably than our ancestors in the Middle Ages. Shall I be right in saying that few indeed of my readers really know the pangs of hunger? Sometimes the dinner has been a little late, or the fare too plain and scanty for our taste, yet actual deprivation has fallen to the lot of few of us. Yet, in those not so far distant times a meal was an event not to be lightly treated—for one could never be quite sure when the next would make its appearance!

This was not just a question of poverty, but of actually getting the food. We have got so used to running round the corner to the grocer's shop if we run short of tea, biscuit, or bacon, that we simply do not realize the difficulties of mere transport in those more primitive days.



### A Story of Progress

This is curious and interesting enough, but I do not bring forth these tit-bits of the past just for curiosity sake. With all our trials of housekeeping, food, servants, it does us good now and again to realize that things really are progressing. One is so apt to sigh for the "good old days" and wonder "what things are coming to." I for one do not know "what is to be the end of it all"; but a study of history shows that behind the upheavals and changes, the past few hundred years reveal distinct progress on the part of the common people.

Among the achievements of the ages we need not dwell on constitutional or political progress, much as we esteem them; we need not enumerate the wonderful progress of religious thought, of scientific achievement. But just confining ourselves to things most elementary and commonplace, let us acknowledge with thankfulness that, out of the struggles of the ages, the Home has emerged from its primitive rude, uncomfortable hovel into something of which we of to-day may be justly proud.



### Are You Proud of Your Home?

Are you as proud of your home as you might be? Some people, it is true, seem to be born without the domestic instinct. Home to them is just a place for supper, bed, and breakfast; the suburb in which they live is merely the place around the railway station, where they pay rates. To others it is a place of wearisome toil; a place of dish-washing, cooking, and mending. These two classes, one hopes, are in the minority. A significant movement has been quietly taking place in this and other countries during the last few years—an involuntary movement forced on home-dwellers by the war. People have been forced to buy houses instead of renting them. This, of course, has been reckoned a great hardship by the thousands already hard pressed by the high cost of existence. But it has its other side: the house we buy and own is much more precious to us than the quarters we merely rent, and it may be in the new generation we shall become a nation of freeholders.

After all, if that vision materializes, it will be a source of joy and comfort to the people, a source of security and strength to the State. It has been well said that you cannot have a revolution in a country of freehold dwellings. It certainly is better for us to be tied to the place where we live, to feel that we have our roots deeply planted in mother earth, to be able to say of the house, however tiny and cramped: "This is my own home—really my own."



### Our Part in the Story

From the feeling of ownership should arise the urge to make our own individual home as beautiful and useful and comfortable as possible. After all, it is no credit to us that things are so vastly more comfortable at home than when Queen Eliza-



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beth was on the throne. This comfort we enjoy as the result of the effort, toil, tears of numbers of pioneers, known and unknown; pioneers whose work we take for granted, but whom we ought to bless every day of our lives. Who offers up thanksgiving for the inventor of the sewing machine? Yet, was he not one of the great benefactors of history? Who, to-day, praises the genius of MacAdam, the inventor of the "Macadamized roads" we ride over every day? Who gives a thought to the patient geniuses who drained our cities, making them sweet and wholesome instead of foul and pestilential? Who, indeed, thanks God for the labours of generations of town councillors and members of other district bodies who, with much abuse and misunderstanding, have carried out the local administration of laws to the general contentment and happiness of us all? Who dreams of offering thanks for the humble dustman and the elaborate system of waste-disposal he represents? The plumber and the gas-man, the sweep and the policeman—these all have faithfully served us with little appreciation or recognition; they, too, have joined with the great army of public servants in making our elaborate present-day life possible and enjoyable.



### **Let Us be Up and Doing**

No; the moral is not just to sit back in our easy chairs, turn on the wireless, and be thankful. The moral is for us, too, to be up and doing.

What others of past ages have done for the advancement of mankind, we, too, must do for ourselves and the generations to come. Things never stand still. The housewife knows that the perfect house of

to-day becomes the untidy harbinger of dirt to-morrow. It does us good to know and to feel that, in our homes, we have a priceless heritage to conserve, to replenish, to improve.

This is a restless age. We cannot sit still. We pay enormous sums for motor-cars to take us there—just for the sake of bringing us back again! It is, of course, very nice to see the miles slipping away, to explore here and there; but do not let us lose the home sense. After all, it is rather absurd to spend hundreds on a new car and grudge a few pounds on the house.

Perhaps the Victorians erred too much in making their homes big and showy; but, still, the instinct to glorify the home was a right one. We do not want ostentation in our homes to-day; but neither do we need it in our cars for that matter! The cost of houses is still terribly high, and pretty gables and stray ornamentations have had to give place to stern utility; but let us, now that we are getting back to the normal, recover something of the love and glory of the home.



### **Worth the Trouble**

We have said that there is no need to be ostentatious; but a real home is worth the trouble of planning, the expense of creating, the joy of beautifying. So as I lean back in my chair on this cold, wintry night, I have the comfortable feeling that the Home Number of this magazine is not out of place; it has a mission to fulfil, and if it stirs you up to improve your homes, that mission will be amply fulfilled!

*The Editor*



## *Felicity Leaves Home*

I should like to call the attention of my readers to the new serial starting in my April Number. Jermyn March is a new writer for THE QUIVER, but her work will be appreciated. A prominent barrister, a clever artist, a man whose past is shaded in mystery—these duly appear, but in the foreground are two beautiful girls, whose life-stories—and love-stories—are charmingly told.



The corner standard lamp and two mantel brackets efficiently illuminate this beautiful Queen Anne sitting-room. The fire-basket carries an electric fire

## Heating and Lighting the Home

*Practical Suggestions*

*By*

*H. A. Day*

**T**HERE is as much importance in the provision of an efficient light and comfortable temperature in a room as there is in furnishing and decorating it; in fact, both can enhance or spoil the furnishing scheme, and both may add considerably to, or detract from, the decorative merit of an apartment. These facts are not always remembered when a house is being furnished.

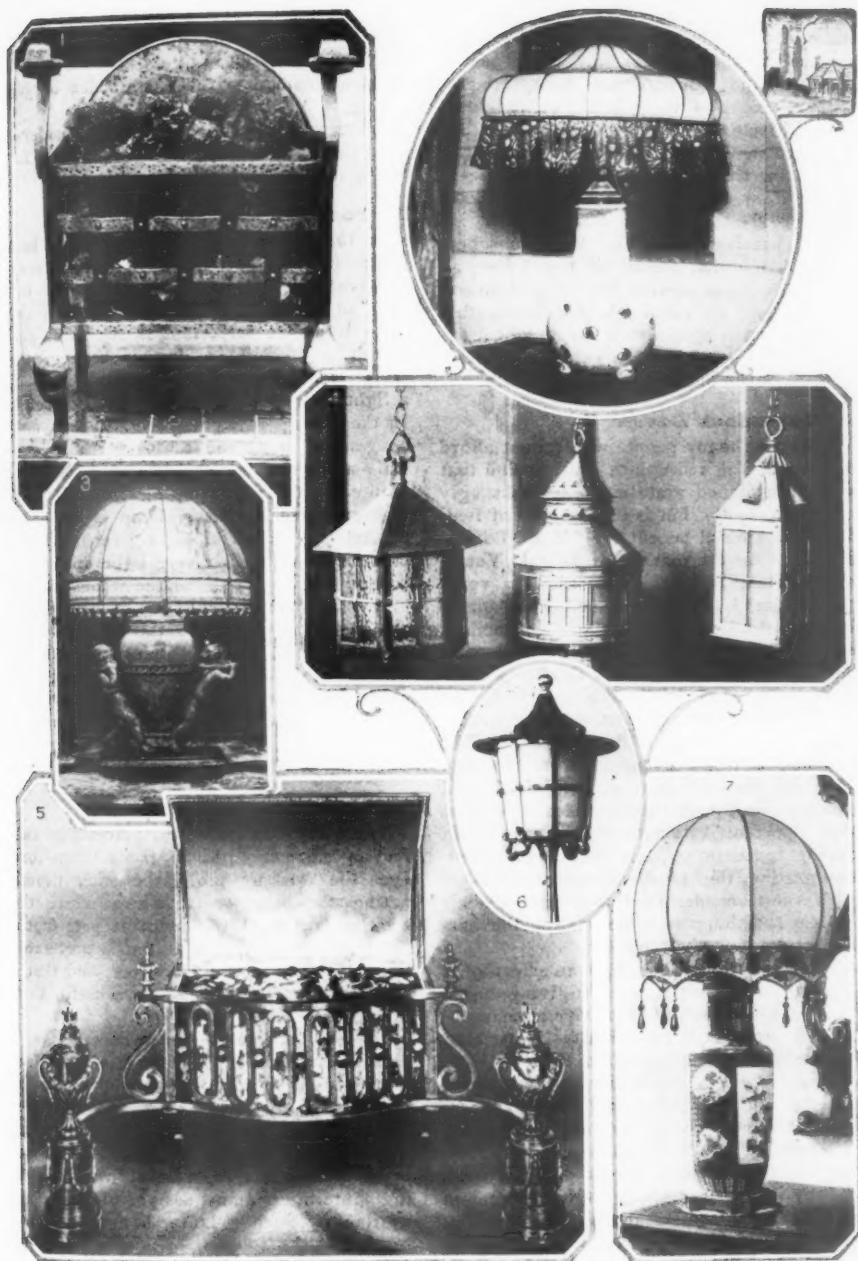
For one thing, a decorative fireplace is a decided asset to the furnishing scheme; and, moreover, the fireplace can be of the same order as the furniture, reflecting the period or style in its make-up. For instance, a room after the Tudor or other oak period styles would be made more complete by the installation of one of the many

Old English fire-baskets or dog-grates that are now reproduced cheaply; while an Adam, Queen Anne, or Jacobean room could have the decoration motifs or patterns reproduced in the grate, its surround, mantel and curb.

When one is furnishing a new house, especially, attention should be centred upon agreement in design between fireplace and the contents of the room.

Should there be no idea of period furnishing, an ornamental gas or electric dog-grate will give a distinctive charm to the room; and there are exquisite creations in the way of modern coal burning brick fireplaces and mantels, with hearth-fires, that make for economy in fuel.

The old-fashioned barred grate may have



1. A fire-basket of early English design

2. An old-world lamp

3. A beautiful electric vase lamp for the dining room

4. Replicas of old-world lanterns for the entrance to the home

5. A beautiful electric dog-grate of Adam design

6. A novel lamp for the staircase baluster

7. A lamp that would be very useful in the dining room

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its merits, but these pale considerably when the modern barless fires, with their perfect draught and concentrated heat, are instituted, some of these being adaptable to the old-style fireplace without much disturbance in fixing. The barless fire, practically on the hearth, is most effective in heating a room, especially near the floor, where cold draughts are felt.

For heating water or radiating heat through all the rooms of the house an anthracite stove is very useful, and so are the gas and electrically-heated stoves that provide hot water almost instantaneously. These stoves maintain an equable temperature all over the house economically.

### **An Ingenious Device**

There are many people who cannot afford the cost of a new fireplace, and yet find that the old-fashioned grate not only looks ugly and burns badly, but is extravagant of fuel. For their special benefit the "H.C." Barless Fire, put on the market by Messrs. Young and Marten, Ltd., of Stratford, is a veritable godsend. This is a method of adapting an old-fashioned fireplace to modern requirements, and embodies the following features: A lift-off front, with edge to prevent fuel falling off; an air regulator to stimulate or retard combustion; a removable ash-pan, which collects dust left after combustion; a front arranged to fit between uprights where old bars were fixed; a solid cast-iron well with sloping sides, fluted, so that the fuel automatically adjusts itself during consumption, and a removable bottom grating, thickened and convex in shape, with apertures designed to induce the air current, at the same time cooling the bars and prolonging their life.

With regard to lighting, the effect of a good light upon the comfort-giving qualities of a room and its decorative appearance is great and vital, for a faulty light means discomfort and detriment to the eyes, and an ugly light-fitting spoils the furnishing scheme. Both light and fitting, then, should be well considered and selected.

Nowadays, there is no excuse for an in-artistic light-fitting except lack of cash to buy it, for it matters not what kind of illuminant is used—electricity, gas, paraffin, petrol, acetylene—there are decorative fittings and charming shades to enhance the light. In this connexion, especially when the light is wanted on the table or desk, a vase-lamp is about the most ornamental object one can have in a room. Any vase

with a small opening can be fitted up and converted into a lamp, either to hold oil or to accommodate the electric flex or gas tubing.

When placing a light fitting, consideration should be given to the purpose for which its light is wanted.

### **Bedroom Lights**

In the bedroom, for example, the best places for a light bracket or pendant are: (1) Over the dressing-table; (2) over the head of the bed. In the dining-room the table forms an important light-centre, and the fitting should preferably be over the table. If the size of the room warrants it, a light on each side of the mantel is useful. In the sitting- or living-room, the light may be general from one source—perhaps central—and can be supplemented or supplanted by the vase-lamp or standard lamp. The standard (or floor) lamp is an ornamental and powerful light-giver, and can be relied on to effectively light up a dark corner, a lounge hall, or the whole room.

It should be noted that the lamp-shade can easily make or mar the colour-scheme of a room; the light, shining through the coloured fabric, parchment, or glass, will either enhance sympathetic hues in the furnishings, or destroy the effect of those that contrast—points to remember when selecting the lamp-shade.

### **In the Kitchen**

There are two important places that call for an efficient light in the kitchen—one over the working table, the other illuminating the oven or stove-area where the cooking is done. It is useful to note that a light at the back of a person is preferable to one that shines into the eyes; and that a soft but efficient light is more useful than a brilliant glare.

The entrance to the home needs especial care in the way of lighting fitting. Here the light is hardly ever required to be brilliant to any great extent, and the light-carrier should be one that is in keeping with the dim glow, the most appropriate being a reproduction of an old-world hanging lantern, so many designs of which are available. Such a lamp, hanging from a bracket in the doorway or porch, suspended from the hall or lounge ceiling, perhaps shining through a circular window to light the way to the door, is a most artistic, ornamental, and appropriate centre of illumination in the entrance to the home.

# His One Great Night

An Odd Story  
By  
Elliot Bailey

FOR forty-odd years Old Bill Benson—sometimes called Granpa Benson—had swept the crossing where the cul-de-sac of Little Acacia Road turned out of the main thoroughfare. His little white-bearded figure and his decrepit broom were familiar landmarks by day, and by night, if business had been bad, his mute form might be observed in the shadow of the house at the corner, grey locks blowing in the breeze, the hat which should have covered them silently inviting the coppers of the passers-by.

Begging? Well, it was in a way, but Old Bill Benson never made himself a nuisance, and generations of policemen had turned a blind eye to his somewhat pathetic presence. By some unwritten code of the force to run him in would have been unthinkable. So, more or less, he continued to flourish, and year by year to watch the stream of life flow past Acacia Road.

It was a very placid stream. Nothing much ever happened. True, it altered its appearance as the years slipped away. The old horse buses and the hansom gave place to the motor-bus and the taxi. Familiar forms which daily trod the pavement and dropped their quota into the grimy hat one day trod them no more. A new policeman appeared on the beat in succession to the old one. The decrepit broom would at long last give up the ghost incontinently.

"They dratted brooms ain't what they used to be," Old Bill Benson would observe sadly to the young man at the shop, whose father and grandfather before him had supplied—at half price—the wherewithal to keep his crossing clean.

Then he would toddle back to his post; the new broom gradually became an old broom, and things went on as before. Nothing much happened.

But one night a closed car drove over Granpa's crossing and pulled up outside the block of flats which occupied the farther end of the cul-de-sac. Old Bill Benson, back in the shadows of the corner house, observed it with lack-lustre eyes. Taxis and cars of all kinds pulled up outside those

flats, deposited their passengers and drove away again. Nothing else ever happened.

So, when a man alighted and gazed rather furtively up and down the street the old crossing-sweeper, invisible against his stone background, found little to interest him. But when the man turned, spoke to someone within the car, and that someone emerged carrying a girl in his arms, and with a swift leap disappeared with her into the entrance of the flats, Old Bill Benson's faculties of curiosity began to assert themselves. Something was happening at last.

"Strewth," he muttered, "gal all in white. Been to some sort of a party, I reckon, an' got taken ill. Wonder if they knows as Dr. Bindloss lives at the corner 'ouse?"

The fact that if they wanted a doctor they could telephone for one never occurred to Old Bill Benson. Telephones were little more than a vague name in his scheme of things.

He was still considering the matter when the car turned and swung out once more into the main stream of traffic. The man who had first alighted had entered the flats hard on the heels of the second man and his burden, and with some hazy idea of rendering assistance Old Bill Benson hobbled off towards the entrance.

He had just reached it when something on the pavement attracted his attention. Stooping, with many a groan at the rheumatically twinges which the effort cost, he picked it up and immediately gave vent to a low whistle of shocked surprise.

What he held in his hand was a woman's white satin shoe, and on one side of it was the red stain of blood.

"Urt her foot, poor young lady," he murmured, somewhat obviously. "I reckon as they'll be wanting that doctor after all. I'd best take this shoe inside and see about it."

He had never entered a block of flats in his life before, and once he got inside the wide stone staircase and the doors of the ground-floor dwellings right and left confused him. He regarded the latter doubtfully and finally he knocked at the right-hand one.

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The knock was answered by a pert parlour-maid.

"The young lady as just come in dropped this 'ere shoe," Old Bill Benson began when the girl cut him short.

"There ain't no young lady living here," she announced, eyeing his shabby figure with unconcealed disdain. "Must be one of the other flats," and she shut the door in his face.

Old Bill Benson mopped his brow. It began to strike him that finding the owner of the shoe might not prove so easy as he had supposed. Summoning up his courage, he tried the other door.

Here he had better luck. No young lady lived there either, but the maid-servant was more disposed to help him. She examined the "In" and "Out" board in the hallway.

"No good trying the next floor," she announced, "they're both out. But you might try the one above—I believe some new folks have taken the flat on the right. They haven't got their names on this board yet. Pity there ain't a lift; you'll find them stairs a bit steep."

Thanking her humbly, the old man began the toilsome ascent. The girl watched him for a moment, and then went in and shut the door.

"Flat on the right," he muttered. "I 'opes it is the flat on the right. These stairs is mortal stiff."

He paused for an instant on the first landing to recover his breath, and then went doggedly on.

"Strewth," he murmured, "fancy living at the top of a place like this. Well, now, 'ere we are."

He turned to the right, and then stopped dead with a sudden narrowing of the eyes. On the tiled floor at his feet was something that would have checked his progress in any case—something that was the red counterpart of the stain upon the shoe. He stared at it and shook his head. Then he stretched out his hand to ring the bell.

Before he could press it the door opened and a man stood on the threshold. He had a cloth in his hand, and he started visibly when he saw the old man's figure before him.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked abruptly.

Old Bill Benson began to stammer. The man who had opened the door was in evening dress, and it seemed to him that he was in the presence of one of "the quality." He

was always inclined to be a bit nervous and apologetic. He held out the shoe.

"Picked this up in the road just now, sir . . . I 'ope the young lady ain't hurt, sir . . . If you wants Dr. Bindloss, just down the road, sir . . ."

The man in evening dress took the shoe. Looking at him closely, one might have imagined that he had grown a little pale.

"Ah," he said slowly, "so you picked this up in the road, did you? And brought it up here. That was very kind of you. Suppose you come inside for a moment. I might—want a message sent."

He stood aside invitingly, and the old man, doffing his grimy hat, passed into the hall, glancing round in awed fashion at the richness of its furniture. Then he stiffened suddenly. From behind one of the closed doors came the sound of a woman's weeping.

"I 'opes the young lady . . ." he commenced.

He did not finish. Something that seemed to him like the falling of the ceiling crashed upon his head, and momentarily stunned he dropped to the floor. Dimly, he felt himself being picked up and carried down the passage to a room at the farther end. Almost instinctively he began to kick and struggle, clinging to the handle of the door as he man carrying him attempted to enter.

With a curse the fellow wrenched his hand away, and his groping fingers encountered another object. Something of the cunning of the gamin of the streets he had once been came to his aid then: main force got him into the room, but grasped in his clenched fist he held the key of the door.

Sick and dizzy, he was dumped into a heavy chair, and his captor proceeded to tie him there with cord which he got from the corner of the room. Two other men had by now appeared upon the scene, attracted by the noise of his entry.

"Found him outside," the first man panted. "He'd got her shoe. Thought I'd better make sure of the interfering old fool."

Then he flung the cloth he had thrust into his pocket at one of the new-comers.

"Go and wipe that stain off the tiles at the front door," he commanded.

The fellow departed, and his companion turned to assist with the tying-up of Old Bill Benson.

"Hope you didn't hit him too hard, Jackson," he said a trifle anxiously.



## HIS ONE GREAT NIGHT

"Hit him too hard?" was the grumbling response. "I guess I didn't hit him hard enough. He fought like a wild cat before I got him in here."

The other grunted, and eyed the old crossing-sweeper who was sagging somewhat in the chair. The blow on his head had been a shrewd one, but his wits were working more clearly than his captors realized.

"Pity we haven't got enough rope for his legs," Jackson observed, "but we'll lock him in here and then decide what to do with him."

Old Bill Benson looked up. He could still hear the girl crying in the adjoining room.

"What are you doing to the little missy in there?" he demanded thickly. "I warn you, when I gets out I'll . . ."

Jackson laughed raucously.

"When you get out," he echoed. "Maybe you won't get out so easily as you think—poking your nose into what doesn't concern you. Come along, Rogers, that settles him for the time being."

They moved to the door, and Jackson eyed the keyhole with a sudden start.

"Where's the key?" he demanded. "I thought sure there was a key to the door."

He stared at Old Bill Benson with swiftly aroused suspicion, and then, striding back, roughly wrenched open both his hands. They were empty, and he bit his lip, baffled. Rogers regarded him impatiently.

"Never mind the key," he growled. "He's safe enough as it is. Come into the next room; I want to talk to you. This old fool's arrival complicates matters . . ."

They went out, closing the door behind them, and instantly Old Bill Benson shed some of his lethargy. He stretched out first one leg and then the other. A certain cunning crept into his bright little eyes. Then, gingerly, bearing the chair like a shell on his back, he rose to his feet.

At once there was a clang, and the door key, on which he had been sitting, slid off the seat of the chair on to the floor. He had just time to resume his old position and place his foot on it when Jackson's head reappeared. He saw the old man sitting apathetically as he had left him, and assuming that his idea that he had heard a noise was unfounded he once more went away. Old Bill waited a minute or two, and then got to his feet again.

He felt more than a little giddy, but he fought the nausea down. He knew he was in a tight corner, and that if he was to get

out of it he must do so before the men returned. He had no very great hopes, but the thought of the "little missy" yonder in some mysterious trouble urged him on. With the chair on his back he tiptoed across the room, and as he went the sense of humour which his forty years at the crossing had engendered twisted his tremulous lips into a smile.

"A pretty sight I'll look carrying this



THOMAS  
HENRY

"Almost instinctively he  
began to kick and struggle."

Drawn by  
Thomas Henry

blooming chair down Little Acacia Road—like a blooming snail," he murmured.

Then he applied himself to the task in hand—he was a long way as yet from Little Acacia Road.

He opened the door and peered out, and then with infinite caution began to make his way down the passage. He could hear the voices of the three men as they talked in one of the rooms on his right—not the room in which he had heard the girl. Somehow he was glad of that, and presently he found himself confronted by the front door.

Now was the crucial point. Once let them hear him opening the door, and all

## THE QUIVER

hope of getting away would be gone—he surmised grimly that he was not likely to be afforded a second chance. Yet, hampered though he was by the chair and his rheumy joints, he achieved it. He could just move his forearm sufficiently to force back the catch. He saw the stairs before him.

He dared not shut the door, so he left it open, and with his heart in his mouth began the descent, bent forward like some decrepit tortoise performing for its own benefit upon its hind legs. With every step he took the chair bumped, bumped upon the stairs. It seemed to him that the men above must hear the noise, and infallibly rush out and seize him. Yet they did not. He gained the street and and felt the grateful caress of the cool night air upon his brow.

In all Little Acacia Road there was but one figure—a belated reveller who, after one horrified glance at what was coming towards him, fled into his own quarters and made heart-felt vows that never again . . . !

Chuckling, in spite of his disappointment and need of assistance, Old Bill Benson pushed gamely on until round the corner, close to his own pitch, he ran into the very person he was looking for.

"Lor' Lumme!" gasped the astounded voice of Constable Prodggers, "who the . . . what the . . . Why, if it ain't old Granpa!"

Feverishly the latter poured his story into the policeman's astonished ears. When he had finished he was regarded suspiciously.

"You ain't been drinking, have you?" the constable asked. "Anyway," he went on, as if reasoning to himself, "if you have you couldn't have tied that chair to yourself—and that's a nasty clip on the head you've been given." He produced a clasp-knife.

"Here," he said, "let's get that thing off you, and then we'll investigate your story. How many of those chaps do you say there are?"

"Three," said Old Bill Benson.

The constable looked thoughtful.

"There's a telephone box just here. I guess I'll phone to the station," he decided.

While he was telephoning, Old Bill Benson, relieved of the incubus of the chair, sat in it and used the constable's knife to cut the brushwork from his broom.

"What are you doing there, Granpa?" Prodggers asked when he returned.

A vindictive gleam shone in Granpa's eye.

"Making a stick for the bloke wot 'it me,"

was his succinct reply. The constable placed his whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast, and when presently another policeman came up at the double the three of them proceeded down Little Acacia Road towards the flats. They had just reached the entrance when a car containing an inspector and two more constables arrived, and the whole of this somewhat formidable force made its way as quietly as possible up the staircase.

The front door of number five still stood open, and it was evident that the three men were still arguing where Old Bill Benson had left them. As a matter of fact, they were unable to agree. Jackson wanted somewhat drastic measures taken with the old man; the others were out for more merciful treatment.

They sprang to their feet in consternation as the police burst in. Jackson dragged a pistol from his pocket, and one of the constables staggered back with a bullet through his shoulder before the weapon was struck from his hand. A scuffle followed, but the police prevailed; so speedily that, to his intense indignation, Old Bill Benson was unable to use his broomstick as he had intended.

The inspector strode across to the other room where the girl was still crying quietly. She was about eighteen, and when he saw her tear-stained face the inspector whistled softly.

"Miss Whittaker aren't you, miss? Thought so—recognized you from the picture papers."

She was very frightened, but quite unharmed save for a slight cut on one foot, caused, it transpired, by it having been struck against the step of the motor, and next morning Old Bill Benson, to his intense discomfort, found himself in the rather alarming presence of Mr. Cyrus K. Whittaker, the American millionaire.

"A clear case of abduction," the latter was saying. "Enticed her from the dance she was at. Meant to hold her to ransom, of course. They tried it on once in the States, but dash me if I thought they'd try it on here."

He turned to Old Bill Benson and eyed him curiously.

"So this is the man who saved my little girl, is it? A crossing-sweeper, eh? Sounds a poor sort of a job, that. How'd you like to cross the herring-pond and work for me, Benson?"

Old Bill Benson shifted from one foot to

## HIS ONE GREAT NIGHT

the other nervously. A vague fear possessed him that this big, masterful American meant to pick him up willy-nilly and transport him to another clime.

"Always ready to oblige, sir," he quavered, "and I hope as the little missy is quite well again, but begging your pardon, I shouldn't like it at all, sir — going to Ameriky, I mean. Been too long in London for that, sir, thanking you all the same."

The millionaire laughed.

"Well, I guess we won't uproot you if you feel that way," he said, "but we'll

get you something better than that cross-sweeping, all the same."

But Old Bill Benson shook his head, decidedly for him.

"No, sir," he protested. "I don't want nothing better than that there crossing. Four-and-forty year I've swept 'un now, and I'd like to go on for a bit longer. Tell you what, sir," he added, with a brilliant flash of inspiration, "you can get me a new broom if you likes—they dratted brooms ain't what they used to be, an' besides I cut this 'un down to use on that bloke's napper. That's



"'Lummel' gasped Constable Prodgers.  
'Why, if it ain't old Granpa!'"

Drawn by  
Thomas Henry

what you can do, sir, begging your pardon; get me a new broom. I don't want nothing better, sir."

And Old Bill Benson got his broom—also what he called "a tidy sum" at the bank for use in his old age. Then he went back to his beloved crossing.

You may see him there to-day, a little older, a little greyer, but quite content. The buses and the taxis roll past him, and now and then a hurrying pedestrian drops a copper into his grimy cap. Nothing else ever happens.

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### *Cheap reprints of the books of* **ANNIE S. SWAN**

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#### **Corroding Gold**

This happy story concerns the experiences of Estelle Rodney, teacher, on her journey to the heart of Dick Bygrave, M.P. It is interwoven with somewhat of tragedy and brave doing, but the belief that "the best is yet to be" provides a golden halo and incidentally gives a right good story.

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# Beds and Bedding

*Practical Details*

*By*

*M. G. Hand*

**C**AST a reflective eye over the things that are most necessary in a home, and you will find beds taking up a very strong position on the list. Since we spend at least a third of our time in their company, it is only fair, perhaps, to give them an equal measure of consideration. A very pleasant form of generosity, for it is one that will repay us a thousand-fold!

With most of us, the first point that will arise is: how much can we spend on the bed? and there, I fear, we shall have to halt and survey the ground with a very judicious eye.

Supposing you have a few pounds only—say eight—to spend, and you fancy above all a mahogany bedstead. Well, it is quite probable that from somewhere or other you will be able to scrape together a mahogany bedstead, complete with mattress, bolster, and pillow for that sum. Unfortunately, it will also be a very unwise procedure.

The first point to remember when buying a bed is that the bedstead itself is the least important thing about the whole concern. An Irishism, but true! After all, the “bed” is the mattress and the spring, the bed-ends the decoration. Therefore—and it is a warning from one who took the sadder but wiser way—decide upon the sort of mattress (both spring and overlay) you are going to have first—and it will pay you well to have the very best you can afford—and then think about the bed-ends with whatever money you have left.

The next point to remember is that bed-ding is a very tricky thing for an amateur to buy. For one thing, he has to rely almost wholly upon what is told him by the salesman. His eye, unfortunately, will not penetrate a tick mattress cover; he must depend on the feel to tell him whether it is wool, or flock, or hair, or hair and wool, and what sort of hair and wool. As this is well-nigh impossible for a novice, it is very important that he should go to a firm who can be absolutely depended upon for the quality of their goods, and to whom he can afterwards go in the event of his finding defects, or of repairs or remaking.

In spite of the relative unimportance which I have just attached to the bed-ends, they shall come first because, after all, they are the most interesting part of the business.

The ideal bed, in my opinion, is something that is “simple in its elegance,” as the old Latin poet so felicitously put it. It is of wood, wax-polished, dependent for its beauty on its shape, its proportions, and the grain of the wood, rather than for any elaboration of design, or workmanship, or over-extravagance of material used. It has little if any carving, no awkward knobs, and is easily get-at-able, dustable, and cleanable from all sides and top and bottom.

The style of the bedstead will, of course, be chosen with due regard to its future surroundings, the style of the room, and the rest of the furniture. It is wise, in these days when labour is at a premium, to invest in something that will not require patient fingers to dust in between cracks and bars and carving. French-polished mahogany is better left alone, for its glittering surface shows every finger-print and needs constant attention. Low foot-ends are an advantage, especially in a small room. They seem to occupy less space and give one more “vista” altogether.

In talking of styles, the question of period bedsteads immediately rises to the fore. Far be it from me to deny the charm and exquisite workmanship of some of these old pieces, but I hardly think I would choose to resurrect them for an age so different from any that has passed before. After all, gone are the days—most happily!—when curtains, canopies, valances, and the like rendered necessary “A Receipt Against Bed-bugs” in every cookery book. Why bring them back? I will not imply that bed-bugs are inevitable accompaniments of valances and so forth, but certainly a great deal more labour is obviously entailed in keeping such beds hygienic. It was partly for this reason, of course, that the brass bedstead was hailed with delight by our mothers, after centuries of curtains

## BEDS AND BEDDING

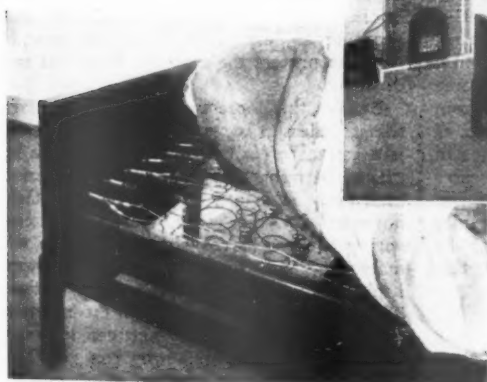
and stuffiness and brimstone burning in the bedrooms to kill all the wood insects.

There is yet another sort of what some people call "period bedsteads." I refer to those exotic affairs of carved wood, sometimes gilt, sometimes lacquered, sometimes combined with oxydized metals. Personally, I should be tempted to refuse them as a gift. They may be suitable for millionaires who can "go the whole hog" and furnish the house in like style, or for French actresses, or even for people with multitudes of servants. I stick to my old Latin sage, happy in the belief that not only am I providing myself with a satisfying and useful piece of furniture, but leaving something that will not be sniffed at by my descendants.

The choice of wood for your bedstead is a matter for individual consideration. Eschew the elegant but not serviceable satinwood, and choose a good hard wood from a reputable firm. Wax polished (not

bars, or with pretty squared-up ends, or rounded off in the form of a semicircle. Whatever the shape, they are hard-wearing, hygienic, and will withstand the knocks of an everyday world with the best grace possible.

They have another advantage, too. They can be enamelled in practically any colour to match a bedroom colour-scheme: black, white, red, blue, or green. Quite recently I saw a very pretty one, which had cost three pounds fifteen, complete with diamond combination spring, wool mattress, bolster, and white dowlais protector. Its owner had enamelled it vermillion, and given it a blue and white check gingham coverlet. It suited her modern room, with its white



A simple bed, with wooden ends of neat design, and well-made spring mattress

varnished) oak is very safe; mahogany can be very beautiful. Walnut is both beautiful and fashionable—and therefore expensive! Padouk is the name of a very good hard-wearing wood, rather like mahogany, but not quite so expensive. It is very successful when simple treatment is given to it.

For a very cheap set of bed-ends, I much prefer the good old iron "workhouse" bedstead to a cheap and inferior "fumed oak." An iron bedstead need by no means be the ugly straight-barred thing we always associate with dormitories. They are now made in the jolliest designs, with vertical

distempered walls, better than any expensive mahogany counterpart.

The brass bedstead is equally hygienic as the iron bedstead; but good ones are expensive and need careful treatment. They lack the enduring beauty of good wood, though, and miss the gaiety of the little enamelled ends.

For special purposes, such as a bedroom which strives to emulate a sitting-room, there is the divan; or just a box-spring mattress on stumps, with a headboard if desired. This is undoubtedly a very economical form of getting a good bed, and very serviceable if one wishes to disguise the bed during the day; but I can never rid myself of the uncomfortable feeling that I should fall out of it. Why the

## **THE QUIVER**

lack of a footboard should induce that feeling I do not know, and perhaps experience might prove otherwise, though few of us are such quiet and peaceful mortals in bed that we do not take a wriggle down now and again, thus pushing our feet against the footboard. Then what would happen?

### **Box-spring Mattress ?**

A box-spring mattress itself is undoubtedly a very comfortable affair to lie upon, and one that is always advocated on account of its hard-wearing qualities. Personally, I prefer to "see the works" whenever it is possible, especially after a glimpse of the dust drawn out of a box-spring mattress by a suction-cleaner after two or three years.

Just as comfortable and reliable, to my idea, and infinitely more hygienic, is a spiral spring mattress. These possess a wonderful resilience yet lack the "sag" which is so dangerous for the spine.

Both of these types have, of course, to have overlay mattresses over them.

A woven-wire spring mattress on a wooden frame is a necessary alternative sometimes, on account of monetary reasons. These vary extremely in price and quality. The best are very closely woven, and some idea of the difference may be gauged from the fact that there is about one mile of wire in a cheap mattress and four miles in one of good quality. These mattresses naturally do not possess the wear of a spiral spring, as the weight of the body gradually causes them to sag, although they can be tightened up from the ends when this happens.

### **The Clip Spring**

The cheapest type of spring is a "combination" clip spring, which is attached by hooks to the iron frame of the bed and is not made to be removed. The drawbacks to this are the fact that it is, of course, much harder to lie upon, and that when it eventually sags it cannot be tightened up as can a woven-wire mattress, although various wire clips can be adjusted more tightly here and there.

The height of luxury for an overlay mattress (unless you cling to your grand-

mother's feather bed) is, of course, one stuffed with long, white horse-hair. As this costs from seven to thirteen pounds, according to size, it is a luxury that is beyond the reach of most of us. A hair mattress, of sorts, can be obtained for about four pounds; but it is infinitely preferable to buy a good mixed hair and white wool to an inferior hair alone, or to a pure wool one. If a wool one is decided upon, it is very important to go to the very best firm, in order to be sure that the wool used has been thoroughly treated in the most hygienic fashion before it was made up. But however good wool is, it is apt to stick together in lumps and become most uncomfortable in the course of time.

### **Turning the Mattress**

It goes without saying, of course, that a mattress ought to be turned from top to bottom on every other day, and from side to side on the alternate days. In this way the contents are kept as evenly distributed as possible until the time comes for it to be re-made and dry-cleaned. This should be necessary about once only every five years or so, especially if a loose cover is made to protect the mattress from dust and dirt.

Besides this loose cover, a very necessary thing, unless a box-spring mattress is used, is a canvas or felt protector or cover to be placed between the spring and the overlay mattress. It is a very curious thing that, however dry the room, a steel mattress-spring always leaves signs of rust on the mattress, and frequently becomes rusty itself unless this cover is placed in position. This rust may be caused by the moisture of the body. A wire mattress that has become defaced in this way can generally be restored by a coating of aluminium paint.

### **Make War on Rust**

The greatest care should be taken to prevent the mattress, whatever its particular kind, from becoming either dusty or rusty. At least once a week it should be thoroughly brushed and dusted, and any woodwork attaching to it wiped occasionally with a cloth damped with disinfectant.







Long-arm cleaners make outside window-cleaning a simple job for the housewife

**W**INDOWS indicate the personality of the home-keeper. Dull, uninteresting windows betray lack of imagination, and sloppy ones are a reflection on the housewife. But it is not only a tidy mind and original ideas which are wanted in window furnishings; an understanding of their lighting value to a room is also important. The primary object of every window is to let in sunlight! The colour-scheme, therefore, plays an important rôle, and in choosing all curtains the aspect of the room should be taken into consideration.

Thus, the colour of the paint on the framework needs to harmonize with the window-dressing and the rest of the room decoration. And, by the way, it is quite a fallacy to think that light-coloured paint is extravagant. It is not so if properly cared for, and it greatly increases the height of a room as well as the lighting effect.

#### Styles in Windows

There are styles in windows just as there are styles in dress, and an obvious Georgian window does not appear at its best with casement curtains! Long, plain white mus-

# All About Windows

By Judith Ann Silburn

lin, brise bisé, Madras, or net, with outer curtains of fadeless chenille, taffetas, velours, tapestry, or reproductions of period embroideries are the best for this type of window.

In buying lace or net curtains, be careful to avoid anything that is heavy in pattern for a small room. Mosquito net, spotted muslins, fine British-made appliqué lace designs are very useful for long windows. The advantage of the British-made net is that the thread itself is bleached before making up, whereas many of the foreign nets are first made up and then bleached, which considerably lessens their wearing power. "Italian" and "Brussels" styles are all manufactured in this country, so that the housewife has plenty of scope in choosing net curtains.

The old Victorian window—one of the ugliest styles in existence—is often a sore spot to the housewife. However, it has one advantage. It can be treated *à la Georgian*, or with casement curtains, whichever is most suitable for the room.<sup>1</sup>

With an old-fashioned window, the first thing to do is to get rid of the cornice pole and substitute one of the new and easily-fitted metal runners. Regarding cord sashes, well, the less said the better; but the housewife might note that metal chain sashes are procurable! Some day all houses will be equipped with metal rustless window sashes.

As regards the French window, undoubtedly one of the most charming methods of treatment is with vitrage lace panels or dainty silk and lace squares which exactly fit each pane of glass.

#### The Beauty of the Casement Window

There is no doubt that the popularity of the casement window is increasing. This may be due to the variety of treatment to which this type of window lends itself, or it may be simply a matter of fashion. Whichever it is, for the moment, archi-

## THE QUIVER

fects seem to be concentrating on the casement window in most of the new and small houses.

The method of treatment depends on the style of the room and also on the shape of the window itself, which may be simply straight across, or in the form of a bay. Again, low casement windows need careful draping in order not to dwarf the room. The size of the window must, therefore, determine whether the curtains should hang straight down from the top, or whether the window needs two sets of short casements with additional outer blinds or curtains to draw across when required.



A hall or landing window can be leaded attractively with a home-leading outfit

Now, where inside and outer curtains are both used, obviously the inside set should be made of as light a fabric as possible, otherwise they will exclude the light. Filet nets, muslin, lace, shadow embroidered shrimp nets are all delightful for casement curtains of this kind. For outer curtains, there are a variety of fadeless velours, jacquards, glazed chintzes, printed linens, and other charming sun-fast dyed fabrics suitable for different rooms and styles of furnishing.

For casement windows which are only equipped with one set of "curtain blinds," e.g. small rooms, fadeless casement cloths, fine cotton materials and shantung are useful.

### Furnishing the Window

There is no doubt that windows are an expensive item in the furnishing bill if they are all done by an "outside person." But why cannot the housewife curtain her own windows? Nowadays she can purchase all her fittings at reasonable prices, and their simplicity makes the matter of fixing a mere nothing. Even if she have a round bay window—one of the most difficult of windows to fit with curtains—she can find a flat brass rail with special patent rustless rollers and runners which is simplicity itself to fix because it bends according to the shape of the window. At the same stores she will find special "headed" tape complete with running string to save sewing, and as for trimming, there are so many ready-made tassels, ball fringes, ruchings, garlands, and curtain insertions that the making of a pair of curtains is but a question of a few hours' work. If she wants to be original, there are home stencil sets which are quite inexpensive and easy to manipulate. Stencilled curtains are charming for nursery and bedroom use.

Casement curtains should fall in straight folds. There are several ways of treating the tops of these windows. A box-pleated valance for small rooms is very neat. A piece of wooden beading can easily be purchased to go over the pleats. Gathered flounces and stiffened borders are also pretty.

Many housewives do not make the most of their windows. For instance, even an old-fashioned long window can be fitted with a divan seat on a raised dais, and every bay window should be equipped with a window seat. After all, what is more natural than to want to sit by the window? Why block it with tables and vase stands? Then again, the flower shelf. Can there be any place in a room better for plants and flowers than the window?

### Special Windows

There are one or two minor windows in a home which call for special treatment. For example, a landing window is often an eyesore, but it can generally be made attractive by treating the panes with leads. The housewife can do this herself with one

## ALL ABOUT WINDOWS

of those home-leading sets. Coloured glasspaper for closet windows is also sold quite cheaply.

Kitchen, bathroom, and scullery windows should be as simple as possible. Anything in the nature of fancy drapery for these windows is out of place. Some people prefer to have no curtains at all in bathrooms; merely frosted glass and a blind for night.

### Blinds

Blinds are not nearly so difficult to make as some women think. Special rollers and fittings can be bought almost anywhere, also glazed blind holland and lace insertion for inside blinds. By the



A short white curtain combines well with a long one of colourful cretonne in this Georgian window



A window seat flanked with enticing bookcases makes a sunny window a delightful lounging place

way, for those who want to use their blinds for sun as well as for ordinary purposes, it is better to get green linen. Or, of course, there are those pretty shadow-blinds in Japanese effects. The Venetian blind still exists in certain houses, and it is worth while noting that when the tapes of these become worn they can easily be re-taped at home.

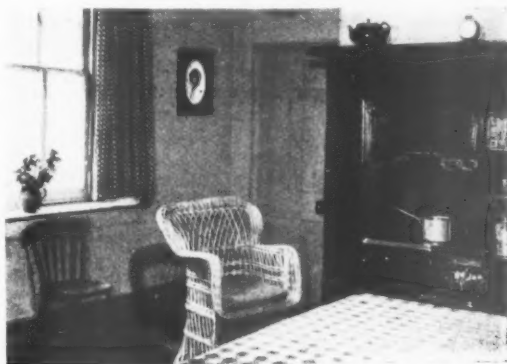
Where the box framework for outside blinds is fitted already, the housewife will find little difficulty in making her own outside sun-blinds, and, by the way, these show a little more imagination in colour and design than they did a few years ago!

### Making the House Burglar-proof

There is an old saying that "if a burglar wants to get into a house he will do so," and that is probably true up to a point. At the same time, the commonest type of burglar is the sneak-thief, and he does not like trouble! Those little, self-locking window fasteners are rather a nuisance to this type of thief, so are hooks, shutters, and electric bells.

### Spring-cleaning the Window

One of the heaviest jobs which the housewife has to face at spring-cleaning time is that of the window. Heavy curtains need



Simplicity should mark the kitchen curtains and checked gingham is fresh and vivid

## **THE QUIVER**

to be steam-cleaned if very dirty, and sometimes dyed if new decorations are being carried out. Chintzes want calendering. Lace curtains can be easily washed at home with care. A good way of drying them is to turn the clothes-horse on its side, so that it looks like a shop curtain-stand. Stretch the curtain over this and it will soon get dry. A small punching-iron is rather useful for getting up lace, as it raises the pattern.

### **Doing One's Own Painting**

If the housewife is going to do her own painting, let her buy the best paint and good brushes. If she desires to economize on paint, she can always use a covering-paint for her first coat. Unless the housewife is skilled in mixing paints and varnishes, it is better to buy paints and varnishes ready mixed. Where framework is very old, it may need filling in with size and whitening; or, again, it may require treatment for insect trouble. There are several wood preservatives on the market, with full directions for using them.

### **The Vacuum Cleaner**

There is no doubt that an electric vacuum is a great boon at spring-cleaning time, especially for curtains and draperies. The safest way, when a thorough cleaning of this description is being undertaken, is to take down the heavy drapery and lay it out on a sheet. Then run over it on both sides with the vacuum until all dust is absorbed. Before putting up the curtains, the paintwork should be thoroughly cleaned down and the window-panes cleaned. The business of window-cleaning can be much lessened by using window-cleaning powder, which helps to bring up the lustre of the glass. And, remember, good wash-leathers are essential to good window-cleaning!

There is no longer any excuse for the

housewife not being able to clean the outside of her windows or her skylights, as, with the long-arm cleaners and special pads to be had now, the difficulty is removed. And why not have a useful step-ladder in the home?

Before leaving the subject of spring-cleaning, it might be worth while mentioning that any housewife who does not possess a vacuum-cleaner need no longer despair. There is a useful electric vacuum service which calls by appointment and cleans any room, or merely a carpet, according to requirements.

In spite of vacuum cleaners, an occasional broom is needed in the home. Those new whalebone brushes last longer than those made of vegetable fibre, and are well worth a trial.

### **The Rattling Window**

There is no longer any reason why windows should be noisy on windy nights when, for a few pence, an anti-rattling device can be fitted to any window in a few seconds. One of these days all our houses will have unshrinkable - steel window-frames instead of wood! Some of the latest are already fitted with them.

### **Alcoves, Folding Doors and Other Problems**

The window is not the only part of the home which needs curtaining. Alcoves on landings often need drapery. Again, when the folding door is removed, heavy curtains usually take its place—to advantage! It sometimes happens that an alcove has to be erected somewhere in the home. If the housewife is in doubt as to how this should be done, her best plan is to consult one of the specialists in this kind of work and ask for an estimate.

A hint in buying draperies: buy fadeless fabrics and those which will harbour least dust.



# The Unattractive Child

By

Jane G. Stewart

**I**NHERENT in most human beings since the world began has been the desire for fair play, and at no time has this desire been more clamant than at the present day. The standard of fair play has, of course, always been limited by the blindness of our vision. Merely to see that a schoolboy was not cruelly thrashed unless he had done something wrong was once all that justice demanded. The child's character, circumstances, the amount of punishment that would be a sufficient deterrent to wrong-doing, were matters hardly taken into consideration at all, and the boy himself accepted this as fair play. It was once considered fair play to refrain from throwing stones at a hunchback or an idiot; now our clearer eyes see to it that some small atonement is made to these innocent victims of circumstances. Yet, still have we need of the prayer: "Open Thou mine eyes," even where the little children are concerned. We who are so clamorous to obtain fair play for ourselves, could we not do more to help little feet over the obstacles in their path-way?

## The Shy Child

It is natural to love the child best who makes us think of the "trailing clouds of glory," whose innocent eyes, little clinging arms, and soft, impulsive caresses, touch the tenderest cords in our natures; not only natural but right, so long as no other child in our circle at the moment is left out in the cold. There are some children who cannot say pretty things, who cannot do pretty things. Some barrier of reserve for which they are not responsible prevents them from showing their affection.

Those who have not studied children are often very unwise in their method of dealing with shyness. To say to a child: "Why are you so quiet," or "You sat there without saying a single word to anyone," is only to make the barrier of reserve more impregnable. Sympathy and tact are supremely necessary. It is advisable to speak to the child when no one else is present, and in some such way: "I know, dear, how difficult it is for you to talk to people.

It does not mean that you are stupid—many clever people have been just like you. You feel as if a great, big wall has to be climbed, and even if you do manage to climb it, it has taken so long that you are too late to say what was in your mind. Now, wouldn't it be just splendid if, instead of climbing, you could take a flying leap over the wall sometimes. I should be so proud of you if you could." Then one must be sure to praise the faintest effort that the child makes, until a measure of confidence is gained.

## Where Affection is Needed

Many shy children receive no sympathetic guidance at all. In spite of our proverbs: "Still waters run deep," and "Empty vessels make the most sound," we rarely act on these suggestions to the benefit of the silent and the shy, and if the child is plain and awkward in addition, he is likely to meet with small favour in any eyes except those of his mother. Yet those of us whose love for children is big enough to embrace the unattractive child have sometimes reaped an unexpected harvest. We have discovered that the gift, or letter, or small attention, received without any evidence of appreciation, has been stored in memory's cavern behind that icy barrier and treasured through the years. The child who cannot express appreciation is not always unappreciative, and the child who cannot chatter may have great capacity for thinking and feeling. In any case, does it never occur to us that these delightful little creatures who captivate hearts so easily will have more than their share of adulation? Why should we not rather shower some of our surplus affection on those who need it most? The petals that have closed so obstinately may unfold in the sunshine of love and tenderness. The unattractive boys and girls may grow up, for want of a little sympathetic help, into the unattractive men and women, a fate which is especially hard in the latter case. It is, therefore, surely worth our while to do what we can to help these little green buds to open into a glorious maturity.

# Problem Pages

## A Spring Walking Tour—Cure for Worry—Entertaining By Barbara Dane

### A Spring Walking Tour

I AM asked by two London teachers for some advice on a spring walking tour.

"We are pretty good walkers," one of them writes; "but we have never done a fortnight's tramp, and we are rather worried about clothes. And we don't know if it would be too much of an adventure to tramp about Normandy. Anything you can say on the subject will be welcome."

For a fortnight's tour, everything necessary can be taken in a rucksack. It should contain a change of underlinen—the soiled linen can be posted home—toilet accessories, a pair of folding slippers of the softest kind, a thin, uncrushable dress for evening wear or a pretty jumper, and a pair of slippers. After a long day's march there is mental as well as physical tonic in changing for dinner, and if you are going to France and want to drop into a Casino or to sit in the lounge of an English hotel it is pleasant to be suitably dressed. However, the dress and shoes can be omitted if the holiday is going to be in primitive kind of country, and in that case a jumper for evening wear can be taken instead.

The best walking kit is a tweed coat and skirt and a thin woollen sweater. There are various makes of featherweight raincoats which are useful in walking tours. And a very soft rainproof felt is ideal. Personally, I prefer tramping in France to tramping in England because any little inn will put you up, and you can get a meal at any hour of the day. Very little, if any part of Normandy is now "undiscovered," and I suppose it would be impossible to find a village in that delightful country in which no English were spoken. Certainly, walking in Normandy could not be described as adventurous in any unpleasant sense. Fifteen miles a day is a very good average; at the beginning of the tour I should be inclined to make it ten, for a holiday may easily be spoiled by over-exertion at the outset.

I hope my correspondents will have a most happy time, and come back to their

duties thoroughly refreshed in mind and body.

### "Afraid of My Wife"

One of the most pathetic and, I think, one of the most courageous letters I have received for a long time comes from a husband who tells me quite candidly that he is afraid of his wife. Let me quote from his letter:

"I notice that you get many letters from women whose husbands provide them with numerous problems to solve. I thought I should like to send you a problem of married life that affects me and a surprisingly large number of men. Perhaps you would describe it as a problem of jealousy, but I do not know if it is really that. My wife is in early middle-age, and has seen a good many sides of life, but she expects me to give an account to her of every moment that I spend away from her. I am expected to return straight home after my day's work in the office. Should I be a few minutes late, I am subjected to a cross-examination. If I should happen to mention the name of any of my women colleagues in the office she is resentful. I dare not make any arrangement to meet my men friends because my wife cannot bear to have me away from her. The result is that, desiring peace above all things in my home life, I have given up almost all my outside interests, and spend all my evenings at home. Perhaps I might add that I am attached to my wife, and my children, and my home; but it seems impossible to make women understand that men sometimes want to be with men, and that an evening spent away from home may be spent in legitimate and perfectly innocent surroundings. You will read this as a confession that I am afraid of my wife, and that, frankly, is the position. Now, I should be deeply interested to have a woman's point of view on the subject."

Not an uncommon problem. But there is another side to it, and in fairness to my sex I think I should put it first. Is it un-



reasonable of a woman who is tied down to her home during the day to look forward to the hour which will give her back her husband and a breath of the greater world outside? So many women, either because they cannot afford servants, or cannot find them if they can afford them, find that they are almost prisoners in their homes, unable to go out except with their children, and unable to leave the home in the evening because the little ones cannot be left alone in the house. It is natural enough, I think, that during these difficult years a woman should expect the companionship of her husband in the evening. Perhaps his is the only companionship she can get. And many married men take it too much for granted that a home and children satisfy every need in a woman, and that having them she needs no other interests. Well, that is one side of the question, and although it arises from the letter I have received, it may not, of course, be the other side of the question I am asked to answer.

I do most sincerely think that many married lives are ruined by the possessive jealousy of wives. It is right and natural that a man should want to see other men. I always think that there is something a little unfinished, a little curious about the man who has no men friends. And it is certainly most trying and irritating to be questioned minutely about one's doings the moment one gets home. I have seen this problem tackled by men I know, and most of them, I am afraid, face it exactly as my correspondent has done. But one man I know acted rather differently. He told his wife candidly that while he loved her as he could love no other woman, it was essential for him to have a certain amount of freedom. And he took it, and he still takes it because the wife in the case soon found out that her outbursts of tears and temper made no difference. They were simply not worth while because they had no effect.

How foolish wives are to make "nagging" their chief card! Surely, if a man is worth loving he is worth trusting. And the less you ask a man, the more he will tell you. It is the quiet, sympathetic, and understanding women to whom men talk freely. Such women realize that there is a time for everything, and that it is not worth while spoiling one's temper and one's evening because the dinner is spoiled through the belated arrival of the husband. It is, however, very difficult to change a woman's nature, or a man's, for all that,

and I can only suggest to my correspondent that he makes up his mind to have a reasonable degree of freedom, to face the inevitable storms, and to hope that as he shows his consistency and determination his wife will realize that storms do not pay. It almost always happens that a nagging wife is the wife of a husband too chivalrous to hit back; but sometimes a little gentle and diplomatic hitting back is the only cure.

### Cure for Worry

Only a determined effort of will can cure that habit of worrying, "Nerissa"; but it can be done. As you awake in the morning, tell yourself that however much unhappiness the day is going to bring you, there will be some beauty in it somewhere. It may be the beauty of a sunset, or a happy memory, or a letter from a dear friend, or the satisfaction of work well done, or the joy of the little service you can do a neighbour. Don't think beyond the day unless you have some decision to make, and having made your decision forget it. Don't unmake it and remake it every few minutes. If you find yourself frittering away your mental power in worrying, tire your brain by some honest, healthy, mental exercise. If you know anything of a foreign language, get a foreign book and translate it with the help of a dictionary. If you must worry, give it a place in your daily time-table. Devote one half-hour to thinking of all your troubles and worries—and then ignore them. Women who worry—unless their worrying is the result of ill-health—can help themselves better than any outsider if they will only brace themselves up to a little effort of will.

### Church-going

Should children be compelled to go to church? A mother asks me this question. She thinks that compulsory church-going may set in a reaction in after years which results in no church-going at all.

I dare say many boys and girls would not go to church if left to themselves, but whose fault is that? I do not think it very suitable that young children should be made to go to long morning services intended for adults, when every denomination, as far as I know, has some special service for children. If church going were talked about as a beautiful and joyous act of praise instead of as a penance, children would look forward to services instead of

## **THE QUIVER**

resenting them. But some parents, and quite devout and good-living parents at that, do talk about church-going as if it involved some enormous effort. Children are very quick to sense an atmosphere, and to adopt the attitude of adults. Let the children go to children's services until they are old enough to appreciate more sophisticated forms of worship.

### **Wedding Presents**

I can assure you, "Margery," that presents for the kitchen are not at all unusual on the occasions of weddings. Few women beginning housekeeping would not appreciate a complete set of casseroles, or a dozen glass bottles, or a carpet-sweeper, and one of the most interesting gifts a friend of mine recently received on her wedding was an old-fashioned spice box filled with cloves, cinnamon, saffron, thyme, mint, and other of those spices which make all the difference between dull cooking and interesting cooking. Cookery-books are often given as wedding presents. In fact, anything for the kitchen would be useful, for kitchen equipment is always the first to wear out. Some of the china now made for kitchens is almost pretty enough to be used in the dining-room, and is much more cheering for servants than the old-fashioned plates and cups and saucers of grey-white hue with faint yellow lines. In the kitchen-dining-room of so many modern small houses attractive kitchen accessories are greatly appreciated, for every new wife takes a delight in showing her friends a model kitchen.

### **Entertaining**

Here is a letter from a London suburb: "As a bachelor, my husband did a good deal of entertaining, and my friends were always made most welcome at my parents' house. But I am rather anxious about the cost of entertaining in my own home. We live in a rather remote suburb, and I hardly feel I can ask people to come such a distance without inviting them to dinner. And we have so many friends that it costs a good deal to entertain them adequately."

Well, you must ask them less frequently, my dear girl. Or, alternatively, you must ask them to supper, or give them coffee and biscuits, and assume that they come to see you, and primarily not to enjoy a free meal at your expense. Young married people, unless extremely well off, are not expected to entertain lavishly. Many

people, especially those who do not go to bed very early, like to dine at home and go out afterwards, and there is no reason why you should not, sometimes, ask your friends to come in after dinner, for a talk or music. They will understand. People are only made uncomfortable if they realize that money is being spent on entertaining them which can ill be afforded. And when you do have friends to dinner, there is no need to give them game or poultry or expensive sweets. If you have plain food nicely cooked they will enjoy it, and are hardly likely to go home feeling disappointed because they had Irish stew instead of roast pheasant. Give of the best which you can afford, and I am sure that your reputation as a charming and a hospitable hostess will not suffer.

### **Writing a Play**

A very ambitious young playwright asks me what are the chances of the play of an unknown dramatist getting produced on the London stage. Well, very remote I am afraid. The rents of theatres are so high and the costs of production so great that managers are relying more and more on revivals or on plays by established authors whose very names are a great attraction. At the same time, the works of unknown authors do occasionally get a hearing, and sometimes plays produced at little suburban theatres are afterwards brought to the West End. But it is a discouraging business. A manager may keep a play six months before he gives a decision; he may like it only to add that it would cost too much to produce, or he is afraid it would be a financial failure though an artistic success. There is no demand for one-act plays, and no demand for plays with a long cast, so I advise my correspondent to send for consideration only a play with a moderate cast and in such a setting as could be inexpensively arranged on the stage. And then he will probably have his play returned again and again perhaps with very nice things said about it, but always with the regret that it cannot be produced. If this young dramatist really has the stuff in him he will peg away and not be discouraged by these rebuffs; but, at the same time, pluck alone rarely wins a man a hearing, and I can only add that the way of the playwright is perhaps the hardest of all for any man who wishes to dispose of the creations of his imagination and his brain.

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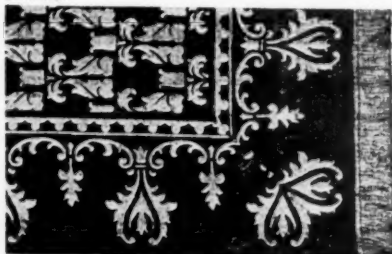
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Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., November 25th.  
Lord Breadalbane writes: "Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 4 ft. x 10½ ft. Cheque £2 1s. 6d. enclosed."

Letterforrie, Drybridge, August 22nd.  
Sir Robert G. Gordon writes: "The 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Rugs please very much. Enclosed are orders for three more carpets and three Hearthrugs. Cheque for £5 11s. 6d. enclosed."

Ladbroke House, Redhill, 15th June.  
The Viscountess D'Arcy writes:—"Enclosing 3/6 for one of your 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs. Red shade, as those supplied previously."



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A New Design in the "Queen's Royal" Reversible Hearthrugs. The latest colourings are Navy, Mistle, Moss, Fawn, Drab, Sky, Olive and Brown shades. The Canterbury Belle Bordered Design for this season in old Indian Art Colours, Anglo-Persian and subdued Turkish and Oriental shades (Copyright Registered). If this design is wanted, kindly quote registered number 208503.

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, Copper Kettle, Fire Brasses, Cutlery, Tapestry Covers, &c. Post free if when writing you mention *The Queen*, March, 1913.

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Castle Hill, Ealing, London, June 4th.  
"Lady Madeline Erskine received the 'Queen's Royal' Reversible Carpet from Mr. F. Hodgson, the dark terra cotta colour, which she likes very much. Please send another at earliest, same size, dark art shades. Cheque enclosed 31s. 9d."

Buckinch House, Richmond, S.W., June 6th.  
Lady Ellis writes:—"The 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs received, and will thank Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons to send three more as soon as possible. Cheque enclosed."

St. Charles, King, Bath, writes:—"Please forward me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns of subdued Turkish shades, also three more Real Opussum Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have Cheque value 10s. 6d."

Concord, Litchfield, Uster, Sept. 1st.  
"Please forward me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns of subdued Turkish shades, also three more Real Opussum Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have Cheque value 10s. 6d."

Dept. 12, Manchester.  
Importers and Merchants,

**WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

# *The Folly of Cooking* *A Word about an Old Friend—* *in the Dark* *The Gas Stove*

**S**UPPOSE I were the most famous of chefs and suppose you had eaten some cream puffs made by me. Thinking them the best you ever tasted, you humbly besought the recipe.

Suppose I wrote you the following :

One fair-sized lump of butter  
Quite a little boiling water  
One or two handfuls of sifted flour  
Several eggs.

The supposing would end at this point. You would stop me with, "Why, I never could succeed with such directions! How am I to know the right amounts, unless you give me exact measurements? Lumps, handfuls, and 'a little,' vary as much as human faces and give me no idea of the right quantity. No one ever made a recipe that way! The very idea!"

Of course not. And whoever attempted to write recipes in such an indefinite manner wouldn't last a week at the business.

## **What is "a Moderate Oven" ?**

**BUT**—and this is a "but" that should make every woman stop, think and act—the average recipe for anything to be cooked in the oven includes guidance of this sort: "Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven," or "Roast two hours in a slow oven."

The average woman conscientiously follows these directions and repeatedly sees her cakes, bread, puddings and roast meats or poultry underdone, scorched or burnt to a crisp. There is no certainty of success.

Not in one home but in every home; not once but a hundred times such cooking directions have been faithfully followed—to failure!

Why?

Not because the maker of the recipes didn't know her business. By no means.

Not because the average British housewife isn't intelligent enough to use the knowledge given her. By no means.

Simply because we have been blind to the fourth great fact in food preparation—the fact of oven-temperature.

We are careful enough about Materials,

Measures, Time. These important elements have been so accurately gauged that even a child can proceed thus far in cookery with reasonable assurance of success.

## **Temperature—the Secret of Success**

But Temperature, which completes the four-square structure of successful cookery, and should be just as accurately gauged, has been left merely to guesswork and luck.

This fourth factor, which in many instances is more important than any of the others, has been glossed over with four words as indefinite as next Easter's weather—Slow, Moderate, Hot, Quick.

So far as the actual conditions back of these terms are concerned, there might be a thousand different interpretations of each. For it is quite conceivable that each of a thousand women might have a different idea. As a matter of fact, most women do!

Hence the prevalence of so much failure in oven cooking of every sort, and the need for eliminating this arch-foe of success in cookery and adopting a common-sense method in keeping with the three other factors.

Just how we have happened to neglect this matter is not easy to understand, for one of the things everyone knows is the importance of a fixed temperature in the human body.

## **An Accurate Standard**

From pole to pole, through temperate and torrid zones and at whatever depth or altitude human beings are found, the normal temperature of the blood is 98.4 degrees. Summer and winter this never varies appreciably in healthy folk though there is usually a slight rise during the afternoon and a slight fall between midnight and dawn.

This standard is so accurately maintained by nature that any sustained deviation is absolute proof of infection. So positive is this sign that every sensible family now includes a clinical thermometer in its home equipment. With such an infallible guide

## **THE QUIVER**

at hand, it is easy enough to know when to call the doctor.

And when he comes, his first act is to take the patient's temperature. This opens the door to diagnosis, for temperature tells him something definite.

In the home, schoolroom, or shop we know the temperature should not be allowed to rise above 65 degrees—those who can accustom themselves to 60 will be healthier and more comfortable in the end.

### **A Matter of Guesswork**

But when it comes to the oven, which plays such an important part in the preparation of food that sustains life, a vast majority of us still cling to the same kind of guesswork that was in vogue when the cave-dwellers baked their flattened loaves on hot stones.

In thousands of years of human history we have, for the most part, failed to move forward a hair's breadth in this vital consideration, and this is true of a country in which we have the best food materials of the ages; a country in which there are unexcelled cooks and cooking experts; a land of countless improvements in every line of kitchen equipment. This Sunday's roast may be perfectly cooked, while next Sunday's, done in the same oven and under what seems to be the same heat surroundings, may be so rare that only the outer slices can be used, or so dried up when it is brought to the table that no one wants any.

### **Money Wasted**

If the money value of all the foods thus wasted through lack of proper oven temperatures could be accurately computed—the value of foods burned or half ruined because of undercooking—it would make a small mountain of gold. If the diseases caused or intensified by foods improperly cooked through ignorance of temperature could be summed up, what a total of suffering and deaths it would represent—not to mention the grouching caused by indigestion.

Aside from anything else, the mental wear and tear of such irregularity is enough to turn a woman grey years before nature's appointed time for this transformation.

Clocks strike twelve at twelve. Trains arrive and depart on a fixed schedule. International congresses decide on standards of weight, measurement, and time. In every other department of life save in this

important matter of food preparation have prehistoric methods been relegated to limbo.

Cooking by temperature. How may this be done? By using thermometers or oven regulators, many different types of which are on the market.

But before you adjust your oven to a given temperature, you obviously have to decide what that temperature should be. Old-fashioned recipes told the housewife to use a "slow," a "moderate," a "hot," or a "quick" oven. This gave her a hint, but not much more, because the terms, not being standardized, often meant one thing to the writer of the cookbook and something different to every one of her readers. If these terms are to be of any value in cooking, each of them must mean the same degree of temperature to every one who uses it.

### **A Standard of Values**

This is gradually coming to be the case, since more and more experts in cooking and the making of kitchen equipment are agreeing to accept the following table of values:

Slow—300 degrees.  
Moderate—350 degrees.  
Hot—400 degrees.  
Quick—450 degrees.

Modern recipes, therefore, which use the old-fashioned terms may generally be depended upon to mean the standards given above. This is the case with those in most of the leading magazines that have cooking departments. Thus, when a recipe calls for "one hour in a moderate oven," the woman who uses it may ensure success by keeping the temperature of her oven 350 degrees. If a "Quick" oven is indicated, she should raise it to 450 degrees.

However, the best and most scientific recipes—and this is true of an increasing number of them—give directions with the exactness of a chemical formula: "Bake in a hot oven 425 degrees," or "Bake at 250 degrees for about three hours." This is the system which, if followed, increases your chance of cooking success by at least fifty per cent. But even if the housewife knows the proper temperature, how may she keep the oven just that hot and no hotter?

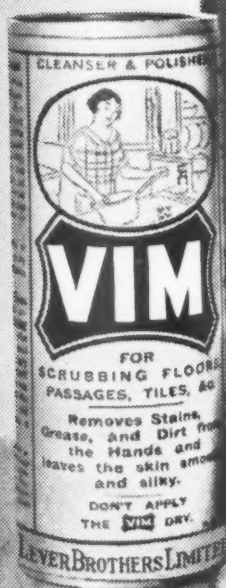
### **The Oven Regulator**

The simplest way is by using an oven regulator. Many of the best gas ovens today are equipped with these little devices, which automatically keep the heat constant



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TABLETS**



## THE FOLLY OF COOKING IN THE DARK

at any desired temperature. They are sometimes in the form of a wheel, on which is indicated the degrees of heat and parallel with them the terms "slow," "moderate," "hot," and "quick." All that is necessary is to light the oven and turn the indicator to the temperature called for by recipe.

When these regulators are not available a portable thermometer may be very satisfactorily used, many of them being made just for this purpose. According to this system, the thermometer is placed inside the oven and the housewife experiments with the flow of gas until she knows exactly how much to turn on to get any given temperature. Needless to say, she'd better do this experimenting with an empty oven, simple as it really is, and get all her values worked out before she actually begins to bake or roast by temperature. These thermometers may be used for oil, coal, or gas ranges, and are inexpensive enough for everybody.

Aside from the comfort obtained by knowing that your cake or roast will be properly done, there is a big feature of economy in temperature cooking. Fuel is saved because guesswork is eliminated and only enough need be used to get the required heat; meat and vegetables that can be baked in the same pan can always be prepared together, and when oven space permits fuel can be conserved by carefully planning several dishes that can be cooked at the same temperature. Time is saved because one can know just how long it will take each dish to cook.

### Preserving Fruits

In ovens that can be thus regulated, it is also possible to preserve the winter's supply of fruits and tomatoes with greater ease and less heat than when they are boiled on top of the stove. Besides conserving fuel, this simplifies the routine of work. Preserving days are busy days, and with the top of the stove free a boiled dinner can be prepared while the canning is going forward.

The revolutionizing influence of "time and temperature" cookery if generally understood and adopted, would do much to remove wear and tear connected with home-cooking.

This is a matter that deserves more consideration than it usually receives. Too often the kitchen, which is the source of health for the family and guests, is a source of illness for the woman who supervises it. In this connection, the following quotation is both interesting and valuable. It is from

a book on "The Nervous Housewife," written by Dr. Abraham Myerson, professor of Neurology: "In its aims and purposes housekeeping is the highest of professions; in its methods and technique it ranks among the lowest occupations." Granted that the famous doctor's epigram is true and that the technique of housekeeping is far from perfect, then the homemaker who suffers from "nerves" should seize upon every new improvement that promises to lighten her work. Clean-cut, systematic methods of cooking and especially the abolition of "guesswork" about oven temperatures are devoutly to be wished for. They are the only sure relief for the housewife's nervous strain that comes from wondering what her "luck" will be as each baking day comes around.

Given equally good materials and flavouring, the now familiar complaint, "Well, mother, this is all right, but it hasn't quite the taste of the last one you made," would vanish like mist before the sun. And the embarrassing and humiliating experience of having a dish come on to the table, only to be sent back or remain untouched because of under or overcooking would be consigned to a place beside hoop skirts and flintlocks!

### To a Plane of Precision

To lift the standard of cookery from rule of thumb to a plane of precision; to change cookery from a game of chance to a well-regulated process of unusually certain results is an aim worthy of the best efforts of all.

To attain this end, cooking experts, domestic scientists, and all who are interested in the art of properly preparing foods for human consumption should agree on the figures above named—or at least on a fixed set.

The next step would be the revision of all old recipes to conform to the new rules—not a very difficult task, and surely one that would bring about great betterment in the field of nutrition. And, of course, all new recipes would be gauged according to the standards adopted.

The housewife and the cook would know "where they were at!" The "talks at home" would find eating a far greater pleasure. The doctors would have more time for golf and travel. And the oven would become a real friend to every member of the family. And in oven-cooked food—that is, proper oven-cooked food—

## THE QUIVER

will be found new flavours and new food delights.

Roasted meats, baked flour mixtures, and a few simple baked vegetable dishes are almost everyday foods in most households, but the less well-known cookery methods—braising and casserole cooking especially—and new methods of cooking old foods will find their way rapidly into every kitchen. The wide range of fancy hot breads, pastry desserts, delicate puddings, and fine cakes will fall into the province of every good cook, for the success of these lies very largely in careful baking, which is assured with regulated heat and a definite temperature. In this way the standard of cookery will be raised and, what is equally important, greater variety in the diet will be possible without fear of failure or undue cost in time, labour, and money. Variety not only adds spice and zest to life, but promotes greater well-being and greater efficiency.

### Banishing the Mediocre

The unusual or the "different" is the universal goal. Prosaicness is just as undesirable in food as in everything else. Perhaps more so. Sitting down to a mediocre meal dulls the appetite rather than whets it. In times gone by the housewife had an alibi. Hot rolls, biscuits, homemade cake, were eliminated from the daily menu because the baking part was such a gamble. But not so any more! No longer can the in-

different housewife or mediocre cook take refuge under that time-worn excuse. The oven-regulator has struck a death-blow to all such arguments.

And grateful indeed should the housewife be for this stride of science. Her rôle in life has not only been made extraordinarily more efficient but vastly simplified. She can now prepare an entire meal, put it in the oven, set the regulator, and then absent herself for hours if she chooses. No jumping up every minute to be sure nothing is burning, no anxiety over the possible spoiling of her expensive food-stuffs. The progressive hand of science has removed all element of mental hazard.

The set clock, the adjusted regulator, the kitchen apron abandoned on a chair beside the stove, all bear silent testimony that the meal cooks on safely while the mistress of the household, carefree and undisturbed, has slipped off to a bridge party or on a shopping orgy. Nor is it to return to a sizzled roast, scorched potatoes, and dried-out vegetables. Quite the contrary. So scientifically have things progressed during her absence that the meal will be as delicious as if she had spent weary hours over a hot stove. For, in her absence, her materials have been properly cooking.

And in the proper kind of food, properly cooked, is to be found the secret—if secret it may be called—of the physical fitness which makes for a really progressive, advancing people.



*A book that demands the  
attention of all thinking people*

# Life After Death

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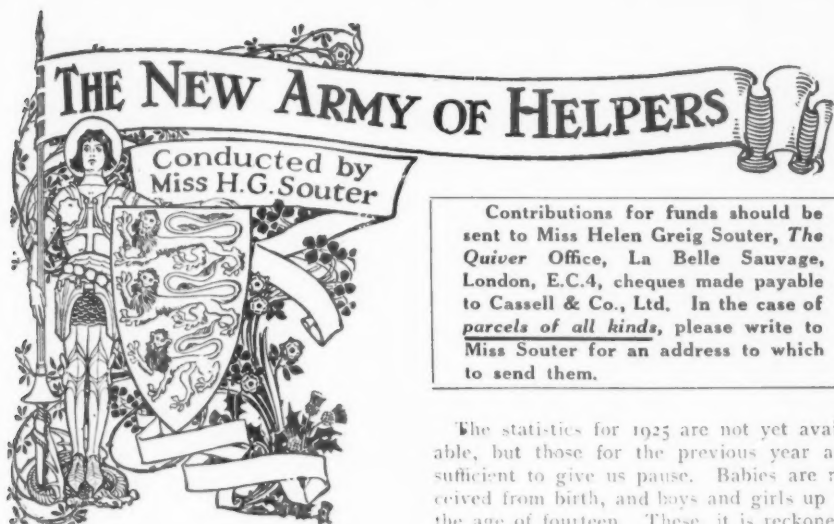


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### The Queen's Hospital for Children

**M**Y DEAR READERS.—One of the saddest sights in the world, to my way of thinking, is a suffering child. It somehow seems so unnatural that a mite of humanity destined only for love, laughter, happiness, and health should have to lie white, stricken, incapable of running about, and making music at will. The sight of a children's ward in any hospital tugs like nothing else at one's heart strings, and yet what should some of those poor, helpless lambs who find a temporary heaven in the like of the Queen's Hospital, Bethnal Green, do without such a Home of Healing?

This institution was founded away back in 1897, largely as a result of the heroic work and self-sacrificing efforts of two youthful sisters—Quakeresses—who, during a time of cholera, went from house to house nursing the sick and relieving distress by a liberal generosity. Ever since, the hospital has kept an open door and no sick child has been refused admission, unless suffering from infectious disease. The late Queen Alexandra was Patroness, the Duke of York is President, the Duchess is keenly interested also, and Princess Beatrice is President of the Ladies' Association.

The hospital is efficiently manned by six men and women doctors and by a staff of sixty nurses, whilst over twenty surgeons and specialists visit several times weekly and give freely of their services.

Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to *Cassell & Co., Ltd.* In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

The statistics for 1925 are not yet available, but those for the previous year are sufficient to give us pause. Babies are received from birth, and boys and girls up to the age of fourteen. These, it is reckoned, are liable to some two hundred diseases, disabilities, and injuries. The in-patients numbered 1,627, the out-patients 38,779, and the attendances 145,007—a remarkable proof, if such were necessary, of the important part the hospital plays in the juvenile life of the grimy East End.

No charge is made, and according to their means the parents contribute very generously to the funds; but, as everyone knows, expenses by some strange economic fatality have an infallible habit of mounting *up*, never by any chance *down*, the scale of expenditure in the ordinary private home, and how much more in a hospital of this size and usefulness?

The beds available, including those at the Little Folks Home at Bexhill, number 170. Naturally minor casualties and accidents are at a maximum in a district where the mothers are compelled to go out to work, leaving their children of tender age either playing in the streets, their only nursery, where they are liable to be run over; or in their homes, where, fending for themselves, they get burned or scalded by dropping kettles of boiling water, or setting fire to their clothing with matches, etc.

The hospital is doing a truly magnificent and patriotic work in thus saving and salvaging the youth of the nation, which is its hope and biggest asset for the future; but its scope is sadly hampered and its enterprise restricted, not only by the lack of sufficient funds, but by the severe handicap of a serious deficit of £15,000.

## **THE QUIVER**

### **The Home at Bexhill**

It is not to be wondered at if I am specially interested in its valuable annexe, the Little Folks Home at Bexhill, the purchase and maintenance of which are a lasting memorial to the kind hearts and youthful sympathies of the young readers of that very popular magazine, "Little Folks," many of whom belong to homes where **THE QUIVER** shares pride of place in the estimation of the senior members. The tale of how it all came about is one of the romances of modern times.

The Editor, ably assisted by Miss Bella Sidney Woolff (now Mrs. Southorn), appealed to his readers for a share of their pocket-money to be devoted to the creation of a hospital by the sea for the poor, broken blossoms of humanity who might be sent there to recuperate and discover for themselves the wonders of the waves and the healing power of nature's ozone.

The idea caught on tremendously, and so fired the imagination and touched the hearts and pockets of little folks all over the country, that they worked splendidly, and eventually raised the handsome sum of £8,000, enough to buy outright a good-sized house and assist in its upkeep after endowing thirteen cots in the hospital. An ideal house, it is surrounded by eight acres of garden, apple orchards, and gorse-covered land, where the children play so safely and happily and chase the rabbits as they scuttle from warren to warren, "with their skins wrong side out," according to one small slum-dweller!

Altogether, outside and in, it is a most wonderful place—a veritable paradise to the numerous patients, who are allowed to stay fifty days or longer, according to the state of their health. Think of it: fifty joy-filled days of skilled nursing, loving, tender care, good food, pleasant surroundings, fresh air, glorious sunshine—all of which have a marvellous effect on those stunted, pain-racked little bodies. On wet or dull days they congregate in the spacious playroom and amuse themselves with all sorts of games. The dormitories with their rows of white cots, each of which is adorned with a shining brass plate bearing the name of the donor, look most attractive. Outside, on the sun-plashed veranda other of the more delicate patients sleep day and night. Several, it may be, are carried out to the pavilions in the grounds, and, save for the presence of the cots, there are few signs of illnesses, for,

although there may be some wan, thin faces, they are all as merry as sand-boys and happier than kings, for isn't there a pony, a couple of donkeys, two nice doggies, and everything in reason that the heart of a child could desire?

In spring and summer they enjoy delightful picnics with the nurses, play ring-a-ring of roses in the garden, or, best of all, set off for a trip to Pevensey Bay to paddle, bathe, and run about, and, joy of joys, have tea on the beach, laying up the while a store of health and of happy memories which will tide them over the rough parts of life's journey in less happy days.

### **A "QUIVER" Gift**

Some time ago, it may be remembered that, owing to the sale of the motor-ambulance, which **QUIVER** readers equipped, and which did excellent service during the war, the sum of £700 was invested on behalf of the Home and the endowment of a **QUIVER** bed.

The weekly expenses of the Home are £40, and I shall gladly welcome the smallest sums towards this most worthy and deserving of objects. In the words of Mr. E. V. Lucas:

"For little folks, whose joys are few,  
I want to coax a cheque from you,"

and so assist in making this earthly paradise, and all it stands for, possible for the poor, neglected waifs and strays of the East End—the future citizens of Empire, and give them a chance of becoming strong, healthy men and women instead of only C's.

Gifts of clothing, boots and shoes should be sent direct to the sister-in-charge at Little Common, Bexhill, who is always pleased to welcome visitors and show them over the Home.

### **Our Fire Fund**

By the middle of December it was very evident that my faith in God and the readers was more than justified. Each post seemed to bring in contributions, large and small, with such kindly sentiments and encouraging messages that I was greatly cheered, and was thus enabled to meet all the many demands made upon the funds. I wrote out cheques, feeling like a multi-millionaire—only very much nappier, till I felt as if my wrist were dislocated. All the good wishes and prayers offered up by grateful souls materialized, as far as I was concerned personally, and I have no



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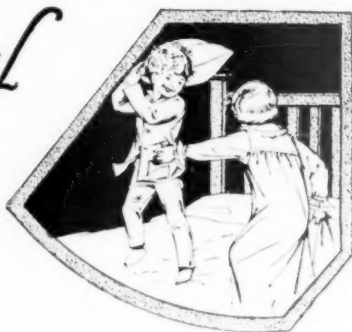


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## HAIR ON THE FACE



Removed by a painless method. Explanatory Booklet sent Free.

Beauty of face is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to remove these has caused much anxiety to ladies who study their personal appearance. Some have tried the painful process of Electrolysis, which leaves the skin perforated, and often these small holes become clogged, and hence other blemishes arise, such as Blackheads, Pimples, &c. There is also the dangerous depilatory, which only burns off the hair, and often burns the skin. But at last science has devised a method which entirely supersedes the antiquated harmful methods.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for ever by a new method which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days, and the hair has gone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. There is no expensive treatment or appliances to buy. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This new method is worthy of your interest. We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write, as, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

**HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION OF THIS NEW METHOD.** Just send your name and address, with a stamp for postage, to **The Capillus Manufacturing Co., 339 Palace House, 123 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.** You will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you FREE in a perfectly plain and sealed package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be painlessly removed. Why not write to-day?

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

doubt that many of the Helpers, especially those who were in direct touch with invalids, and others were conscious also of blessing at Christmastide.

### Where Help Was Most Welcome

The following extracts from letters which could be multiplied indefinitely proves how very acceptable the money for coals and comforts was, especially at such a seasonable Christmastide as fast:

"Oh, what a lovely gift, and what beautiful warm fires we shall have all through Christmas! Please accept my very grateful thanks, and think of us having an extra warm and comfy time."

"No human being can understand what a help and comfort your monthly letter is, and how we both bless you and all the kind Helpers for it. Our hearts are, indeed, full of gratitude."

"I want you, dear Helper, and your good Army of Helpers, to know that your welcome tokens of loving kindness to the sick, needy, and lonely strengthen our faith in the belief that God is with us, for Love is of God, and by revealing Love you reveal that He is here with us. What a holy work you are doing for Him and His shut-in ones. May He richly reward you all and soon."

"My sisters and I ask you to accept our most grateful thanks for the very welcome Christmas gift. It came as a most joyful surprise just when our household purse was at its leanest. I cannot tell you what a blessing it is to us, and we thank you again and again."

"You really don't know how much I appreciate your kindness. In fact, when the cheque arrived, I hadn't a fire in the house, and with the children complaining of the cold, and having had to bath the baby without a fire, I can tell you it was a gift from Heaven, for it is half our food to have a good fire."

### The Pathetic Human Document

So much interest and sympathy have been aroused by my appeal under this heading in December that many will be pleased to read of the results of a helping hand in time of dire need. The recipient writes:

"How can I ever thank you for your extraordinary goodness to myself. I never imagined such people as yourself and the kind people to whom you gave my name ever existed. You are indeed my fairy godmother, the only one I have ever known. My terrible hardships had made me bitter and hard, and convinced me that Goodwill, Kindness, and such like words were words to adorn Christmas cards at that time only. I was slowly, but nevertheless surely, getting to hate the world generally. I can never, by mere pen and ink, convey one hundred thousandth part of what I feel to you."

If we have done nothing else than revive faith and love in one soul this Christmas, then I think it was quite worth while, don't you?

### A Missionary in Uganda

Some time ago I had the pleasure of meeting a most interesting woman missionary, home on furlough. She is now on her way back to Uganda, and would very much like someone to send her THE QUIVER regularly. She writes as follows:

"I can assure you that it would be very much appreciated and well read, as we pass on our magazines to one another on the station and then to the settlers. I am looking forward to being back at work. There is a big sphere before me: women's and girls' work in a province the size of Yorkshire, charge of a girls' school with 250 pupils, superintendence of eleven village schools, and the training of women and girls, besides a good many other things, and for this I am the only English worker giving full time. We work with native assistants trained by me in the school."

"The girls are most quick and responsive, and if one had other workers, one could do so much. They are bright and quick, and very keen to learn."

The name and address are: Miss A. K. Attlee, C.M.S., Fort Portal, Uganda, East Africa.

Miss Attlee, like myself, was brought up on THE QUIVER, and told me that in her home is a bound copy of it dated 1873.

An invalid is most anxious for a regular copy of THE QUIVER.

### Easter Gifts

Several invalids are anxious to obtain orders for novelties in raffia work, paper hats for summer, with or without shapes, sent on approval, babies' woolies, knitting, Silkeena stockings, etc. Please send addressed envelope with 1½d. stamp for lists.

### Wanted: a Caravan

I sometimes feel a regular old Mother Hubbard, for the wants of my ever-increasing family are so numerous and varied; but with the kind and loyal assistance of Helpers and Readers, I generally get them all supplied in time. Now I have set my heart on obtaining a caravan, and should be ever so grateful to anyone who can beg, borrow, or lend one for the summer or longer.

I am greatly interested in an indigent gentlewoman and her young nephew, whom I number among my friends. The latter is a semi-invalid, whose literary ambitions have already crystallized in one book to his credit. He looks on me as his fairy godmother since I gave him some encouragement and published his first tale. In spite of his physical handicap, he is of a most adventurous turn of mind, and dearly

## THE QUIVER

loves the country; but at present he and his aunt are living in a dull city street where he cannot venture out.

His idea is that if only he had a caravan he could write in peace, potter about making furniture and doing handy work, and so keep an easier mind, having no expenses but food, until he writes his masterpiece and earns money, which he badly needs.

### Gifts of Clothing, Books, Letters, etc.

I would like to thank very gratefully the following for their kind helpfulness in many ways: Miss A. J. Adie, Miss M. Godfrey, Mrs. Wintle, Miss Betts, Mrs. W. Moffat, Mrs. Maidement, Miss Willcox, Mrs. Alsop, Miss J. E. Robinson, Miss D. B. Read, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Prickwell, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Howard, Miss J. O. Oliphant, Miss Johnston, Miss A., Mrs. Hansard, Miss Dobie, Miss M. Field (who sent a second and very generous supply of bread and coal tickets), Miss Stocker, Miss Templeton, "Lancashire Lass," Mrs. Jordan, Miss Martel, Miss E. A. Ford, Miss E. M. Hunt, Miss G. Williams, Miss E. Metcalfe, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Beach, Miss W. Bull, Miss Kirke, Miss M. Price, Mrs. Hall, Miss A. Ferguson, Mrs. Nankwell, Miss M. Francis, Mrs. Granville Sharp, Miss Child, Miss E. Hume, Mrs. Sheepshanks, Mrs. E. Watson, and the anonymous sender of "baby clothes," etc.

### S O S

*S O S Fund*.—Mrs. Hamilton, £10; Mrs. Mount, £1; M. B. Statter, 10s.; Miss M. Robinson, 10s.; Mrs. J. D. Barrett, 5s.; A. Quiver Reader, 2s. 6d.; Anon., £1; Mrs. Guthrie, £3; M. G. S., £3; Mrs. Steel, £1; M. A. G., £1; M. F. Bleackley, 2s. 6d.; C. Hobdell, £2; M. F., £1; Miss K. Richardson, 10s.; E. M. C., 5s.; Mrs. M. Welch, 5s.; Miss K. Robinson, £1; Mrs. and Miss Offord, £1 10s.; Mrs. J. Cook, 5s.; Mrs. C. Smail, £2 10s.; Miss Field, £5; W. J. Dobie, 5s.; Miss E. M. Templeton, £2 10s.; Mother and daughter, 1s. 8d.; Isabelle Stock, £2; Miss I. F. Watkins, 1s.; K. E. Gough, £5; V. M. McRae, 10s.; Mrs. E. Thompson, £1; E. A. B., £1; A. M. Standen, 2s. 6d.; Miss J. Bardinell, 5s.; V. E. E., 10s.; M. S., 10s.; Mrs. Crow, 10s.; Mrs. Wordley, 10s.; Miss E. Kyle, £1 10s.; T. A. H. and E. M. H., £1 10s.; L. G. Cheshire, £3 10s.; S. M. D., £1; K. I. Duncan, 10s.; S. W., £5; M. Foxcroft, £1; G. Williams, 10s.; Mrs. Andrews, £1; Mrs. H. B. Moon, 10s.; Herbert Smith, £3 3s.; A. Powell,

10s.; E. Metcalfe, 10s.; B. F., 10s.; M. C. Mann, 10s.; K. Smith, 2s.; A. Jobson Adie, £1; E. L., 10s.; E. Batch, 10s.; "Southport," £1; St. Paul's Girl Guides, Aberavon, per W. H. Key, £5; Mrs. A. Morris, £1; M. J. H., 5s.; Miss E. Lovett, £1; "Laxfield," 5s.; Anon. (Lancaster), £1 1s.; Arran, £3; Miss G. W. Cosling, 5s.; L. A., 10s.; Anon., 10s.; Mrs. J. Atkinson, £1 1s.; L. Foster, 5s.; G. F., 10s.; E. Porteous, £1; L. M. le Brun, 3s. 6d.; "T.", £1 10s.; Anon., 10s.; H. E. Sparrow, £1 5s.; A. P. Turner, £1 1s.; Mrs. Jenkins, £1; H. Masheter, £1; Anon., 5s.; M. Francis, 5s.; M. D., 10s.; M. J. M. Macken, £1; "Tithe," £1; "Beth," 7s. 3d.; S. J. G., 10s.; Mrs. Edwards, £1; Miss Hort, 3s.; C. W. Parkes, £1 10s.; E. H. Rae, 10s.; J. Kirkaldy, £1; R. S. C., 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Amy Webb, £1 1s.; A. M. B., £2 2s.; Miss E. C. Clark, £1 10s.; Miss F. Kent, £1; Miss O. G. Coupe, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Huston, £1; E. S. McDonald, £1; "Grateful," 10s.; Miss M. G. Potter, 5s.; Mrs. J. F. Bennett, £1; In memory of A. M. P., £8; E. Kislbury, 10s.; Mrs. Valentine, 15s.; In memory of loved ones, 5s.; Mrs. Florence Hobbs, 10s.; Mrs. L. Wilson, £1; the Misses Fitness, £2; Miss Howes, 2s.; "Sympathizer" (Nottingham), 5s.; Mrs. M. Rose, £3; S. Millard, £1; K. Richardson, 10s.; Mrs. R. Solomon, £1 1s.

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*Save the Children Fund*.—Mother and Daughter, 1s. 8d.; H., £1 1s.

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*St. John's Hospital*.—Arran, £3; M. B. P., 2s. 6d.; R. S. C., 5s.

It will, perhaps, save some disappointment occasionally if those who write in hot haste appealing for monetary help in a day's time would remember that, with the best will in the world, I cannot possibly undertake to do so, as my letters are forwarded to me in batches from the office, and are all dealt with in rotation and with the utmost speed, unless, perhaps, at Christmastime, when I took a couple of days off work after penning over 200 letters, cards, cheques, and messages.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN GREIG SOUTER







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# Lady Pamela's Letter

**D**EAR COUSIN DELIA,—One of the minor tragedies of domestic life occurs when a favourite teapot, or some much-prized piece of china or pottery, gets broken. It is always so sudden a shock! The time-honoured excuse of the domestic that it "came to pieces" in her hand is often literally true. She wrings the neck of the delicate decanter or wineglass; she thrusts bulky fingers, enveloped in a dish-cloth, into a fragile cup, and, alas! it is shattered into fragments.

Nothing is easier than to break china and glass when washing up. On a cold day one's fingers appear to be all thumbs in their clumsiness, the soapy water makes everything slippery, and in less time than it takes to tell, a plate or some other valuable slips through one's fingers and is shattered into many fragments.

It would be interesting if a few housewives would make careful note of their expenses during a year in replacing these smashes of crockery. For a large house the sum total would be a goodly one, even when quite ordinary china and glass are used for everyday service.

It is little short of astounding to hear what enormous quantities of crockery are broken year by year in a large restaurant. One big London firm found that some 60,000 teapots were broken in one year alone! It seems almost incredible. In two City teashops nearly one thousand articles were broken in one fortnight! These include, of course, not only outright smashes but cracks and chips that place the plate or cup *hors de combat*. One big firm collects the merely disabled china and gives it to a large philanthropic society.

Of course in a restaurant the largest percentage of breakages occurs when washing up is in progress, but customers have been known to break china, and the waitresses occasionally collide or drop trays, with disastrous results.

It seems rather strange that with so many modern improvements and inventions some inventive housewife does not evolve a substitute for fragile china. Enamelled ware does not meet the need, for however prettily coloured and adorned, it suggests the kitchen, or perhaps the nursery. For picnics and other outdoor occasions, when breakages often occur, aluminium cups and plates are practicable, but these again are not suitable for ordinary household use. Perhaps during the next few years we shall all be delighted to find that someone has discovered a process that makes our pretty china and glass unbreakable.

EVER YOURS, PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**TO REPLENISH THE LINEN CHEST.** Patricia (Malvern).—It is desirable to replenish your linen chest at least once every year. You need not lay in a great stock, but just add a few items of each kind so that your supplies never run short. You cannot do better than get Hercules sheets and pillowcases. They are as good as the overalls of the same name, and I expect you have already made good use of these for yourself and your children. The Hercules sheets are carefully woven to give a soft texture while preserving a tenacity of strand that assures durability. You will, I know, appreciate their snowy whiteness, and when in use you will find them most satisfactory.

**TO MAKE NICE TOAST.** Lorna Doone (Exeter).—I often wonder, as you do, that so few people can make really nice toast. It is not a difficult task, but does call for a little care. You should light the grill of the gas-cooker several minutes before you start making the toast so that it can get really hot. Cut the bread evenly and not too thick or too thin. If too thick it will be coarse and stodgy to eat, and if too thin it is often hard and brittle. Use bread one day old, for fresh bread does not make nice crisp toast, and stale bread makes hard toast. Place the bread to toast and watch it carefully. Turn it directly one side is a rich golden brown. When done, place it at once in the toast rack and serve whilst still crisp and hot. Never let it lie flat on a plate or it will get heavy and sodden.

**FOR A SPRING HOLIDAY.** Enterprise (Kensington).—You are very lucky to be able to snatch a brief respite from your hard work. I am only too glad to make a suggestion as to where you can spend it to the best advantage. Personally I think you would enjoy a few weeks on the South Coast immensely. You will get any sunshine there that visits these isles, and you will find the air warm and soft and balmy. The South Coast watering places are very attractive in themselves, and not the least of these attractions is the excellent service of trains to them provided by the Southern Railway. You will by this means make the journey quickly and comfortably, and I feel sure your holiday will be a great success both from the point of view of pleasure and renewed health.

## THE QUIVER

**FOR PATENT SHOES.** Iris B. (Birmingham).—Many other correspondents appear to have the same difficulty. There is never any guarantee that patent leather will not crack. You can, however, protect and preserve the leather by well rubbing in a little vaseline occasionally. This softens and preserves the leather, so making the tendency for it to crack less strong.

**FOR CRACKED FINGER-NAILS.** Emilia (Rochester).—You ought certainly always to wear rubber gloves when washing up. Shake a little french chalk into the fingers and they will slip on more readily. At bedtime rub your nails well with vaseline and wear a pair of loose-fitting gloves until your hands are softer and the nails in better condition.

**FOR A TIMID CHILD.** Regular Reader (Newcastle).—The fact that your small son dislikes the dark does not mean that he is lacking in courage. Many little children are nervous in the dark during their early years, and as they grow older they overcome their vain fears. I would strongly advise you to avoid forcing him to sleep in the dark. It would be much more sensible to put a night light in his night nursery. The faint gleam will dispel his fears, and the light is not so bright that it will keep him awake. You can use Price's night-lights with the greatest satisfaction. It will be a boon to know the small boy is not filled with groundless fears. The faint but clear gleam of the night-light will enable him to sleep in comfort.

**A TROUBLESOME PROBLEM.** Nadine (Luton).—As he is your sister's friend and you know she values his friendship it would be kinder not to encourage his attentions to yourself. This is particularly desirable as you tell me you are engaged to another man and do not feel the least interest in your sister's friend.

**FOR FOOTWEAR COMFORT.** M. M. B. (Bradford).—As your feet are so tender you must always wear stockings that are long enough and free from large darns. Then, too, you must wear well-made shoes of soft leather. You could with advantage wear a half size larger than really fits you, and that will leave room inside each shoe for a felt sock. This will keep your feet warmer and more comfortable.

**COMPLEXION CARE IN SPRING.** Miranda (Eastbourne).—The bleak winds of early spring are apt to roughen and coarsen the complexion unless some precautions are taken to counteract them. Your best plan will be to apply a little of Beetham's La-rola regularly night and morning to your face, neck, hands and arms. This will ensure you the kind of complexion which you desire and which is so attractive in a woman. If you take this simple measure you need not fear any ill effects from changes of temperature and your skin will remain soft and clear and transparent in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

**TO MAKE MARMALADE.** Rose Marie (Ipswich).—It is not too late, and I think this is a nice and simple recipe. Take six Seville oranges and one lemon. Cut up skin and pulp finely, removing the pips and soaking them in hot water. Put the cut up peel to soak for twenty-

four hours in water, allowing 1 pint of water to each orange or lemon. Then strain the water from the pips and add this, and place the whole in a preserving-pan. Boil gently for an hour and then add 7 lb. of sugar. Continue boiling until the rind is tender and the juice is syrupy. Bottle at once and tie down carefully.

**FOR AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.** Rosemary (Bexhill).—When you visit your little nieces at the mid-term it would certainly be a good idea to take them some small gift. Nothing could be nicer than a supply of really high-quality chocolates. Why not choose Cadbury's chocolates with the delicious centres? These, as you probably know, are made at Bournville, and the name of Cadbury on every piece is a guarantee of purity and of high quality. There are various assortments and flavours, but each and all are delicious and can be relied on as being absolutely pure and wholesome. I am sure your little friends will be very delighted at so delightful a gift.

**ADDRESS WANTED.** Inquirer (Liverpool).—The firm is very well known and old established, so that the address given in the advertisement is quite sufficient.

**A NERVOUS TRICK.** Worried (Ilfracombe).—No notice should be taken and perhaps he will grow out of it. In any case you would be wise to let a doctor overhaul him and perhaps give him a nerve tonic. I can quite understand your anxiety, but he will, I hope, grow out of it as he gets stronger.

**A SPRING-CLEANING SUGGESTION.** Mater-familias (Rugby).—It is indeed very tiresome to have to send your carpets and rugs away to be cleaned, especially as you live in the country. Have you heard of Chivers' carpet soap? You ought to keep this in the house all the year round, and then you can use it at regular intervals and it will keep your carpets clean and in good condition. It is quite easy to use, and all the apparatus necessary is a old. hall and a damp cloth. By this simple method you can remove dirt and stains and make your carpets fresh and clean. You can obtain this carpet soap from all stores, or if you prefer to try a small sample first, send 2d. in stamps and mention this magazine in your letter to F. Chivers and Co., Ltd., 9, Albany Works, Bath.

**BED COMFORT.**—The best of box-springs and mattresses need attention at times. It is a costly business to replace sagged or strained mattresses, and any good fitting which can be employed to renew the restfulness lacking through a worn or much-used spring is worthy of consideration. The "Nersag" mattress support, made by the A.O. Nersag Co., 2 Green Lane, Ilford, E., is a handy and practical addition which is supplied in various sizes at reasonable prices. The manufacturers are willing to allow a seven days' free trial to all interested, and such an offer cannot be disregarded by those who desire to make the bed a nest of rest. This attachment is suitable for every mattress. It is easy to fix, and it is guaranteed for a lifetime. All you have to do is to send the width of the mattress.

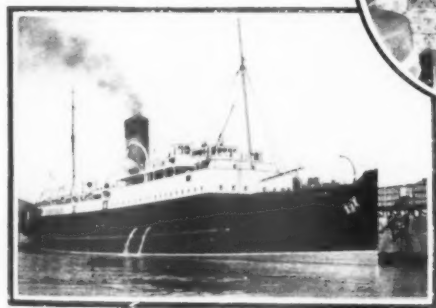
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# "Twenty million victims"

*Mother—  
the health doctor*



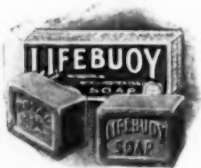
Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton.*



**Lifebuoy Soap  
for HEALTH**



**N**O victorious army, no navy that ever sailed the seven seas, has claimed so many victims as dust, the great invisible enemy of man. "Twenty million victims sacrificed to dust annually." It seems impossible. Yet, so far from being impossible, it happens to be the truth, taken from the official figures.

There are many who take little account of the dangers they run through exposure to dust and dirt. Yet scientific men, who know the facts, recognize that cleanliness is at the bottom of all health.

## Lifebuoy your ally

They recognize, moreover, that soap is the greatest aid to cleanliness, and that Lifebuoy Soap, in particular, provides a very

real protection against germs and disease.

The rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy takes its wonderful health element deep down into the pores of the skin, driving out dirt, removing infectious germs, and leaving the skin soft, supple and refreshed.

## Best health insurance

Mother, the health doctor, is not merely content with protecting herself and her children with Lifebuoy in the home. She persuades father to keep a cake at the office. She knows that it is impossible for him to keep his hands away from his face when he is sitting at a desk all day; she knows that the mouth is the principal gateway of infectious disease.

In her home you will find Lifebuoy at every place where hands are washed. Lifebuoy does her home cleaning, too. It is the best and cheapest form of health insurance. Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.